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THE
RULE OF THE MONK;

OR,

ROME IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY

GENERAL GARIBALDI.

TORONTO:
COPP, CLARK, & COMPANY,

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INTRODUCTION.

THE renowned writer of Cæsar's "Commentaries" did not think it necessary to furnish a preface for those notable compositions, and nobody has ever yet attempted to supply the deficiency—if it be one. In truth, the custom is altogether of modern times. The ancient heroes who became authors and wrote a book, left their work to speak for itself—"to sink or swim," we had almost said, but that is not exactly the case. Cæsar carried his "Commentaries" between his teeth when he swam ashore from the sinking galley at Alexandria, but it never occurred to him to supply posterity with a prefatory flourish. He begins those famous chapters with a soldierly abruptness and brevity—"Omnis Gallia in tres partes," etc. The world has been contented to begin there also for the last two thousand years; and the fact is a great argument against prefaces—especially since, as a rule, no one ever reads them till the book itself has been perused.

The great soldier who has here turned author, entering the literary arena as a novelist, has also given his English translators no preface. But our custom demands one, and the nature of the present work requires that a few words should be written explanatory of the original purpose and character of the Italian MS. from which the subjoined pages are transcribed. It would be unfair to Garibaldi if the extraordinary vivacity and grace of his native style should be thought to be here accurately represented. The renowned champion of freedom possesses an eloquence as peculiar and real as his military genius, with a gift of graphic description and creative fancy which are but very imperfectly presented in this version of his tale, partly from the particular circumstances under which the version was prepared, and partly from the impossibility of rendering into English those subtle touches and personal traits which really make a book, as lines and light shadows make a countenance. Moreover, the Italian MS. itself, written in the autograph of the General, was compiled as the solace of heavy hours at Varignano, where the King of Italy, who owed to Garibaldi's sword the splendid present of the Two Sicilies, was repaying that magnificent dotation with a

shameful imprisonment. The time will come when these pages—in their original, at least—will be numbered among the proofs of the poet's statements—that—

“Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
These for a hermitage.”

If there be many passages in the narrative where the signs are strong that “the iron has entered into the soul,” there are also a hundred where the spirit of the good and brave chieftain goes forth from his insulting incarceration to revel in scenes of natural beauty, to recall incidents of simple human love and kindness, to dwell upon heroic memories, and to aspire towards glorious developments of humanity made free, like the apostle's footsteps when the angel of the Lord struck off his fetters, and he passed forth through the opened portals of his prison.

It would be manifestly unfair, nevertheless, to contrast a work written under such conditions with those elaborate specimens of modern novel-writing with which our libraries abound. Probably, had General Garibaldi ever read these productions, he would have declined to accept them as a model. He appears to have taken up here the form of the “novella,” which belongs by right of prescription to his language and his country, simply as a convenient way of imparting to his readers and to posterity the real condition of inner life of Rome during these last few eventful years, when the evil power of the Papacy has been declining to its fall. Whereas, therefore, most novels consist of fiction founded upon fact, this one may be defined rather as fact founded upon fiction, in the sense that the form alone, and the cast of the story is fanciful—the rest being all pure truth lightly disguised. Garibaldi has here recited, with nothing more than a thin veil of incognito thrown over those names which it would have been painful or perilous to make known, that of which he himself has been cognizant as matters of fact in the wicked city of the priests, where the power which has usurped the gentle name of Christ blasphemes Him with greater audacity of word and act as the hour of judgment approaches. Herein the reader may see what goes forward in the demure palaces of the princes of the Church, from which the “Vicegerents of Heaven” are elected. Herein he may comprehend what kind of a system it is which French bayonets still defend—what the private life is of those who denounce humanity and anathematize science, and why Rome appears content with the government of Jesuits, and the liberty of hearing the Pope's mezzo-sopranos at the Sistine Chapel. He who has composed this narrative and faithful

these pages—in their origin once so idyllic in its pastoral scenes—so tender and poetic in its domestic of the poet's statements—so Metastasio-like in some of its episodes—and so terribly earnest in its denunciation of the wrongs and degradation of the Eternal City, is no unknown satirist. He is GARIBALDI; he has been Triumvir of the Seven-hilled City, and Generalissimo of her army; her archives have been within his hands; he has held her keys, and fought behind her walls; and, in four campaigns at least, since those glorious but mournful days, he has waged battle with the ancient city in the open field. Here, then, is his description of Rome in the Nineteenth Century—not seen as tourists or dilettanti see her, clothed with the imaginary robes of her historic and classic empire, but as a simple human love affair, naked to the stained and scourged skin—affronted, degraded, defamed, and bleeding from the hundred wounds where the leech-like priests hang and wait, and, by their vile organization, converted from the Rome which was once the mistress of the world, to a Rome which is the emporium of solemn farces, miracle-plays, superstitious hypoerisies, the capital of an evil instead of a majestic kingdom—the metropolis of monks instead of Cæsars.

To this disowned Queen of Nations every page in the present volume testifies the profound and ardent loyalty of Garibaldi's soul. The patriotism which most men feel towards the country of their birth is but a cold virtue compared with the burning devotion which fills the spirit of our warrior-novelist, simply as a convert. It is as though the individuality of one of her antique Catos or Fabii was resuscitated, to protest, with deed and word, against the false and cunning when the evil power which have suborned the imperial city to their purposes, and turned the monuments of Rome, as it were, into one Cloaca Maxima. The end of these things is probably approaching, although His Holiness is parodying the great Councils of past history, and pretending to give laws *urbi et orbi*, while the kingdoms reject his authority, and his palace is only defended by the aid of foreign bayonets. When Rome is freed from the Pope-king, and has been proclaimed the capital of Italy, this book will be one of the memorials of that extraordinary corruption and offense which the nineteenth century endured so long and patiently.

The Author's desire to portray the state of society in Rome and around it, during the last years of the Papacy, has been paramount, and the narrative only serves as the form for this design. Accordingly, the reader must not expect an elaborately compiled plot, with artistic developments. He will, nevertheless, be sincerely interested in the fortunes and the fate of the beautiful and virtuous Roman ladies who figure in the tale—of the gallant and daring brash of the Campagna, Orazio—the handsome Muzio—the brave and faithful Attilio, and the Author's evident favorite, "English Julia," whose

share in the story enables our renowned Author to exhibit his excessive affection for England and the English people. It only remains to commend the various heroes and heroines to the public, with the remark that the deficiencies of the work are due rather to the translation than to the original; for the vigor and charm of the great Liberator's Italian is such as to show that he might have rivalled Manzoni and Alfieri, if he had not preferred to emulate and equal the Gracchi and Rienzi.

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THE CONSPIRACY.....
THE MEETING.....
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THE RULE OF THE MONK.

PART THE FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

CLELIA.

A CELEBRATED writer has called Rome "the City of the dead;" but how can there be death in the heart of Italy? The ruins of Rome, the ashes of her unhappy sons, have, indeed, been entombed, but these remains are so impregnate with life that they may yet accomplish the regeneration of the world. Rome is still capable of arousing the populations, as the tempest raises the waves of the sea; for is she not the mistress of ancient empire, and is not her whole history that of giants? Those who can visit her wonderful monuments in their present desolation, and not feel their souls kindle with love of the beautiful, and ardor for generous designs, will only restore at death base hearts to their original clay. As with the city, so with its people. No degradations have been able to impair the beauty of her daughters—a loveliness often, alas! fatal to themselves—and in the youthful Clelia, the artist's daughter of the Trastevere, Raphael himself would have found the graces of his lofty and pure ideal, united with that force of character which distinguished her illustrious namesake of ancient times. Even at sixteen years of age her carriage possessed a dignity majestic as of a matron of old, albeit youthful; her hair was of a luxurious rich brown; her dark eyes, generally conveying repose and gentleness, could, nevertheless, repress the slightest affront with flashes like lightning. Her father was a sculptor, named Manlio, who had reached his fiftieth year, and possessed a robust constitution, owing to a laborious and sober life. This profession enabled him to support his family in comfort, if not luxury, and he was altogether as independent as it was possible for a citizen to be in a priest-ridden country. Manlio's wife, though naturally healthy, had become delicate from early privation and confinement to the house; she had, however, the disposition of an angel, and besides forming the happiness and pride of her husband, was beloved by the entire neighborhood.

Clelia was their only child, and was entitled by the people, "The Pearl of Trastevere." She inherited, in addition to her beauty, the angelic heart of her mother, with that firmness and strength of character which distinguished her father.

This happy family resided in the street that ascends from Lungara to Monte Gianicolo, not far from the fountain of Montono, and, unfortunately for them, they lived there in this, the nineteenth century, when the power of the Papacy is, for the time, supreme.

Now, the Pope professes to regard the Bible as the word of God, yet the Papal throne is surrounded by cardinals, to whom marriage is forbidden, notwithstanding the Scriptural declaration that "it is not good for man to dwell alone," and that "woman was formed to be a helpmeet for him."

Matrimony being thus interdicted, contrary to the law of God and man, the enormous wealth, the irresponsible power, and the state of languid luxury in which, as Princes of the Church, they are compelled to live, have ever combined, in the case of these cardinals, every temptation to corruption and libertinism of the very worst kinds (see Note 2). As the spirit of the master always pervades the household, plenty of willing tools are to be found in these large establishments ready to pander to their employers' vices.

The beauty of Clelia had unhappily attracted the eye of Cardinal Procopio, the most powerful of these prelates, and the favorite of his Holiness, whom he flattered to his face, and laughed at as an old dotard behind his back.

One day, feeling jaded by his enforced attendance at the Vatican, he summoned Gianni, one of his creatures, to his presence, and informed him of the passion he had conceived for Clelia, ordering him, at whatever cost, and by any means, to obtain possession of the girl, and conduct her to his palace.

It was in furtherance of the nefarious plot thereupon concocted that the agent of his Eminence, on the evening of the 8th of February,

1866, presented himself at the studio of Signor Manlio, but not without some trepidation, for, like most of his class, he was an ardent coward, and already in fancy trembled at the terrific blows which the strong arm of the sculptor would certainly bestow should the real object of the visit be suspected. He was, however, somewhat reassured by the calm expression of the Roman's face, and, plucking up courage, he entered the studio.

"Good-evening, Signor Manlio," he commenced, with a smooth and flattering voice.

"Good-evening," replied the artist, not looking up, but continuing an examination of his chisels, for he cared little to encourage the presence of an individual whom he recognized as belonging to the household of the Cardinal, the character of that establishment being well known to him.

"Good-evening, Signor," repeated Gianni, in a timid voice; and, observing that at last the other raised his head, he thus continued—"his Eminence, the Cardinal Procopio, desires me to tell you he wishes to have two small statues of saints to adorn the entrance to his oratory."

"And of what size does the Cardinal require them?" asked Manlio.

"I think it would be better for you, Signor, to call on his Eminence at the palace, to see the position in which he wishes them to be placed, and then consult with him respecting their design."

A compression of the sculptor's lips showed that this proposal was but little to his taste; but how can an artist exist in Rome, and maintain his family in comfort, without ecclesiastical protection and employment? One of the most subtle weapons used by the Roman Church has always been its patronage of the fine arts. It has ever employed the time and talent of the first Italian masters to model statues, and execute paintings from subjects calculated to impress upon the people the doctrines inculcated by its teaching (see Note 3), receiving demurely the homage of Christendom for its "protection of genius," and the encouragement it thereby afforded to artists from all nations to settle in Rome.

Manlio, therefore, who would have sacrificed his life a hundred times over for his two beloved ones, after a few moments' reflection, bluntly answered, "I will go." Gianni, with a profound salutation, retired. "The first step is taken," he murmured; "and now I must endeavor to find a safe place of observation for Cencio." This fellow was a subordinate of Gianni's, to whom the Cardinal had intrusted the second section of the enterprise; and for whom it was now necessary to hire a room in sight of the studio. This was not difficult to achieve in that quarter, for in Rome, where the priests occupy themselves with the spiritual concerns of the people, and but little with their temporal prosperity (though they never neglect their own), poverty abounds. Were it

not for the enforced neglect of its commerce, its ancient activity of Rome might be restored, and might rival even its former palmiest days.

After engaging a room suitable for the purpose, Gianni returned home, humming a song, and with a conscience any thing but oppressed, comprehending well that all ruffianism is absolved by the priests when committed for the benefit of mother who claim the Church.

CHAPTER II.

ATTILIO.

In the same street, and opposite Manlio's house, was another studio, occupied by an artist named Attilio, already of some celebrity, although he had only attained his twentieth year. In the house he worked the greater part of the day; but, studious as he was, he found himself unable to refrain from glancing lovingly, from time to time, at the window on the first floor, where Clelia was generally occupied with her needle, seated by her mother's side. Without her knowledge—almost without his own—she had become for him the star of his sky, the loveliest among the beauties of Rome—his hope, his life, his all. Now, Attilio had watched with a penetrating eye the manner in which the emissary of the Cardinal had come and gone. He saw him looking doubtfully and irresolute, and, with the quick instincts of love, a suspicion of the truth entered his mind. But a terrible fear for the safety of his beloved took possession of him. When Gianni quitted Manlio's house, Attilio stole forth, following cautiously in his footsteps, but stopping now and then to elude observation by gazing at the curiosities in the shop-windows, or at the monuments which one encounters at every turn in the Eternal City. He clutched involuntarily, now and then, at the dagger carefully concealed in his breast, especially when he saw Gianni enter a house, and heard him bargain for the use of a room.

Not until Gianni reached the magnificent Palazzo Corsini, where his employer lived, and had disappeared therein from sight, did Attilio turn aside.

"Then it is Cardinal Procopio," muttered he to himself; "Procopio, the Pope's favorite—the vilest and most licentious of the evil band of Church Princes!"—and he continued his gloomy reflections without heeding whither his steps went.

CHAPTER III.

THE CONSPIRACY.

It is the privilege of the slave to conspire against his oppressors—for liberty is God's gift, and the birthright of all. Therefore, Italians of past and present days, under various forms of

ced neglect of its commerce, its attitude, have constantly conspired, and, as the of Rome might be restored, a despotism of tainted priests is the most hateful and its former palmiest days. A grading of all, so the conspiracies of the Ro- a room suitable for the purposes date thickest from that rule. We are ask- some, humming a song, and wish to believe that the government of the Pope is thing but oppressed, comprehended, that his subjects are contented, and have ruffianism is absolved by them. Yet, if this be true, how is it that admitted for the benefit of monarchy who claim to be the representatives of Christ on earth—of Him who said, "My kingdom is not of this world"—have, since the institution of a temporal power, supplicated French interven- on sixteen times, German intervention fifteen times, Austrian intervention seven times, and Spanish intervention three times; while the Pope our day holds his throne only by force of the intervention of a foreign power?

CHAPTER II.

ATTILIO.

street, and opposite Manlio's studio, occupied by an artist of some celebrity, although he had died his twentieth year. In the latter part of the day; but, still unable to find himself, he was looking lovingly, from time to time, at the first floor, where Clelia was.

With her needle, seated by her father's side, she had become for him the loveliest among the beauties of the city. Now, Attilio, with a penetrating eye that saw him looking doubtfully at the quick instincts of the truth entered his mind. When Gianni quitted the sole forth, following cautiously, he stopped now and then to gaze at the curiosities at the monuments which were, reminding a city of slaves of a hundred generations of grandeur; it survives above the ruins of their capital; to tell them that, though he has been shaken down to the dust of shame and death, she is not dead—not lost to the nations which her civilization and her glories created and regenerated.

In that sublime ruin our conspirators gather. A stranger chooses, for the most part, a fine moonlight night on which to visit the Colosseum; but it is in darkness and storm that it should be rather seen, illuminated terribly by the torches of lightning, whilst the awful thunder of heaven reverberates through every ragged arch. Such were accompaniments of the scene when the conspirators, on this 8th of February, entered healthily and one by one the ancient arena of the gladiators. Among its thousand divisions, where the sovereign people were wont to assemble in the days when they were corrupted by the splendors of the conquered world, were several more spacious than others, perhaps destined for the patricians and great officers, but which Time, with its exterminating touch, has reduced to one scarce dis-

tinguishable mass of ruin. Neither chairs nor couches now adorn them, but blocks of weather-beaten stone mark the boundaries, benches, and chambers. In one of these behold our conspirators silently assembling, scanning each other narrowly by the aid of their dark lanterns, as they advance into the space by different routes, their only ceremony being a grasp of the hand upon arriving at the Loggione—a name given by them to the ruinous inclosure. Soon a voice is heard asking the question, "Are the sentries at their posts?" Another voice from the extreme end replies, "All's well." Immediately the flame of a torch, kindled near the first speaker, lighted up hundreds of intelligent faces, all young, and the greater number of those of men, decidedly under thirty years of age.

Here and there began now to gleam other torches, vainly struggling to conquer the darkness of the night. The priests are never in want of spies, and adroit spies they themselves too make. Under such circumstances it might appear to a foreigner highly imprudent for a band of conspirators to assemble in any part of Rome; but be it remembered deserts are to be found in this huge city, and the Campo Vaccino covers a space in which all the famous ruins of western Europe might be inclosed. Besides, the mercenaries of the Church love their skins above all things, and render service more for the sake of lucre than zeal. They are by no means willing at any time to risk their cowardly lives. Again, there are not wanting, according to these superstitious knaves, legions of apparitions among these remains. It is related that once on a night like that which we are describing, two spies more daring than their fellows, having perceived a light, proceeded to discover the cause; but, upon penetrating the arches, they were so terrified by the horrible phantoms which appeared, that they fled, one dropping his cap, the other his sword, which they dared not stay to pick up.

The phantoms were, however, no other than certain conspirators, who, on quitting their meeting, stumbled over the property of the fugitives, and were not a little amused when the account of the goblins in the Colosseum was related to them by a sentinel, who had overheard the frightened spies. Thus it happened that the haunted ruins became far more secure than the streets of Rome, where, in truth, an honest man seldom cares to venture out after nightfall.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MEETING OF THE CONSPIRATORS.

TER III.

SPIRACY.

f the slave to conspire for liberty is God's gift.

Therefore, Italians of under various forms of

The first voice heard in the midnight council was that of our acquaintance, Attilio, who, notwithstanding his youth, had already been appointed leader by the unanimous election of his

colleagues, on account of his courage and high moral qualities, although unquestionably the charm and refinement of his manners, joined to his kind disposition, contributed not a little to his popularity among a people who never fail to recognize and appreciate such characteristics. As for his personal appearance, Attilio added the air and vigor of a lion to the masculine loveliness of the Greek Antinous.

He first threw a glance around the assembly, to assure himself that all present wore a black ribbon on the left arm, this being the badge of their fraternity. It served them also as a sign of mourning for those degenerate Romans who wish indeed for the liberation of their country, but wait for its accomplishment by any hands rather than their own; and this, although they know full well that her salvation can only be obtained by the blood, the devotion, and the contributions, of their fellow-citizens. Then Attilio spoke—

"Two months have elapsed, my brothers, since we were promised that the foreign soldiery, the sole prop of the Papal rule, should be withdrawn; yet they still continue to crowd our streets, and, under futile pretences, have even re-occupied the positions which they had previously evacuated, in accordance with the Convention of September, 1864. To us, then, thus betrayed, it remains to accomplish our liberty. We have borne far too patiently for the last eighteen years a doubly execrated rule—that of the stranger, and that of the priest. In these last years we have been ever ready to spring to arms, but we have been withheld by the advice of a hermaphrodite party in the State, styling themselves 'the Moderates,' in whom we can have no longer any confidence, because they have used their power to accumulate wealth for themselves, from the public treasury, which they are sucking dry, and they have invariably proved themselves ready to bargain with the stranger, and to trade in the national honor. Our friends outside are prepared, and blame us for being negligent and tardy. The army, excepting those members of it consecrated to base hopes, is with us. The arms which were expected have arrived, and are lodged in safety. We have also an abundance of ammunition. Further delay, under these circumstances, would be unpardonable. To arms! then, to arms! and to arms!"

"To arms!" was the cry re-echoed by the three hundred conspirators assembled in the chamber. Where their ancestors held councils how to subjugate other nations, these modern voices made the old walls ring again while they vowed their resolve to emancipate enslaved Rome or perish in the attempt.

Three hundred only! Yes, three hundred; but such was the muster-roll of the companions of Leonidas, and of the liberating family of Fabius. These, too, were equally willing to become

liberators, or to accept martyrdom. For they had high reason, because of what value the life of a slave, when compared with the lime conceptions, the imperious conscience, soul guided always by noble ideas?

God be with all such souls, and those also despise the power of tyrannizing in turn their fellow-beings. Of what value can be the life of a despot? His miserable remorse can him to tremble at the movement of every No outward grandeur can atone for the sufferings he endures, and he finally becomes sanguinary and brutal coward. May the God love hereafter extend to them the mercy have denied to their fellow-men, and pardon for the rivers of innocent blood they have cal to flow!

But Attilio continued, "Happy indeed are to whom Providence has reserved the redemption of Rome, the ancient mistress of the world, so many centuries of oppression and priestly anny! I have never for a moment, my friends, ceased to confide in your patriotism, which are proving by the admirable instructions bestowed upon the men committed to your charge in different sections of the city. In the day of the, which will soon arrive, you will respectfully command your several companies, and to the we shall yet own our freedom. The priests have changed the first of nations into one of the most abject and unhappy, and our beloved Italy has come the very lowest in the social scale. The son given by our Papal rulers has ever been of servile humility, while they themselves expect emperors to stoop and kiss their feet. This is the method by which they exhibit to the world their own Christian humility; and though they have always preached to us self-denial and austerity of life, these hypocrites surround themselves with profusion of luxury and voluptuousness. Gnostic exercises, under proper instruction, doubtless beneficial to the physical development of the body; but was it for this reason that Romans are called upon to bow to, and kiss the hand of every priest they meet? To kneel also go through a series of genuflections, so that really no thanks to them if the half of them not hunch-necked or crook-backed from the absurd performances they have been made to execute for the behoof of these tinselled masters.

"The time for the great struggle approaches and it is a sacred one! Not only do we aim at freeing our beloved Italy, but at freeing the tire world also from the incubus of the Papacy, which everywhere opposes education, protects ignorance, and is the nurse of vice!" The address of Attilio had hitherto been pronounced in profound darkness, but was here suddenly interrupted by a flash of lightning, which illumined the vast *enciente* of the Colosseum, as if it had suddenly been lighted by a thousand lamps. It was succeeded by a darkness even more profound

to accept martyrdom. For reason, because of what value have, when compared with the mans, the imperious conscience, always by noble ideas? Of all such souls, and those also power of tyrannizing in turn. Of what value can be? His miserable remorse can at the movement of every endeavour can atone for the meandures, and he finally become a brutal coward. May the God extend to them the mercy their fellow-men, and pardon their innocent blood they have cau-

continued, "Happy indeed are those who have reserved the redemption of the world, the ancient mistress of the world, the land of oppression and priestly tyranny, for a moment, my friends, in your patriotism, which I have the admirable instructions have committed to your charge in the name of the city. In the day of our freedom. The priests have divided the nations into one of the happy, and our beloved Italy has been the vest in the social scale. The Papal rulers have ever been tyrants, while they themselves expect to be kissed their feet. This is the way they exhibit to the world the humility; and though they have been to us self-denial and austerity, they surround themselves with luxury and voluptuousness. God has under proper instruction, and al to the physical development was it for this reason that they had upon to bow to, and kiss the feet of their masters? To kneel also to the effusions of gunflections, so that to them if the half of them are crook-backed from the way they have been made to bow to of these tattered masters, the great struggle approaching one! Not only do we aim at Italy, but at freeing the land from the incubus of the Papacy, we oppose education, protect the nurse of vice!" The address was here pronounced in a voice which was here suddenly interrupted by a lightning, which illumined the Colosseum, as if it had been by a thousand lamps. The darkness even more profound

than the first, when a terrific peal of thunder rolled over their heads and shook to its foundations the ancient structure, silencing for a brief space Attilio's voice. The conspirators were not seen to tremble, each being prepared to confront death in whatever form it might appear; but, as a scream was heard issuing at this moment from the vestibule, they involuntarily clutched their daggers. Immediately after, a young girl, with dishevelled hair and clothes dripping with water, rushed into their midst. "Camilla!" exclaimed Silvio, a wild boar-hunter of the Campagna, who alone of those present recognized her. "Poor Camilla!" he cried; "to what a fate have the miscreants who rule over us reduced you!" At this instant one of the sentries on guard entered, reporting that they had been discovered by a young woman during the moment of illumination, and that she had fled with such speed no one had been able to capture her. They had not dared to fire upon a female, and all other means of staying her were useless. But, at the words of Silvio, the strange apparition had fixed her eyes upon him as the torches closed about them, and, after one long glance, had uttered a moan so piteous, and sunk down with such a sigh of woe, that all present were moved. We will relate, however, in the following chapter, the history of the unfortunate girl whose cries thus effectually checked our hero's eloquence.

CHAPTER V.

THE INFANTICIDE.

Born a peasant, the unhappy Camilla had, like Italy, the fatal gift of beauty. Silvio, who was, by vocation, as we have already said, a wild boar hunter, used often, in his expeditions to the Pontine Marshes, to rest at the house of the good Marcello, the father of Camilla, whose cottage was situated a short distance from Rome. The young pair became enamored of each other. Silvio demanded her in marriage, and her father, giving a willing consent, they were betrothed.

Perfectly happy and fair to look upon were this youthful pair, as they sat, hand in hand, under the shadows of the vine, watching the gorgeous sunsets of their native clime. This happiness, however, was not of long duration, for, during one of his hunting expeditions, Silvio caught the fever so common in the Pontine marshes, and, as he continued to suffer for some months, the marriage was indefinitely postponed.

Meanwhile Camilla, who was too lovely and too innocent to dwell in safety near this most vicious of cities, had been marked as a victim by the emissaries of his Eminence, the Cardinal nepotico. It was her custom to carry fruit for sale to the Piazza Navona. On one occasion she was addressed by an old fruit-woman, previous-

ly instructed by Gianni, who plied her with every conceivable allurements and flattery, praised her fruit, and promised her the highest price for it at the palace of the cardinal, if she would take it thither. The rest of the story may be too easily imagined. In Rome this is an oft-told tale. To hide from her father and her lover the consequences of her fall, and to suit the convenience of the prelate, Camilla was persuaded to take up her residence in the palace Corsini, where, soon after its birth, her miserable infant was slaughtered by one of its father's murderous ruffians. This so preyed upon the unhappy mother, that she lost her reason, and was secretly immured in a mad-house. On the very night when she effected her escape this meeting was being held, and, after wandering from place to place, for many hours, without any fixed direction, she entered the Colosseum at the moment it was illumined by the lightning, as we have related. That flash disclosed the sentries at the archway, and she rushed towards them, obeying some instinct of safety, or at least perceiving that they were not clothed in the garb of a priest; but they, taking her for a spy, ran forward to make her prisoner. Thereupon, seemingly possessed of supernatural strength, she glided from their hands, and finally eluded their pursuit by running rapidly into the centre of the building, where she fell exhausted in the midst of the three hundred, at the foot of her outraged and ashamed lover.

"It is, indeed, time," said Attilio, when Silvio had related the maniac's story, to purge our city from this priestly ignominy; and drawing forth his dagger, brandished it above his head, as he exclaimed, "Accursed is the Roman who does not feel the degradation of his country, and who is not willing to bathe his sword in the blood of these monsters, who humiliate it, and turn its very soil into a sink."

"Accursed! accursed be they!" echoed back from the old walls, while the sound of dagger-blades tinkling together made an ominous music dedicated to the corrupt and licentious rulers of Rome.

Then Attilio turned to Silvio, and said, "This child is more sinned against than sinning; she requires and deserves protection. You, who are so generous, will not refuse it to her."

And Silvio was, indeed, generous, for he still loved his wretched Camilla, who at sight of him had become docile as a lamb. He raised her, and, enveloping her in his mantle, led her out of the Colosseum towards her father's dwelling.

"Comrades," shouted Attilio, "meet me on the 15th at the Baths of Caracalla. Be ready to use your arms if need be."

"We will be ready! we will be ready!" responded heartily the three hundred, and in a few moments the ruins were left to their former obscure and fearful solitude.

What a wild, improbable story, methinks we

hear some of our readers remark, as they sit beside their safe coal fires in free England or the United States. But Popery has not been dominant in England since James II.'s time, and they have forgotten it. Let them hear that in the year 1848, when a Republican government was established in France, which was the signal of a general revolutionary movement throughout Europe, the present Pope was forced to escape in the disguise of a menial, and a national government granted, for the first time in Rome, religious toleration, one of the first orders of the Roman republic was that the nuns should be liberated, and the convents searched. Giuseppe Garibaldi, in 1849, then recently arrived in Rome, visited himself every convent, and was present during the whole of the investigations. In all, without an exception, he found instruments of torture; and in all, without an exception, were vaults, plainly dedicated to the reception of the bones of infants. Statistics prove that in no city is there so great a number of children born out of wedlock as in Rome; and it is in Rome also that the greatest number of infanticides take place.

This must ever be the case with a wealthy unmarried priesthood and a poor and ignorant population.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ARREST.

We took leave of Manlio at the moment when Gianni had delivered his master's message. The sculptor acceded to the Cardinal's request, and, after an interview with him, proceeded to execute the order for the statuettes. For some days nothing occurred to excite suspicion, and things seemed to be going on smoothly enough. From the room which Gianni had hired Cencio watched the artist incessantly, all the while carefully maturing his plot. At last, one evening, when our sculptor was hard at work, Cencio broke into the studio, exclaiming excitedly, "For the love of God, permit me to remain here a little while! I am pursued by the police, who wish to arrest me. I assure you I am guilty of no crime, except that of being a liberal, and of having declared, in a moment of anger, that the overthrow of the Republic by the French was an assassination." So saying, Cencio made as though to conceal himself behind some statuette.

"These are hard times," soliloquized Manlio, "and little confidence can be placed in any body; yet, how can I drive out one compromised by his political opinions only—thereby, perhaps, adding to the number of those unfortunates now lingering in the priests' prisons? He looks a decent fellow, and would have a better chance of effecting his escape if he remained here till nightfall. Yes! he shall stay." Manlio, therefore, rose,

and, beckoning to the supposed fugitive, bade him follow to the end of the studio, where he secreted him carefully behind some massive blocks of marble, little dreaming that he harbored a traitor.

Manlio had scarcely resumed his occupation before a patrol stopped before the door and demanded permission to make a domiciliary visit; a suspected person had been seen to enter the house.

Poor Manlio endeavored to put aside the suspicions of the officer, so far as he could do without compromising his veracity, and, dividing the trap into which he had fallen, tempted to lead him in a direction opposite to that in which the crafty Cencio had taken refuge. The patrol, being in league with Cencio, felt, of course, quite certain of his presence on the premises, but some few minutes elapsed before he succeeded in discovering the carefully-chosen hiding-place; and the interval would have been longer had not Cencio stealthily put out his hand and pulled him, the shirro, gently by the coat he passed. The functionary paused suddenly exclaiming with an affected tone of triumph, "Ah! I have you!" then, turning upon Manlio he seized the artist by the collar, saying, in sternest of tones, "you must accompany me forthwith to the tribunal, and account for your crime in giving shelter to this miscreant, who is in open rebellion against the government of his Holiness."

Manlio, utterly beside himself, in the burst of indignation, cast his eye around among the chisels, hammers, and other tools for something suitable with which to crack the skull of the insulter; but at this moment his wife, followed by the lovely Clelia, rushed into the apartment to ascertain the cause of so unwonted a disturbance. They trembled at the sight of their beloved Cencio in the grasp of the hated police-officer, who cunningly relaxed his hold, and said, in a very different voice, as soon as he perceived them, "Be of courage, signor, and console these good ladies; your presence will be needed for a short time only. A few questions will be asked, to which undoubtedly you can give satisfactory replies."

In vain did the terrified women expostulate. Finding their tears and remonstrances of no avail, they reluctantly let go their hold of the unhappy Manlio, whom they had clasped in their terror. He, disdainful any appeal to the courtesy of such a scoundrel as he knew the patrol to be, waved them an adieu, and departed with a dignified air.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LEGACY.

THE Roman Republic, established by the unanimous and legitimate votes of the people, elected General Garibaldi, on the 30th June, leg-

public, established by the unanimity of the votes of the people, elected on the 30th June, 1871.

to our tale. One evening, about nine in the month of December, a thing in might have been seen traversing the Piazza

That paper was the last will and testament of

the Signora Virginia Pompeo, the mother of the brave Emilio Pompeo, who perished fighting on the walls of Rome, whence he fell, mortally wounded by a French bullet. His inconsolable widow did not long survive him, and committed, with her last breath, her infant son to the care of his doting grandmother, La Signora Virginia Pompeo, who tenderly cherished the orphan Muzio, the only remaining scion of the noble house of Pompeo. But, unhappily for him, Father Ignazio was her confessor. When the signora's health began to fail, and her mind to be weakened, the wily Father spared no means to convince her that she ought to make her will, and, as a sacred duty, to leave a large sum to be spent in masses for the release of souls from purgatory. The signora lingering for some time, the covetous priest felt his desires grow, and resolved to destroy this first will, and to obtain another, purporting to leave the whole of her immense estates to the corporation of St. Francesco di Paola, and appoint himself as her sole executor. This document he prepared and intrusted to Sister Flavia, whom he had already recommended to the Signora Virginia as a suitable attendant. One morning she dispatched a hurried message to the confessor, reporting that the favorable time for signing the fraudulent document had arrived. He came, attended by witnesses, whom he had had no difficulty in procuring, and, after persuading the sinking and agonized lady that she ought to add a codicil to her will (which he pretended then and there to draw up) leaving a still larger sum to the Church, he guided her feeble hand as she unconsciously signed away the whole of her property, leaving her helpless grandson to beggary. As if to jeopardize his scheme, the signora rallied towards the afternoon, whereupon, fearing she might ask to see the will, and so discover his treachery, Father Ignazio resolved to make such an undesirable occurrence impossible, by administering an effective potion, which he set off to procure, wisely deferring his return till night-fall.

The result has been already disclosed; and while the false priest wrought this murder, the unconscious orphan, Muzio, slept peacefully in his little bed, still adorned with hangings wrought by a loving mother's hands, to awake on the morrow ignorant of his injury, but robbed of his guardian and goods together—stripped of all, and forthwith dependent on chance—a friendless and beggared boy.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MENDICANT.

EIGHTEEN years had rolled by since the horrible murder of La Signora Virginia related in the last chapter. On the same piazza which Father Ig-

nazio had traversed that dark night stood a young mendicant, leaning moodily, yet not without a certain grace, against a column. It was February, and the beggar lad was apparently watching the setting sun. The lower part of his face was fully concealed in his cloak, but from the handsome; one of those noble countenances, the fact, that once seen, impresses its features indelibly on the beholder's memory. A well-formed Roman nose was well set between two eyes, of a dazzling blue; eyes that could look tenderly and stern, according to the possessor's mood. His shoulders, even under the cloak, showed graced by the and could belong only to a strength which them, and would be dangerous to insult, or rashly attack the poor as its garb was, such a figure would have been at a table desired by a sculptor who sought to portray a young Latin athlete.

A slight touch upon the shoulder caused the young mendicant to turn sharply; but his face cleared as he welcomed, with a beaming smile, the soldier's familiar face, and heard him saying, "handing a lively tone, 'Ah! art thou here, brother? And although no tie of blood was between us, Attilio and Muzio might, indeed, have been taken for brothers, their nobility of feature alike. brave young Roman bearing being so alike."

"Art thou armed?" inquired Attilio.

"Armed!" repeated Muzio, somewhat dis- fully. "Assuredly; is not my poniard my secret cell, heritance, my only patrimony? I love it as thou lov'st thy Clelia, or I mine own. love, forsooth," continued he, more bitterly. "what right to love has a beggar—an out- from society? Who would believe that I could cover a heart bursting with the pang of true passion?"

"Still," replied Attilio, confidently, "I have all imp that pretty stranger does, in truth, love thee Muzio remained silent, and his former glo- expression returned; but Attilio, seeing a sh- arising in his friend's soul, and wishing to av- took him by the hand, saying gently, "Com- The young outcast followed without profit. Liberate him a word. Night was rapidly closing in, passengers were gradually decreasing in num- and few footfalls, except those of the foreign- trols, broke the silence that was stealing over of our own, city.

The priests are always early to leave the- they love to enjoy the goods of this wor- home after preaching about the glories of- next, and care little to trust their skins in- after dark. May the day soon come when- mercenary cut-throats are dispensed with- "We shall be quit of them, and that- long," answered Attilio hopefully, as he- scended the Quirinal, now called Monte- lo, the site of the famous horses in stone, and left at the- d'œuvre of Grecian art.

adversed that dark night stood and causing between two of these gigantic effigies, lying moodily, yet not without a certain young artist took from his pocket a flint and struck a column. It was February, and struck a light, the signal agreed upon between him and the three hundred, some of whom were apparently watching them. The lower part of his face was agreed to help him in a bold attempt to reach the end in his cloak, but from the Manlio from his unlawful imprisonment.

discerned of it, it seemed decided the signal was answered immediately from one of those noble countenances at the extreme end of the Piazza; the two young men seen, impresses its features in advanced towards it, and were met by a soldier on the holder's memory. A well-forged sword belonging to a detachment on guard at the was well set between two eyes, who conducted them through a half-concealed doorway near the principal entrance, up a flight of stairs into a small room generally known under the cloak, showed grained by the commander of the guard; here he stood along only to a strength which they, and another soldier stepped forward to guard the pair, who, after placing chairs for them, such a figure would be at a table, on which burned an oil-lamp, by a sculptor who sought to point by two or three bottles and some glasses, and himself.

such upon the shoulder caused. "Let us drink a glass of Orvieto, my friends," he said to turn sharply; but his soldier; "it will do us more good on a night like this than the Holy Father's blessing face, and heard him saying," handing them each, as he spoke, a goblet. "Ah! art thou here, brother to the brim."

no tie of blood was between them. "Success to your enterprise!" cried Muzio. "Amen," responded Attilio, as he took a deep breath, their nobility of features. "So Manlio has been brought here," he, addressing Dentato, the sergeant of dragoons, for such was the name of their military aid.

turned?" inquired Attilio. "Yes; he was locked up last night in one of the repeated Muzio, somewhat disreputably; is not my poniard more secret cells, as if he had been the most dangerous patrimony? I love it as much as criminals, poor innocent! I hear he thy Clelia, or I mine own. To be removed shortly," added Dentato, "to" continued he, more bitterly. "Castle of St. Angelo."

to love has a beggar—an outcast. Do you know by whose order he was arrested? Who would believe that?" inquired Attilio.

heart bursting with the pang. "By the order of his Eminence the Cardinal Scipio, it is said, who is anxious, doubtless, to have all impediments likely to frustrate his plans upon the Pearl of Trastevere."

ed Dentato, confidently, "I have all impediments likely to frustrate his plans upon the Pearl of Trastevere." Dentato uttered these words, a sudden tremor shook the frame of Attilio. "And at what end's soul, and wishing to avoid shall we make the attempt to liberate him?"

hand, saying gently, "Compassion, as his hand clenched his dagger. Liberate him! Why, we are too few," the

was rapidly closing in, the danger repelled. "gradually decreasing in number. Not so," continued Attilio. "Silvio has his word that he will be here shortly with of our own, and then we shall have no difficulty in dealing with these sbirri and monks."

after a pause, Dentato responded, "Well, as we always early to leave the scene, then, determined to attempt his release enjoy the goods of this world, we had better wait a few hours, when we are reaching about the glories of the night, we had better wait a few hours, when we are able to trust their skins in the hands and director will be asleep, or under the influence of their liquor. My lieutenant is, however, detained by a delicate affair at a distance, so we will try it if your friend turns up."

Attilio hopefully, as the before he could well finish his speech, however, a rinal, now called Monte Citorio, was interrupted by the entrance of the famous horses in stone, and left at the gate, announcing the arrival of an art.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LIBERATOR.

BEFORE continuing my story I must remark upon one of the most striking facts in Rome—viz., the conduct and bravery of the Roman soldiery.

Even the Papal troops have a robust and martial air, and retain an individual worth of character to an astonishing degree. In the defense of Rome, all the Roman artillerymen (observe, all) were killed at their guns, and a reserve of the wounded, a thing unheard of before, bleeding though they were, continued to fight manfully until cut down by the sabres of their foes. On the 3d of June the streets were choked with mutilated men, and amongst the many combats after the city was taken, between the Roman soldiery and the foreigners, there did not occur one example where the Romans had the worst of it in any thing like fair fight.

Of one point, therefore, the priesthood is certain—that in every case of general insurrection the Roman army will go with the people. This is the reason they are compelled to hire foreign mercenaries, and why the revenues of the "Viceroy of Heaven" are spent upon Zouaves, Remington rifles, cartridges, and kilos of gunpowder.

Silvio was received by the triad with exclamations of joy. After saluting them, he turned to Attilio, saying, "Our men are at hand. I have left them hidden in the shadows cast by the marble horses. They but await our signal."

Then Attilio sprang up, saying, "Muzio and I will go at once to the jailer, and secure the keys. You, Dentato, guide Silvia and his men to the door of the cell, and overpower the guard stationed before it."

"So be it," replied Dentato; "Scipio (the dragon who had introduced Silvio) shall lead you to the jailer's room; but beware Signor Pancaldo, he is a devil of a fellow to handle."

"Leave me to manage him," replied Attilio, and he hastily left the apartment, preceded by Scipio and Muzio. Such an attempt as they were about to make would be a more difficult, if not an incredible thing, in any other country, where more respect is attached to Government and its officers. In Rome little obedience is due to a Government which, alas, is opposed to all that is pure and true.

Dentato, after summoning Silvio's men, led them to the guards stationed at the entrance to the cells. Silvio waited until the sentinel turned his back upon them, then, springing forward with the agility that made him so successful when pursuing the wild boar, he hurled the sentinel to the ground, covering his mouth with his hand to stifle any cry of alarm. The slight scuffle aroused the sleepy questor-guard, but before they could even rub their eyes, Silvio's men had gagged and bound them. As they accomplished this, Attilio

appeared with Muzio, conveying the reluctant jailer and his bunch of keys between them.

"Open!" commanded Attilio.

The jailer obeyed with forced alacrity, whereupon they entered a large vaulted room, out of which opened, on every side, doors leading to separate cells. At sight of them, a soldier, the only inmate visible, approached with a perplexed air.

"Where is Signor Manlio?" demanded Attilio; and Pancaldo felt the grip of the young artist clutch his wrist like iron, and noticed his right hand playing terribly with the dagger-hilt.

"Manlio is here," said he.

"Then release him," cried Attilio.

The terrified jailer attempted to turn the key, but some minutes passed before his trembling hands allowed him to effect this. Attilio, pushing him aside as the bolts shot back, dashed open the door, and called to Manlio to come forth.

Picture the sculptor's astonishment and joy when he beheld Attilio, and realized that he had come to release him from his cruel and unjust incarceration. Attilio, knowing they ought to lose no time in leaving the palace, after returning his friend's embrace, bade Muzio lock up the guard in the cell. As soon as this was accomplished, they led the jailer between them through the passages, passing on their way the soldiers whom they had previously bound, who glared upon them with impotent rage, till they gained the outer door in silence and safety. Dividing into groups, they set off at a quick pace, in different directions. Attilio, Muzio, and Manlio, however, retained possession a little while of the jailer, whom they made to promenade, gagged and blindfolded, until they thought their companions were at a safe distance. They then left him, and proceeded in the direction of the Porta Salaria, which leads into the open country.

CHAPTER X.

THE ORPHAN.

At the hour when Silvio, with despair in his soul, led the unhappy Camilla out of the Colosseum towards her father's house, not a word passed between them. He regarded her with tender pity, having loved her ardently, and feeling that she was comparatively innocent, being, as she was, the victim of deception and violence.

Onward they went in silence and sadness. Silvio had abstained from visiting her home since it was so suddenly deserted by Camilla, and as they neared it a presentiment of new sorrowing took possession of him. Turning out of the high road into a lane, their meditations were broken in upon by the barking of a dog. "Fido! Fido!" cried Camilla, with more joyousness than she had experienced for many many months;

but, as if remembering suddenly her absement, she checked her quickened step, and, cased upon down her eyes, stood motionless, overwhelmed I are with shame. Silvio had loved her too dear to a li felt bitterly against her, her sudden appearance that night, wild with remorse and misery, brought back something of the old feeling, he would have defended her against a w army. He had therefore sustained her very derly through the walk from the Colosseum, We left had been full of generous thoughts, although to the s lent; while she, timidly leaning on his str house l arm, had now and then learned by a timid glan inhabited that he was pitying and not abominating her for the ne for the that silence. be prevail

But when she stopped and trembled at home, s sound of the house-dog's bark, Silvio, fearin rished with return of a paroxysm of madness, touched as they t arm, saying, for the first time, "Come, Cum nights, Att it is your little Fido welcoming you; he has ogized your footstep."

Scarcely had he uttered these words before confirm the dog itself appeared. After pausing a moment plotting his rush, as if uncertain, he sprang towards no reflectio his milla, barking, and jumping, and making firm on to Ma efforts to lick her face and hands. Such a reat on his first tion would have touched a heart of stone. that Attili

Camilla burst into tears as she stooped to preserve his res the affectionate animal; but nature preserve his exhausted, and she fell senseless on the de Attilio, how ground. Silvio, after covering her with his m Attilio, upon ble, to protect her from the cold morning air, and inform the dawn had already begun to break—went m as soon seek her father. ety.

The barking of the dog had aroused the ho Attilio, in tr hold, so that the young hunter perceived, as of influen approached, a boy standing on the thresh came in c looking cautiously around, as if distrusting agment was early a visitor. on advanced

"Marcellino," he shouted; wherent the he that he co recognizing the friendly familiar voice, ran care of his him, and threw his arms around his neck. The day w

"Where is your godfather, my boy?" stured the cot asked; but receiving no response save tears at as on the said again, "Where is Marcellino?" he night of th

"He is dead," replied the sobbing child. their appro "Dead!" exclaimed Silvio, sinking upon quieted in stone, overcome with surprise and emotion at the doc ed where C Very soon the tears rolled down his mased the answer cheeks, and mingled with those of the child, an to an e lay upon his bosom.

"O God!" he cried aloud; "canst thou which they beh mit the desires of a monster to cause such s 7. "She is ing to so many and to such precious human n his finger tures? Did I not feel the hope that the dorn till eve, a my beloved country's release from priestly tyeping. You ny is at hand I would plunge my dagger into t Silvio, breast, and not endure to see this daylight bre s, who follow

Recovering himself with a violent effort, he indicated, returned, accompanied by Marcellino, to C me in view of la, whom he found in an uneasy sleep. "Traveling beside

remembering suddenly her abasement, poor ruined orphan," murmured Silvio, as he quickened step, and, casting upon her pale and wasted beauty; "why, then, stood motionless, overwhelmed I arouse you? You will but awake too soon, Silvio had loved her too dearly to a life of tears, misery, and vain repentance for her guilt. Or if he had not!"

Against her, her sudden appearance, and with remorse and misery, something of the old feeling, she defended her against a violent assault, and therefore sustained her very well the walk from the Colosseum, to the suburbs. Attilio had determined that the house lately tenanted by poor Marcello, and inhabited by Camilla, would be a safe hiding-place for the liberated sculptor, who could scarcely have prevailed upon not to return at once to his home, so great was his desire to behold his dear wife and daughter.

As they trudged on, each busy with his own thoughts, Attilio turned over in his mind the visit of Gianni to the studio, for the information Sergeant Dentato had given him relative to the architect confirmed his suspicion that the Cardinal was plotting villainy against his Clelia. After some reflection, he concluded to impart his suspicions to Manlio, who, when he had recovered from his first surprise and horror, declared his belief that Attilio's surmises were correct, and that it was necessary at once to hasten home in order to preserve his darling from infamy.

Attilio, however, aided by Muzio, at last prevailed upon him to conceal himself, promising to inform the ladies of the designs against him as soon as he had placed the father in safety. Attilio, in truth, though so young, had the talent of influencing and guiding those with whom he came in contact, and the soundness of his judgment was frequently acknowledged, even by those advanced in years. Reluctantly, Manlio agreed that he could not do better than to intrust the care of his dear ones to this generous youth. The day was beginning to dawn as they entered the cottage at the end of the lane, and just as on the occasion of Camilla's return on the night of the meeting, Fido barked furiously at their approach. At Silvio's voice, the dog quieted instantly, and again Marcellino met them at the door. Silvio, after saluting the ladies, where Camilla was. "I will show you," he said, the answer, and leading the way, he took them to an eminence near the cottage, from which they beheld, at a little distance, a ceme-tery. "She is there," said Marcellino, pointing with his finger; "she passes all her time, from dawn till eve, at her father's grave, praying and weeping. You will find her there, at all hours, and will plunge my dagger into her heart, to see this daylight break upon her, and to feel the hope that the dawn brings with it, and her release from priestly tyranny." Silvio, without a word to his companions, who followed slowly, strode on towards the indicated, which was close by, and soon came in view of Camilla, clad in deep mourning, kneeling beside a mound of newly-turned earth.

She was so absorbed, that the approach of the three friends was unperceived. Silvio, deeply moved, watched her, without daring to speak, and neither of the others broke the silence. Presently she rose, and clasping her hands in agony, cried bitterly, "Oh, my father, my father, I was the cause of your death!" "Camilla," whispered Silvio, coming close up. She turned, and gazing at them with a sweet but vacant smile, as if her lover's face brought her sin-comprehended comfort, passed on in the direction of her home, for the poor girl had not yet regained her reason.

Silvio touched her on the arm, as he overtook her, saying, "See Camilla, I have brought you a visitor, and if any one should ask who this gentleman is, tell them he is an antiquary who is studying the ruins around Rome." This was the rôle which Attilio had persuaded Manlio to play, until some plan for the future had been formed. After a short consultation, as to the precautions they were to observe, Attilio bade them farewell, and returned to the city alone, leaving behind him, with many a thought of pity and stern indignation, this father's humble household, devastated by the devices of the foul priest.

CHAPTER XII.

THE PETITION.

We must return to the sculptor's domicile, where two days had elapsed after the arrest of Manlio, nor had Attilio, who was gone in search of him, as yet appeared, so that the family were reduced to the greatest anxiety.

"What can they be doing with your good father?" repeated constantly the weeping mother to her daughter. "He has never mixed with any one whose principles would compromise him, although a Liberal. He hates the priests, I know, and they deserve to be hated for their vices, but he has never talked about it to any one but me."

Clelia shed no tears, but her grief at her father's detention was almost deeper than that of her mother, and at last, saddened by these plaints, she said, with energy, "Weep no more, mother, tears are of no avail; we must act. We must discover where my father is concealed, and, as Monna Aurelia has advised, we must endeavor to procure his release. Besides, Attilio is in search of him, and I know he will not desist until he has helped him and us, if he have not already done so."

A knock interrupted Clelia's consolatory words. She ran to the door, and opening it, admitted a neighbor, whose name has been mentioned, Monna Aurelia, and old and tried friend.

"Good day," she said, as she entered the sitting-room with a cheerful countenance.

"Good day," answered Silvia, with a faint smile, wiping her eyes.

"I bring you something, neighbor; our friend Casio, whom I consulted about your husband's affairs, has drawn up this petition on stamped paper, supplicating the cardinal minister to set Manlio at liberty. He says you must sign it, and had better present it in person to his Eminence."

Silvia took the paper, and looked at it doubtfully. She felt a strong aversion to this proposition. Could she throw herself at the feet of a person whom she despised to implore his mercy? Yet perhaps her husband's life was at stake; he might even now be suffering insults, privations, even torture. This thought struck a chill to the heart of the wife, and, rising, she said decidedly, "I will go with it."

Aurelia offered to accompany her, and in less than half an hour the three women were on the road to the palace.

At nine o'clock that same morning, as it happened, the Cardinal Procopio, Minister of State, had been informed by the questor of the Quirinal of Manlio's escape.

Great was the fury of the prelate at the unwelcome news, and he commanded the immediate arrest and confinement of the directors, officers on guard, dragoons, and of all, in fact, who had been in charge of the prison on the previous night.

Dispatching the questor with this order, he summoned Gianni to his presence.

"Why, in the devil's name, was that accursed sculptor confined in the Quirinal, instead of being sent to the Castle of St. Angelo?" he inquired.

"Your Eminence," replied Gianni, conceitedly, "should have intrusted such important affairs to me, and not to a set of idiots and rascals who are open to corruption."

"Dost thou come here to annoy me by reflections, sirrah?" blustered the priest. "Search in that turnip head of thine for means to bring the girl to me, or the palace cellars shall hear thee squeak thy self-praise to the tune of the cord or the pincers."

Gianni, knowing that these fearful threats were not vain ones, and that, incredible as it may appear to outsiders, tortures too horrible to describe daily take place in the Rome of the present day, meekly submitted to the storm. With downcast head, the mutilated wretch—for he was one of those maimed from their youth to sing falsettos in the choir of St. Peter—pondered how to act.

"Lift up thine eyes, knave, if thou darest, and tell me whether or no, after causing me to spend such pains and money in this attempt, thou hast the hope to succeed?"

Tremblingly Gianni raised his eyes to his master's face as he articulated with difficulty the words, "I hope to succeed."

But just as he spoke, to his considerable relief, a bell rang, announcing the arrival of a vis-

itor. A servant in the Cardinal's color-
tered, and inquired if his Eminence would
plensed to see three women who wished to
sent a petition.

The Cardinal, waving his dismissal to the
agitated Gianni, gave a nod of assent, and in view
summed an unctuous expression, as the three
en were ushered into his presence.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BEAUTIFUL STRANGER.

ROME is the museum of the fine arts, the
ostly-shop of the world. There are collected
ruins of the ancient societies, temples, columns
statues, the remains of Italian and Grecian
nius, *chef-d'œuvre* of Praxiteles, Phidias, Rome.

phael, Michael Angelo, and a hundred mas
Fountains, from which arise marine colossi,
ly, alas, in ruins, meet the eye on all sides.
stranger is struck with amazement and admira
at the sight of these gigantic works of art, of
many of which are engraved the mighty hand

of a wonderful by-gone age. It is not the
of the priest if their beauty is not marred by
less mitres and superstitious signs. But the
still marvellous and beautiful, and it was
them that Julia, the beautiful daughter of
on, was constantly to be found. She had

ed for several years in this city of sublime
memorials, and daily passed the greater part
time in sketching all that to her cultivated
appeared most worthy of imitation and

Michael Angelo was her especially favored
tro, and she might frequently be seen sitting
hours before his colossal statue of Moses, re

the labor of depicting that brow, upon which
her vivid imagination, sat an air of majestic
ness that appeared almost supernatural.
and bred in free and noble England, she had
rated herself voluntarily from loving and be

friends, that she might thus wander undistur
among the objects of her idolatry. Unexpec
ly, her pursuits had been interrupted by a str
er feeling than art. She had encountered
many times in the studio of the sculptor Ma
and, poor and apparently low as he was,
had found under the ragged garb of a mend
her ideal of the proud race of the Quirites.

Yes, obscure though he was, Muzio was
loved by this strange English girl. He was
but what cared she for his poverty.

And Muzio, did he know and return this
erous love?

Yes, in truth; but, although he would
given his life to save hers, he concealed al
sciousness of her interest, and allowed not
gle action to betray it, though he longed fer
ly for occasion to render her some trifling
ice, and the opportunity came. As Julia w

During the lifetime of Muzio's father, who was an amateur antiquary, Siccio had gained a considerable knowledge of the history of the ruins around Rome by attending him in his researches. This knowledge, as he could not take service as a domestic, on account of his unwillingness to part from the child, he determined to avail himself of, and so become a regular cicerone. His pay for services in this capacity was so small, that he could with difficulty provide for himself and his little charge even the bare necessities of existence. This mode of living he pursued however for some years, until the infirmities of old age creeping upon him, he found it harder than ever to procure food and shelter of the common-

est kind. What could he now do? He looked at Muzio's graceful form, and an inspiration broke upon him. Yes, he would brave the danger, and take him to the city, for he felt that the artists and sculptors would rejoice to obtain such a model. The venture was made, and Siccio was elated and gratified beyond measure at the admiration Muzio, now in his fifteenth year, called forth from the patrons of Roman "models."

For a while they were enabled to live in comparative comfort. Siccio now dared to reveal to him the secret of his birth, and the manner in which he had been despoiled, as the old man only suspected, of his inheritance. Great was the indignation of the youth, and still greater his gratitude to the good Siccio, who had toiled so uncomplainingly for him, but from this time he steadily refused to sit as a model. Work he would, even menial work he did not despise, and he might have been seen frequently in the different studios moving massive blocks of marble, for his strength far exceeded that of other youths of his own age. He also now and then assumed the duties of a cicerone, when the aged Siccio was unable to leave the house from sickness. His youthful beauty often induced strangers to give him a gratuity; but as he was never seen to hold out his hand, the beggars of Rome called him ironically "Signor."

In spite of his efforts, Muzio was unable, as Siccio's feebleness increased, to provide for all their wants, and he became gloomy and morose. One wonderful evening, when Siccio was sitting alone, shortly after Julia's adventure, a woman closely veiled entered his mean little room, and placing a heavy purse upon the table, said—

"Here is something, my worthy friend, which may be useful to you. Scruple not to employ it, and seek not to discover the name of the donor, or should you by chance learn it, let it be your own secret." And thus, without giving the astonished old man time to recover his speech, she went out closing the door behind her.

CHAPTER XV.

THE CORSINI PALACE.

"This is truly an unexpected blessing—a fountain in the desert," thought the Cardinal, as the three women were ushered into the audience-chamber. "Providence serves me better than I know by whom I am surrounded." Casting a disguised look of admiration at Clelia, who stood modestly behind her mother, he said aloud, "Let the petition be brought forward."

Mamma Aurelia, considerably taking the document from Silvia, advanced with it, and presented it on her knees.

After perusing it with apparent attention, the Cardinal addressed Aurelia, saying, "So you are

the wife of that Manlio who takes upon him to shelter and protect the enemies of the State of his Holiness the Pope?"

"It is I who am the wife of Signor Manlio, great your Eminence," said Silvia, advancing. "I beg out-lady," pointing to Aurelia, "kindly offer me a seat, expect appear before your Eminence, and assure me that, neither my husband or I have ever meddled with politics, and are persons of unquestioned honesty."

"Unquestioned honesty!" repeated the Cardinal, in simulated anger. "Why, then, are you so very honest, do you first shelter her enemies, and then assist them in such an unpardonable manner?"

"To escape!" exclaimed Clelia, who hitherto preserved her presence of mind. "This palace my father is no longer confined in this dreary place"—and a flush of joy spread itself over her lovely features.

"Yes, he has escaped; but ere long he will himself be re-taken, and must answer for his double crime," said the Cardinal.

These words gave a blow to Silvia's new-born hopes, and, what with surprise, fear, and excitement, she fell back into her daughter's arms, and swoon.

The Cardinal, hardened to such scenes, at once determined to take advantage of it, so summing up some servants, he ordered them to convey the fainting woman and her friends to another room, where proper remedies could be applied to restore the stricken wife. As they made their exit, he rubbed his soft hands gleefully, saying to himself, "Ah, my pretty one! you shall not leave this palace until you have paid me a fee." He then sent for Gianni, who, recognizing the trio at the entry, had remained at hand, as he divined services would be needed. When he presented himself, his master chuckled out—

"Ebben, Signor Gianni! Providence bestows your boasted ability out and out."

Gianni, knowing that all was sunshine again, when he was thus dignified by the title "Signor," answered, "Have I not always said your Eminence was born under a lucky star?"

"Well," continued the profane Cardinal, "since Providence favors me, it now only remains with you, Gianni, to finish the matter off." He then continued, "Follow the women, and see that every respect is paid them; and when they are calmed, direct Father Ignazio to send for the elder woman and the wife of the sculptor, and under pretense of questioning them about his escape, and in that I may have an opportunity of conversing alone with the incomparable Clelia."

Bowing profoundly, the scoundrel departed to execute his dissolute master's commands. As he passed out, a lackey entered, announcing that "Una Signora Inglese" wished to see his Eminence on business.

"Introduce her," said Procopio, stroking his

that Manlio who takes upon him to protect the enemies of the State as the Pope?"

"Who am the wife of Signor Manlio?" she greeted him frankly as an acquaintance, "said Silvia, advancing, "giving out her hand in the English fashion, which he took, expressing in warm terms, as he led her to your Eminence, and assured her of his delight at seeing her.

"My husband or I have ever meditated, and to what am I to attribute the felicity and are persons of unquestioned honesty!" repeated the Cardinal, "so lately brightened my room," he continued, "so lately brightened my presence, has a renewed grace for me."

"Why, then, as you first shelter here?" she asked, seated herself, and replied, gravely, for the state, and then assist them in an unpardonable manner?"

"Your Eminence is too condescending!" exclaimed Clelia, who had been slightly discomposed by the Cardinal's presence of mind. "The palace was to crave leave to copy some of the longer confined in this dreary *chambre d'attente* with which it is adorned; but to flush of joy spread itself over me as I am here on a different errand."

The Cardinal, drawing a chair to her side and escaped; but ere long he willing himself said, "And may I inquire its nature?"

"Beautiful lady?" placing, as he spoke, his hand upon hers with an insinuating pressure.

She, resenting the Cardinal's familiarity, drew back with surprise, fear, and exclaimed: "But, as he again approached, she drew back into her daughter's arms, and placed it between them, saying, as she attempted to rise, and with a look that made hardened to such scenes, at a glance, "You surely forget yourself, Monk."

"I do not," he replied, "but I must leave you."

"The prelate, profoundly abashed by the dignity of the English girl, obeyed, and she continued, "I would be glad to obtain information of the wife of the sculptor Manlio, who, I am told, came to the palace some hours ago to present himself to your Eminence."

"He has already left," stammered the Cardinal, "as soon as he had recovered from the surprise."

"When he presented himself to your Eminence?"

"A few minutes," was the reply.

"I presume they have left the palace, then?"

"Assuredly," affirmed he, unblushingly.

"With a gesture of incredulity, bowed, and said, "I not always said your Eminence leave."

"What is there perfect in the world? This profane Cardinal is by no means exempt from imperfection; yet the English are the only people who can be compared with the ancient Romans, and when they resemble each other in the splendid self-interest of their virtues and their vices, they are both artists and conquerors, the history of both is full of crimes committed either in their own name or in those countries which they intend to subvert and subvert."

"Many are the nations they have overthrown to satisfy their boundless thirst for gold and power."

"Who dare deny that the Britons, with all their faults, have contributed largely to the civilization and social advancement of mankind?"

"I have laid the grand foundations of a new era of humanity, erect, inflexible, majestic, free;

obeying no masters but the laws which they themselves have made, no kings but those which they themselves control.

By untiring patience and indomitable legality, this people has known how to reconcile government and order with the liberty of a self-ruling community.

The Isle of England has become a sanctuary, an inviolable refuge for the unfortunate of all other nations. Those proscribed by tyrants, and the tyrants who have proscribed them, flee alike to her hospitable shores, and find shelter on the single condition of taking their place as citizens among citizens, and yielding obedience to the sovereign laws.

England, too, be it ever remembered first proclaimed to the world the emancipation of the slave, and her people willingly submitted to an increased taxation in order to carry out this glorious act in all her colonies. Her descendants in America have, after a long and bloody struggle between freedom and oligarchy, banished slavery also forever from the New World.

Lastly, to England Italy is indebted in part for her reconstruction, by reason of that resolute proclamation of fair play and no intervention in the Straits of Messina in 1860.

To France Italy is also, indeed, indebted, since so many of her heroic soldiers fell in the Italian cause in the battles of Solferino and Magenta. She has also profited, like the rest of the world, by the writings of the great minds of France, and by her principles of justice and freedom. To France, moreover, we owe, in a great measure, the abolition of piracy in the Mediterranean. France marched, in truth, for some centuries alone, as the leader in civilization.

The time was when she proclaimed and propagated liberty to the world; but she has now, alas! fallen, and is crouching before the image of a fictitious greatness, while her ruler endeavors to defraud the nation which he has exasperated, and employs his troops to deprive Italy of the freedom which he helped to give her.

Let us hope that, for the welfare of humanity, she will, ere long, resume her proper position, and, united with England, once again use her sublime power to put down violence and corruption, and raise the standard of universal liberty and progress.

CHAPTER XVI.

ENGLISH JULIA.

In Siccio's little room was that same evening gathered a group of three persons who could have gladdened the heart and eyes of any judge of manly and womanly beauty.

Is it a mere caprice of chance to be born beautiful? The spirit is not always reflected in the form. I have known many a noble heart en-

shrined in an unpleasing body. Nevertheless, man is drawn naturally to the beautiful. A fine figure and noble features instinctively call forth not only admiration, but confidence; and every one rejoices in having a handsome father, a beautiful mother, fine children, or a leader resembling Achilles rather than Theristes. On the other hand, how much injustice and mortification are often borne on account of deformity, and how many are the wounds inflicted by thoughtless persons on those thus afflicted by their undiscussed contempt or more cruel pity.

Julia, for she it is who forms the loveliest of our triad, had just returned from her visit to the palace, and related to her auditors, Attilio and Muzio, what had transpired.

"Yes!" she exclaims, "he told me they were gone; but you see how powerful is gold to obtain the truth, even in that den of vice! The ladies are there detained. I bought the truth of one of his people."

Attilio, much disturbed, passed his hand over his brow as he paced and repaced the floor.

Julia, seeing how perturbed in spirit he was by her discovery, went to him, and, placing her hand with a gentle pressure upon his shoulder, besought him to be calm, saying that he needed all possible self-control and presence of mind to procure his betrothed's release.

"You are right, Signora," said Muzio, who until now had remained silent, but watchful; "you are ever right."

The triad had already discussed a plan of rescue; and Muzio proposed to let Silvio know, and to engage him to meet them with some of his companions at ten o'clock.

Muzio was noble-minded, and though he loved the beautiful stranger with all the force of his passionate southern nature, he felt no thought of jealousy as he thus prepared to leave her alone with his attractive friend.

Nor did Julia run any danger from her warm feeling of compassion for Attilio, for her love for Muzio, though as yet unspoken, was pure and inalienable. A love that no change of fortune, time, or even death, could destroy. She had but lately learned the story of his birth and misfortunes, and this, be sure, had not served to lessen it.

"No," she replied; "I will bid you both adieu for the present. At ten o'clock I shall await you in a carriage near the Piazza, and will receive the ladies, and carry them, when you have liberated them, to a place of safety."

So saying, she beckoned to her nurse to follow, and departed to make the necessary arrangements for the flight of the sculptor's family, whose cause she had magnanimously espoused, ignoring completely the personal danger she was incurring.

CHAPTER XVII.

RETRIBUTION.

JUSTICE! sacred word, yet how art thou abused by the powerful upon earth! Was not Christ just one, crucified in the name of justice? Was not Galileo put to the torture in the name of justice? And are not the laws of this unjust Borgia falsely called civilized Europe, made and administered in the name of justice? Ay, in Europe, where the would-be industrious man dies of hunger, and the idle and profligate flaunt in luxury and splendor!—in Europe, where a few families govern the nations, and keep them in a chaotic state of warfare under the high-sounding name of justice, loyalty, military glory, and the like. There in the palace sit Procopio and Ignazio, the names of justice. Outside are the rabble—Attilio, forsooth, Muzio, and Silvio, with twenty of our three hundred, who mean to have justice on their own fashion. The hearts of these scoundrels are glad and gay, as on the eve of a feast. True they beat, but it is in confident hope, for the hour of their duty is near. They pace the gallerie in parties of twos and threes, to avoid suspicion, awaiting the striking of the clock. When they linger outside, we will enter, and take our prospect.

When Gianni summoned Aurelia and Silvio to attend Father Ignazio, Clelia, suspecting treachery, drew a golden stiletto from her hair and crested it in her belt, that it might be at hand in the event of her needing it to defend herself.

The prelate, meantime, having attired himself in his richest robes, in the hope that their magnificence might have effect upon the simple creature, as he facetiously termed it, "to surround the fortress." Opening the door of the apartment in which Clelia was anxiously awaiting her father's return, he entered with a false benignant smile upon his face.

"You must pardon us," he said, "for we have detained you so long, my daughter, but I will answer the prayers of the people, and will assure you in person that no harm shall be done to your father, as well as," he continued—and he caught up her hand—"to tell you, mostly of women, that since I beheld you first, my heart has not ceased to burn with the warm love for you."

Clelia, startled by the words and the passionate look which the Cardinal fixed upon her, turned back a little space, so as to place a small table between them.

Then ensued a shameful burst of insupportable odious entreaty. In vain did he plead, and urge that her consent alone could procure her father's pardon. Clelia continued to preserve her countenance of horror, and her majestic scorn, contriving her movements to keep the table between them. Enraged beyond measure, the Cardinal made sign to his creatures, Ignazio and Gianni, who were near at hand, to enter.

by the words and the presence of the Cardinal fixed upon her, so as to place a small table, and down three bodies, suspended from a window of the Corsini palace, were seen by the gazing people, and a paper was found upon the breast of the Cardinal, with these words, "To perish all those who have polluted the memory of the world with falsehood, corruption, treachery, and turned it into a sewer and a stew."

In vain did he plead, that alone could procure her father continued to preserve her father's majestic scorn, contriving to keep the table between her and the measure, the Cardinal measures, Ignazio and Gianni to enter.

THE sun of that avenging morning was beginning to shed its sunbeams

At this instant, happily for our heroine, there was a sudden crash in the vestibule, and as he uttered the words, the two plants turned their heads in the direction of the sound, two manly forms, terrible in their aspect, with wrath and grace, rushed forward. The first, a young man, Attilio, flew to his beloved, who, from reason of feeling, was becoming rapidly insensible; and tore her from the villains, while the priest, and his accomplices yielded their hold with reluctance, and endeavored to escape. This Muzio perceived by barring the way; and bidding Silvestro and some of his men, who arrived at the same moment, to surround them, he drew forth a cord, and, after gagging the three scoundrels, he commenced binding the arms of the affrighted priest, and his friends similarly treating Ignazio and the other two, leaving only a sliding tool Gianni. Many and abject were the entreaties of these miserable men for mercy, but none was shown by their infuriated captors, who, amidst the prayers and curses of the Cardinal were dragging them with his own mantle; and Muzio did not relax his hold, as Father Ignazio writhed under the pressure of the cord, from reminding him of his own part in robbing a helpless child of his lawful inheritance.

But a yacht is a strange thing for a woman to possess. True, but English Julia in childhood was of delicate constitution; the physicians prescribed a sea-voyage, and her opulent parents equipped a pleasure-vessel for her use. Thus Julia became so devoted to the blue waves that,

THE EXILE.

CHAPTER XX.

THE TRAITOR.

y in question they found the y
ne, and gave him a detailed acc
had witnessed under the palace
as the time for the reassembling
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associates at the Baths of Carac
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company, he himself would follow up with his own third, and Silvio was to hurl the rearmost section upon the troops.

Attilio briefly said, "It is the moment of deeds, not words. No matter how large the number opposed to us, we must carve a road through them with our daggers." He then directed Muzio to lead on a detachment of twenty men, with a swift rush, upon the enemy, promising to follow quickly.

Muzio, quickly forming his twenty men, wrapped his cloak around his left arm, and grasping his weapon firmly in his right, gave the word to charge out.

In a few moments the cavernous vault startled those outside by vomiting a torrent of furious men; and as the youths rushed upon the satellites of despotism, the Pope's soldiers heading the division had not even time to level their guns before they were wrenched from their grasp, and many received their death-blow.

The others, thoroughly demoralized at the cry of the second and third divisions bursting forth, took to flight, headlong and shameful. The Campo Vaccino and the streets of Rome hard by the Campidoglio were in a short time filled with the fugitives, still pursued by those whom they should have taken prisoners.

Helmets, swords, and guns lay scattered in all directions, and more were wounded by the weapons of their own friends in their flight, than by the daggers of their pursuers; in effect the rout was laughable and complete.

The brave champions of Roman liberty, satisfied with having so utterly discomfited the mercenaries of his Holiness, dispersed, and returned to their several homes.

Amongst the dead bodies discovered next morning near the baths was that of a mere youth, whose beard had scarcely begun to cover his face with down. He was lying on his back, and on his breast was the shameful word "traitor," pinned with a dagger. He had been recognized by the Three Hundred, and swiftly punished.

Poor Paolo, alas, had the misfortune—for misfortune it proved—to fall in love with the daughter of a priest, who, enacting the part of a Delilah, betrayed him to her father as soon as she had learned he was connected with a secret conspiracy. To save his life, the wretched youth consented to become a paid spy in the service of the priesthood, and it was thus he drew his pay.

The worth of one intrepid man, as Attilio showed, is inestimable; a single man of lion heart can put to flight a whole army.

On the other hand, how contagious is fear. I have seen whole armies seized by a terrible panic in open day at a cry of "Escape who can;" "Cavalry;" "The enemy," or even the sound of a few shots—an army that had fought, and would again fight, patiently and gallantly.

Fear is shameful and degrading, and I think

the southern nations of Europe are more liable to it than the cooler and more serious peoples of the north; but never may I see an Italian army succumb to that sudden ague-fit which kills the man, even though he seems to save his life thereby!

CHAPTER XXI.

THE TORTURE.

As the hour of solemn vengeance had not yet struck, fright, and fright alone for the black-robed rulers of Rome was the result of the events we have detailed.

The priests were in mortal terror lest the thread by which the sword of popular wrath was suspended should be cut.

The hour, however, had not struck; the measure of the cup was not full; the God of justice delayed the day of his retribution.

Know you what the lust of priests is to torture? Do you know that by the priests Galileo was tortured? Galileo, the greatest of Italians! Who but priests could have committed him to the torture? Who but an archbishop could have condemned to death by starvation in a walled-up prison Ugolino and his four sons?

Where but in Rome have priests hated virtue and learning while they fostered ignorance and patronized vice? Woe to the man who, gifted by God above his fellows, has dared to exhibit his talent in Papal Italy. Has he not been immediately consigned to moral and physical tortures, until he admitted darkness was light?

Is it not surprising that in spite of the light of the nineteenth century, a people should be found willing to believe the blasphemous fables called the doctrines of the Church, and the priests permitted to hold or withhold salvation at their pleasure, and to exercise such power in such a continent, that rulers court their alliance as a means of enabling them the more effectually to keep in subjection their miserable subjects?

In England, America, and Switzerland this torture has been abolished. There progress is not a mere word. In Rome the torture exists in all its power, though concealed. Light has yet to penetrate the secrets of those dens of infamy called cloisters, seminaries, convents, where beings, male and female, are immured as long as life lasts, and are bound by terrible vows to resign forever the ties of natural affection and sacred friendship.

Fearful are the punishments inflicted upon any hapless member suspected of being lax in his belief, or desirous of being released from his oaths. Redress for them is impossible in a country where despotism is absolute, and the liberty of the press chained.

Yes, in Rome, where sits the Vicar of God,

the representative of Christ, the man of the torture, I say, still exists as in the time of Saint, Dominic and Torquemada. The priests, and the pincers are in constant requisition these present days of political convulsion.

Poor Dentato, the sergeant of dragoons, facilitated the escape of Manlio, soon escaped this. He had been unfortunately involved as engaged at the Quirinal. Morning and night means too horrible to divulge were resorted to to compel him to give up the name of those concerned in the attack upon the Pope. Failing to gain their point, he had been led by his tormentors a shapeless mass, imploring his persecutors to show mercy by putting him to death.

Unhappy man! the executioners falsified his name, and he had denounced his accomplices. He continued daily to make fresh arrests.

Yet the world still tolerates these fiendish men in human form, and kings moreover impose laws upon our unhappy countries. God grant that the people of Italy will before long have the courage to break this hateful yoke off their necks! God set us free, before we are weary of praying, from those who take His name in vain, and chase Christ himself out of the Temple to set their money-changing therein!

CHAPTER XXII.

THE BRIGANDS.

LET us leave for a time these scenes of horror, and follow our fugitives on the road to the mountains of Anzo. Their hearts are sad, for they are leaving many dear to them behind in the city. Their road is one of danger, until it be the Alps, and but as they breathe the pure air of the mountains their spirits revive—that country once so fertile and fertile, now so barren and desolate! But woe! Perhaps it would be difficult to find another coast, a shore on earth that presents so many objects of grandeur and present misery as the Campagna. The ruins, scattered on all sides, give place to the antiquary, and convince him of the greatness of the antiquity and grandeur of its ancient inhabitants. While the sportsman finds beasts and birds enough to satisfy him; but the lover of mankind mourns, it is a graveyard of past glories, with the bones of the robbers for sextons. The proprietors of these vast plains are few, and those few, priests, who are too wisely rendered absorbed by the pleasures and vices of the present to visit their properties, keeping, at the most, a few flocks of sheep or buffaloes.

Brigandage is inseparable from priestly government, which is easy to understand when we remember that it is supported by the aid of some orderly and brutal mercenaries. These, being robbers, murderers, and criminal offenders, are the

tative of Christ, the man of such places as this desert, where they find un-
I say, still exists as in the times of refuge and shelter.

Thence they prove that in Rome murders are of
frequent occurrence in proportion to the
ratio than in any other city. And how, in-
stead, can it be otherwise, when we consider the
education instilled by the priests?

He had been unfortunately
at the Quirinal. Mornings
he added troops of runaway hirelings of the
who have committed such dreadful rav-
ages during the last few years. We have a sym-
bol for the wild spirits who seem to live by
in their point, he had been
hunger, but who retire to the plains, and pass a
shapeless mass, imploring
show mercy by putting
the citizen is daily subjected.

the executioners falsely
denounced his accomplices
to make fresh arrests.

the world still tolerates these fiend-
like men, if led by a lawful ruler, and in-
and kings moreover impose
with a love for their country, would form
a band that would resist triumphantly any for-
ly before long have the invader.

to break this hateful yoke
"brigands" are, indeed, not assassins.

God set us free, before
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to set their money-changing

Orazio, a valorous Roman, though a brigand,
respected and admired by all in Trastevere,
regularly by the Roman women, who never
to recognize and appreciate personal bravery.

He was reputed to be descended from the fam-
ily of Horatius Coclès, who alone defended a
city against the army of Porsenna, and, like
him, curiously enough, had lost an eye. Orazio
served the Roman Republic with honor.

He yet a beardless youth he was one of the
who, on the glorious 30th of April, charged
to fight the foreign invaders. In Pales-
tine he received an honorable wound in the fore-
head at Velletri, after unhorsing a Neapolitan
officer with his arquebuss, deprived him of
the reins, and carried him in triumph to Rome.

It would it have been for Julia and her friends
men of this type alone haunted the lonely
coast, a sudden shot, which brought the
man down from his seat, informed our fugi-
tives on the road to
that they were about to be attacked by bri-
gands on all sides, give place, and were already in range of their mus-
kets, and convince him of the
Mnilio instantly seized the reins and whip-
ped the horses, but four of the band, armed to the
teeth, rushed immediately at the horses' heads,
"Do not stir, or you are a dead man," shouted
the robbers, who appeared to be the lead-
ers. Mnilio, convinced that resistance was use-
less, wisely remained immovable. In no very
long time, the ladies were bidden to descend,
at the sight of so much beauty, the robbers
softened at first, for a time, and fixed
admiring looks upon the exquisite features
of the youthful Clelia and the fair Englishwoman,
some promise of repentance. But their sav-
agery soon got the better of such a show of
repentance. The chief addressed the disconcerted

party in a rough tone, saying, "Ladies, if you
come with us quietly no harm shall happen to
you, but if you resist, you will endanger your own
lives; while, to show you that we are in earnest,
I shall immediately shoot that man," pointing to
Mnilio, who remained stationary on the box.

The effects produced upon the terrified women
by this threat were various. Silvia and Aurclia
burst into tears, and Clelia turned deadly
pale. Julia, better accustomed to encounter
dangers, preserved her countenance with that
fearlessness so characteristic of her countrywomen.

"Will you not," said she, advancing close
to the brigand, "take what we possess? we will
willingly give you all we have;" putting, at the
same time, a heavily-filled purse into his hand,

"but spare our lives, and permit us to continue
our journey."

The wretch, after carefully weighing the money,
replied, "Not so, pretty lady," as he gazed with
ardent eyes from her to Clelia; "it is by no
means every day that we are favored by fortune
with such charming plunder. We are in luck
with such lovely ones. You must accompany
us."

Julia remained silent, not realizing the villain's
presumption; but Clelia, to whom the chill of
despair which struck her when her father's life
was menaced was yielding to a deeper horror
still at the scoundrel's words, with a spasm of
anger and terror, snatching her poniard from her
bosom, sprang upon the unprepared bandit.

Julia, seeing the heroic resolution of her
friend, also attacked him; but alas! they had
not the chief alone to struggle with. His com-
rades came to his assistance, and the English girl
was speedily overpowered, whilst Clelia was left
vainly to assail him, for, although she succeeded
in inflicting several wounds, they were of so
slight a nature that, with the aid of a follower,
he had no difficulty in wresting her weapon from
her and securing her hands.

When Julia was dragged off by two of the ru-
fians towards some bushes, Aurelia and Silvia
followed, entreating them not to kill her.

Mnilio, who had attempted to leap to the
ground to aid his daughter, had been instantly
beaten to the earth, and was being dragged off
in the direction of the same thicket by the band,
while the chief brought up the rear with Clelia in
his arms.

All appeared lost. Death—and worse than
death—threatened them.

But they had not gone many paces before the
knave whose vile arms encircled Julia was felled
to the ground by a blow from a sudden hand;
and Clelia gave a cry of joy as her deliverer raised
her from the ground.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

THE LIBERATOR.

CLELIA's liberator, who had arrived so opportunely on the scene of violence, was by no means a giant, being not more than an inch or two above the ordinary height; but the erectness of his person, the amplitude of his chest, and the squareness of his shoulders, showed him to be a man of extraordinary strength.

As soon as this opportune hero who had come to the rescue of the weak, had stricken down the chief by a blow of his gun-butt upon the robber's skull, he levelled the barrel at the brigand who held Manlio in his grasp and shot him dead. Then, without waiting long to see the effect of his bullet—for this hunter of the wild boar had a sure eye—he turned to the direction pointed out by Clelia. She was still much agitated; but when she perceived her champion so far successful, she cried—

"Avanti! go after Julia, and rescue her. Oh, go!"

With the fleetness of the deer the young man sped away in pursuit of Julia's ravishers, and, to Clelia's instant relief, the English girl soon reappeared with their preserver; Julia's captors having taken to flight upon hearing the shots.

Reloading his gun, the stranger handed it to Manlio, and proceeded to appropriate to his own use those arms which he found upon the dead bodies of the brigands.

They then returned to the carriage, and found the horses grazing contentedly on the young grass that bordered the road. For a little while no one found a voice. They stood absorbed in thoughts of joy, agitation, and gratitude; the women regarding the figure of the stranger with fervent admiration. How beautiful is valor, particularly when shown in the defense of honor and loveliness in woman, whose appreciation of courage is a deep instinct of her nature. Be a lover bold and fearless, as well as spotless, a despiser of death, as well as graceful in life, and you will not fail to win both praise and love from beauty.

This sympathy of the fair sex with lofty qualities in the sex of action has been the chief promoter of human civilization and social happiness.

For woman's love alone man has gradually put aside his masculine coarseness, and contempt for outward appearances, becoming docile, refined, and elegant, while his rougher virtue of courage was softened into chivalry.

So far from being his "inferior," woman was appointed the instructress of man, and designed by the Creator to mould and educate his moral nature.

We have said our fair travellers gazed with admiration at the fine person of the brigand—for "brigand" we must unwillingly confess their deliverer to be—and as they gazed, the younger members of the party, it may be acknowledged,

imported into their glance a little more grateful than the absent lovers, Attilio and Muzio, perhaps have wished. But admiration gave place to surprise, when the brigand, taking the young man's hand, kissed it, with tears, saying—

"You do not remember me, Signora? at my left eye: had it not been for your care, the accident to it would have cost me my life."

"Orazio! Orazio!" cried the matron, embracing him. "Yes, it is indeed the son of my friend."

"Yes, I am Orazio, whom you received in a dying condition, and nursed back to life, poor orphan whom you nourished and fed, left in absolute need," he replied, as he returned her embrace tenderly.

After exchanging these words of recognition and receiving others of ardent gratitude from the party, Orazio explained how he had been in the neighborhood, when he saw the attack, and came to do what he could for the ladies, who advised Manlio to put them into the carriage again, and depart with all speed; "for," said he, "two of these bandits have escaped, and possibly return with several of their brethren. Then, ascertaining the name of the port to which they intended sailing, he offered to be their charioteer, and, inounting the box, drove rapidly in the direction of Porto d'Anzo.

Arrived there without further adventure, the freshness of the sea air seemed to put new life and spirits into our jaded travellers, and the sight upon the beautiful Julia in particular was perfectly marvellous. A daughter of the Queen of the Ocean, she, like almost all her children, is enamored of the sea, and pined for it when in distance.

The sons of Britain scent the salt air wherever they live; they are islanders with the sea always near. They can understand the promise of Xenophon's 1000 Greeks, when they agreed to hold the ocean after their long and dangerous voyage, and how they fell upon their knees, shouting joyful shouts of "Thalassa! Thalassa!" and blessed the green and silver Amphitrite as their mother, friend, and tutelary divinity.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE YACHT.

The English girl broke out into pretty expressions of gladness when she caught sight of her ship. "Dance, graceful naiad," ejaculated Manlio, when she beheld it upon the blue waters of the Mediterranean, "and spread your wings to bear away my friends to a place of so much idleness. Who says I may not love thee as a friend, I owe to thee so many glorious and free days. I love thee when the waters are like a mirror, and in less than

his word, weighed anchor, and sailed triumphantly out to sea with our exiles on board, who, though shedding a few natural tears as the coast faded rapidly from their view, were inexpressibly thankful to feel that they were at last out of the clutches of their revengeful persecutors.

CHAPTER XXV.

BUT our readers will remember that it was now the third week in February—the worst month at sea, at least in the Mediterranean. The Italian sailors have a proverb, that “a short February is worse than a long December.” Captain Thompson, in his anxiety to fulfill his young mistress’s wishes, had not failed to heed the weather-glass, and he had felt anxious at the way in which the mercury was falling—a sure sign that a strong south-west wind was brewing nigh at hand, the most unfavorable for the safety of our passengers on this rocky coast. The *Seagull*, however, sailed gracefully out of port with all sails set, and impelled by a gentle breeze—gracefully, we say, that is, in the eyes of Captain Thompson and her owner; but not so gracefully in the eyes of Amelia and Manlio, who, never having entrusted themselves to the deep before, were considerably inconvenienced by the undulating motion.

Julia had arranged to cruise down the coast for Silvia and Clelia, under Orazio's protection, bringing to off a small fishing-place a few miles from Porto d'Anzo, where the yacht was to put in and embark them; but, though the captain would have gone through fire and water to obey his mistress's commands, the wind and waves were his superiors. The gentle breeze had given place to strong gusts, and black clouds were rapidly chasing one another athwart the sky. A storm was evidently rising, and every moment the danger of being driven ashore was becoming more and more possible. Night was closing in, and breakers were in sight. The only chance of escape was to cast anchor. Thompson accordingly made Julia, who was wrapped in a shawl, was lying on deck watching every movement, acquainted with his resolution, in which she acquiesced. The sailors were about to obey their captain's orders, when Julia cried out "Hold!" for she had already felt the wind upon her cheek suddenly shift, and felt that to anchor was no longer wise. Now they must stand out to sea, and face the shifts of the tempest. The sails began to fill, and in a short time the *Seagull* paid off, to fill, and to leave the surf behind her, obedient to the helm. The wind was fitful, and now and again terribly fierce; the sails, cordage, and masts creaked, and swayed to and fro. Captain Thompson ordered his crew, in the energetic, yet self-possessed tone so characteristic of the British seaman, to "stand by" the

Britain scent the salt air of their ancient capital, Ardea, bear witness they are islanders with the ancient prosperity. They can understand the promontory, Capo d'Anzo, both forms and 1000 Greeks, when they again use its name to the port in which was stationed their long and dangerous heroine's yacht, awaiting her orders. The after they fell upon their knees, of Julia, if not a delight and fête day for priests, who hate the English, because they cry "Thalassa! Thalassa!" and both "heretics" and "liberals," was certainly and silver Amphitrite as one for the crew of the *Seagull*, to whom she and tutelary divinity.

THE YACHT.

girl broke out into pretty sobs, turning the affectionate and respectful greeting which she caught sight of her cabin and servants, descended to the graceful maid," ejaculated, and consulted with her captain, an old fisher (Thompson by name), as to the best mode of embarking the fugitives.

"Aye, aye, Miss," said he, glad to escape his tedious idleness, as soon as he saw how the land was to be left, "I'll find a way to leave the poor creatures to me; I'll find a way of shipping them safe out of this hole!"

halliards (ropes to hoist or lower sails), but to take in nothing. Luffing a little more, they were soon free of the immediate peril; but, the wind increasing, they dared not carry so much sail, and three reefs were taken in upon the main-sail, the foresail and jib were shifted, and every thing was made tight and snug against the fierce blasts which dashed the billows over her sides, and occasionally nearly submerged the tiny bark.

The *Seagull* presently put about on the port tack, always beating out from the land, and battled bravely with the storm, which waxed momentarily louder and stronger. One tremendous wave dashed over her, and then the captain, addressing Julia, who had remained on deck, besought her to go below, or he feared she might share the fate of one of the crew who had been washed overboard by it. Poor fellow, no help could save him! Julia saw the sailor go over the side, and threw him a rope herself, but the man was swallowed up in the darkness and foam. The steersmen (for there were two) were now lashed to the helm, the captain to the weather shrouds of the mainmast, and the men held fast under the bulwarks.

When Julia descended to the cabin to appease the captain's anxiety, and look after her friends, the scene that met her view was so ludicrous that, in spite of her sorrow for the loss of the poor seaman, she could not repress a smile. When the ship gave a lurch to the wave which had carried the sailor away, Aurelia was precipitated like a bundle of clothes into the same corner in which Manlio had taken refuge. The poor woman, frightened out of her wits, and thinking her last hour had come, clung to the unfortunate sculptor with all her might, as if fancying she could be saved by doing so. In vain Manlio implored her not to choke him: the more he entreated the closer became her grasp. The sculptor, accustomed to move blocks of marble, was powerless to release himself from the agonized matron, but, aided by the motion of the ship, contrived to hold her off a little so as to escape suffocation. In this tragic and yet comic attitude Julia beheld them, and, after giving way for one moment to her irrepressible amusement, she called a servant to assist her, and succeeded in pacifying Aurelia, and in liberating Manlio from his uncomfortable position.

All night the *Seagull* struggled bravely against the storm, and had it not been for her superior construction, and the skill of her commander and the brave blue-jackets in Julia's service, she must have perished.

Towards morning the tempest subsided, and the wind having changed to south-south-west, Captain Thompson informed Julia it would be necessary to put in at Porto Ferrajo or Longone to repair the damages the yacht had sustained, which, indeed, were not slight. The two light

boats had been carried away, also every article on deck, and the starboard bulwarks from amidships to stem. The foremast, too, was sprung, Julia, seeing the impossibility of setting the vessel to rights at sea, consented to make the land where we will take leave of them for a time.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE TOWER.

It is time to return to Clelia, and see how she fares with her and her companions, Silvia dozed off. As night approached, Orazio made a large fire, which he had been directed to do by Julia, in order that the smoke might be a guide to her vessel. He then looked out for a boat to hire, in which to convey the women to the yacht, but as the storm rose, he felt there would be no chance of embarking that night, and cast about for a place of shelter until the morning.

He found a ruined tower—such towers abound on the coasts of the Mediterranean, and are the remains of places which were erected by the ancients only to defend the coast from the attacks of diæval pirates, who used them chiefly to direct to their vessels when it would be safe to approach the shore. Here, after making his charges as comfortable as circumstances permitted, he reclined them, and paced up and down the beach, stealing his eyes for a glimpse of the *Seagull*, which he feared, could scarcely live in such a tempest. Half blinded by the spray, he continued his watch, dreading most of all to see the signs of a wreck. It was after many hours he perceived a dark object tossing about in the water, nearing and receding, and finally stranded on the beach. A man ran towards it, and was horrified to discover that it was a human body, apparently lifeless, still clinging to a rope and buoy. He snatching it up in his sturdy arms, and carried it into the cabin, where he found Silvia and Clelia sitting by a fire which he had kindled for them. The sailors whom Orazio had rescued was no other than a young English sailor washed overboard from the *Seagull*.

Silvia, aided by her daughter, stripped the animate lad, laid him before the fire, and chafed his limbs with their hands for a very long while, to their great delight, he slowly returned to consciousness. Then they wrapped him in some powder-bag, and their own dry garments, and hung his wet dung round his neck before the fire, Orazio supplying them with heated stones for fuel. Some of his native "grog" was wanting, which poor John, but none was to be had. Fortunately, Orazio had a flask of Orvieto, which he gave to the travellers to warm their chilled limbs during the bitter night; and Silvia wisely administered a liberal dose to the exhausted man, who, with a stone for a pillow, and his head towards the friendly fire, fell by-and-by into a sound sleep—yacht, tempest, shipwreck, and all.

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 man body, apparently lifeless, around the ladies in the early part of the
 rope and buoy. He snatched it, as they were but indifferently protected
 rms, and carried it into the tower. Orazio was gayly dressed in a
 d Silvia and Clelia sitting in velvet suit, ornamented with silver buttons;
 d kindled for them. The sisters buckling at the knee covered a compar-
 rescued was no other than a small and well-shaped foot, and displayed
 floor washed overboard from a well-formed leg to advantage; a black cravat

her daughter, stripped the satin handkerchief, loosely tied, fell upon his
 him before the fire, and clapped his shoulders; a black hat, resembling in shape
 and for a very long while, those worn by the Calabrians, natively inclined a
 light, he slowly returned to the right, crowned his head; a leathern
 they wrapped him in some under-bag, embroidered with silk and silver,
 ments, and hung his wet long round his waist, in the band of which were
 zio supplying them with three two revolvers and a broad-bladed dagger,
 native "grog" was wanted, which served both as a weapon of defense and
 ne was to be had. Fortune smiling, gave him a well-prepared air; not
 ask of Orvieto, which he took of his trusty carbine, which he has taken
 lers to warm their chilled feet, and which he always
 or night; and Silvia wisely upon his left arm. As the flickering light
 al dose to the exhausted of the fire fell upon him and lit up his bronzed
 tone for a pillow, and his features, an artist would have given much to
 dly fire, fell by-and-by it was depicted what was truly a type of strength,
 tempest, shipwreck, and danger, and manly beauty; while now and

then, awakening from her uneasy slumber, Silvia
 regarded him with admiring eye, and forgot for
 a moment her anxieties while guarded by that
 faithful sentinel. It is to be regretted that our
 hero, Orazio, was a "brigand;" but then he was
 one of the better sort, and only from the force
 of circumstances, his sin being that, like all brave
 and loyal men, he wished Italy to be united, and
 Rome freed forever from priestly despotism.

Towards dawn Orazio approached Silvia, say-
 ing respectfully, "Signora, we must not remain
 here till broad day; as soon as there is sufficient
 light to show us the path to take we must depart.
 We are too near our mutual enemies here to be
 out of danger."

"And Manlio, Julia, Aurelia, where are they?"

"Probably far out at sea," he replied; "and
 let us only hope it, for so they will be safe; but
 it would be well before we strike out into the
 woods once more to examine the beach. God
 grant we may not find any more bodies there."

"God grant they may not have been cast upon
 the coast during this fearful storm," ejaculated
 Silvia, with clasped hands and raised eyes.

A mournful silence fell upon them, broken at
 last by Orazio, who had been looking out for the
 first streak of light in the leaden sky.

"Signora, it is time we were off."

Silvia shook her daughter gently to arouse
 her, and Clelia got up, feeling greatly restored by
 her peaceful slumber, while Orazio, touching John
 with the butt-end of his carbine, awoke him.

Then, for the first time, the sailor-boy was
 able to tell how he was washed overboard, and
 his account gave hopes to the listeners that the
Seagull was safe.

Our bandit, going first, led his party in the di-
 rection of the coast; but, although the rain had
 ceased, the wind had not subsided, and the wom-
 en made their way with difficulty along the rough,
 uneven pathway, the spray from the sea beating
 in their faces. Orazio and John, who was now
 nearly recovered, searched for the tokens of a
 wreck, but, happily, none were found, and they
 returned to Silvia and Clelia, whom they had left
 in a sheltered place, with relieved countenances
 and cheerful voices, saying, "Our friends are out
 of danger." Orazio added, "And now, ladies,
 we will begin our own journey," turning at the
 same time to the right, and taking a narrow
 footpath through the wood well known to him.
 His charges, attended by John the English boy,
 followed in silence.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE WITHDRAWAL.

AFTER the affair at the Baths of Caracalla,
 the position of Attilio and his companions be-
 came very much compromised. The traitor had,

indeed, paid for his infamy with his life; but though the Government's mercenaries had had the worst of it, the police were now on the alert, and, if not quite certain, could make a shrewd guess as to who were the leaders of the conspiracy.

If, however, the friends of liberty from outside had been as ready as the Romans, the conspirators might yet have had it all their own way on the 15th of February, or, indeed, at any other time. But the "Moderates," always indissolubly bound to the chariots of selfishness, would not hear the words "To arms!" They preferred waiting, at whatever cost, until the manna of freedom fell from heaven into their mouths, or the foreigner should come to their relief, and set their country free.

What cared they for national dignity, or the contemptuous smile of all other European nations at the open buying and selling of provinces! They were thinking first of gain and remunerative employment, and were consequently deaf to all generous propositions likely to set in risk their Eldorado of profits, though they would, if successful, procure national unity and prosperity by energetic action.

This middle-class cowardice is the cause of Italy's degradation at the present day, and were it not for that, the kissing of the slipper would be an infamy of the past. It is the reason, too, why Italy's soil is so often vainly wet with the blood of her nobler, braver sons; and why those who escape the sword wander in forests to avoid the vengeance of those robbed hyenas; and why the poor remain in abject misery.

Such was the condition of Rome at the beginning of the year 1867. She might have been happy, regenerated, and powerful, crowned with glorious liberty and independence, had not the foreigner come to the aid of the falsely-called "father of his people." Now she grovels in bondage, loaded with French chains.

One evening, early in March, Attilio, Muzio, and Silvio met at Manlio's house to discuss their future movements. They had remained in Rome in the hope of achieving something, but the labyrinth was far too intricate to allow our youthful and inexperienced heroes to extricate themselves, and the Three Hundred to extricate themselves and their countrymen from it.

"There is no use," spoke Attilio, bitterly, "in dedicating one's life to the good of one's country in these days, when the 'Moderates' check all our efforts, and basely reconcile themselves with the enemies of Italy. Ohime! How can Romans ever do so! How can they ever live in harmony with those who have sold them and theirs so many times! who have precipitated us from the first rank among the nations to the lowest! who have corrupted and polluted our city! who have tortured our fathers and violated our virgins!"

In his wrath Attilio's voice had risen until Clelia, who had been sitting by him, literally shouted.

Silvio, more composed, said, "Speak low, brother, thou knowest how we are pursued; we will soon have chance there may even now be some accomplices very near. Be patient, and for the present let us leave Regola in charge of our affairs, and returning to the city. In the country we have true and courageous friends. Let us leave Rome until she is tired of being the laughing stock of these leeches who live by imposture and tyranny. Let us rather seek Our generous countrymen will call us brigands, and adventurers, as they did the Thousand during our glorious expedition of Marsala, which astonished the world. What matters it to us? Now, at a crisis, then, we will work and watch for the liberty of our country. What she is willing in the future to emancipate herself, we will fly to her rescue."

CHAPTER XXVIII. THE FOREST.

AFTER walking for about two hours through the forest, where to Silvia's and Clelia's inexperienced eyes there appeared to be no path, and trodden by man, Orazio stopped at a clearing, and they beheld a small pleasant-looking glade or clearing. Jack, the sailor, had proved of great use in his moving fallen branches strewn across the path, which would else have greatly impeded the progress of the ladies. The weather had cleared, and although the wind still moved the crown of the trees it fanned but gently the cheeks of the fugitives.

"Signora, sit down here with your daughter, I have said their guide, pointing to a large flat stone. "and take some rest, of which I see you are in need. Jack and I will go in search of some food; but, before we do so, I will spread a cloak upon your hard bench, that you may repose in greater comfort."

Orazio was repaid with a graceful bow, starting into the wood at a rapid pace, accompanied by the sailor-boy, was soon hidden from their view.

Silvia was really fatigued, but Clelia, being of a more elastic constitution, and refreshed by a sound sleep during the past night, was not so much fatigued; nevertheless, she found it difficult to welcome to rest in that agreeable place, when no human being save themselves was visible.

Yielding presently, however, to the vivacity of her age, the young girl sprang up, and began to gather some pretty wild flowers she had observed, and forming them into a bouquet, presented it to her mother, with a smile to her mother, and re-seated herself at her side. Just then, the report of a musket re-echoed through the wood. Silvia was startled by the sudden echo in that lonely, solitary retreat, which had in it something solemn.

Attilio's voice had risen until Clelia, perceiving the effect upon her mother, composed, said, "Speak low! That is only a shot from our friend, *mia madre*; knowest how we are pursued; he will soon return with some game."

May even, now be some news! Silvia's color came back again, and very soon patient, and for the present leewardwards Orazio and Jack rejoined the ladies, in charge of our affairs, and quarrelling between them a young boar, struck down a country we have true and say a ball from the carbine of the Roman.

Let us leave Rome until she. At Orazio's request, Clelia, who had some laughing stock of these leech-knowledge of the English language, bade Jack posture and tyranny. Let us gather some sticks and light a fire, which he did countrymen will call us brigandage, and in a little time the cheerful pile they did the Thousand during the blazing before them.

tion of Marsala, which astonished. Animal food may be necessary to man—in matters it to us? Now, is a carnivorous animal—still the trade of a work and watch for the liberty, rather is a horrid one, while the continual dabbly country. When she is willing in the blood of dumb creatures, and cutting herself, we will fly to her rescue, their slaughtered carcasses has something very

AFTER XXVIII.

THE FOREST.

g for about two hours there. However, habit had made slaying and preparing to Silvia's and Clelia's inexperience, the boar natural and easy to Orazio, who, ere appeared to be no path compelled to live in the forest, had, indeed, no Orazio stopped at a clear place in the matter, being obliged either to kill a small pleasant-looking glutton or starve. He laid the boar upon the grass, had proved of great use in dealing with his hunting-knife skinned a portion, and branches strewn across the waist with some substantial slices, fastened them on have greatly impeded the progress, cut by Jack out of a piece of green. The weather had cleared, and, laid them over the fire. When fairly wind still moved the crowns, he presented them to the famished travellers, but gently the cheeks of the. It was a roast well fitted to appease the

own here with your daughter. The sailor was heartily relished by all the party. pointing to a large flat stone, the meal was, indeed, a cheerful one, much rest, of which I see you are privy, being caused by the absurdities uttered. I will go in search of some bird by Jack, whom Clelia was laughingly endeavoring to teach Italian. We do so, I will spend the morning to teach Italian.

hard bench, that you may. The sailor is always a light-hearted fellow on board, and more particularly after he has been a day with a graceful bow. Some time at sea, Jack, forgetting his narrow wood at a rapid pace, according to the company of the four, and, in or-boy, was soon hidden from the company of the gentle and beautiful Clelia.

fatigued, but Clelia, being in the tempestuous ocean. For Orazio, his pretension, and refreshed by water, and the Italian ladies, his gratitude knew the past night, was not without bounds, although he had but a vague idea of nevertheless, she found it in her position and purposes.

that agreeable place, when the repast was ended the party continued they themselves was visible. Her journey, resting occasionally by the way, however, to the vivacious in this manner arrived, late in the afternoon, girl sprang up, and began to fight of one of those ancient edifices along the wild flowers she had observed on a shore which appear to have escaped the into a bouquet, presented the roving touch of Time. It stood away from mother, and re-seated herself on the edge of the forest, and at the end, then, the report of a musket to a vast plain; several fine oaks, many the wood. Silvia was greatly surprised, were growing about it, planted apparently echo in that lonely, silently by the original possessors, with some attention it something solemn. It kept at regularity.

Orazio, begging the ladies to recline upon a mossy bank, stepped aside, and drawing a small horn from his pouch, blew a blast, shrill and long. The signal was answered by a similar sound from the ancient building, and an individual, dressed much in Orazio's style, issued from it, who, approaching the brigand with an air of respect, cordially saluted him.

Orazio took the new-comer's hand in a friendly manner, and, pointing to his party, held a short conversation with him in an undertone. The man then retired, and Orazio, returning to the ladies, begged them to rise, and permit him to conduct them to this secure place of refuge.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE CASTLE.

THE period of highest glory for the ancient capital of the world vanished with the Republic and the majestic simplicity of the republican system; for after the battle of Zama, in which Hannibal was defeated by Scipio, the Romans had no longer any powerful enemies. It therefore became easy to conquer other nations, and, enriched by the spoils of the conquered, the Romans gave themselves up to internal contentions, and to every kind of luxury. In this way they were dragged down to the last stage of degradation, and became the slaves of those whom they had enslaved. And right well it befitted them that God should pay them in the same coin which they counted out. The last generation of the Republic, however, had truly a sunset grandeur about it, and splendid names. Before passing away it presented to history some men at whom one can not but marvel. Satorius, Marius, Sulla, Pompey, and Caesar, were men of such stature that one alone would suffice to illustrate the valor of a warlike nation. If perfection in a military ruler were possible, Caesar, with his superb qualities as a general, needed only to possess the abnegation of Sulla to have been a perfect type of the class. Less sanguinary than the Prosciber, he possessed more ambition, and desired to decorate his forehead with a crown, for which he fell a victim, stabbed to the heart by the daggers of the Roman republicans. Sulla was also a great general, and a reformer; he struggled hard to wean the Romans from their vices, and even resorted to terrible means, slaying at one time eight thousand persons with this view. Subsequently, wearied with the ineffectual struggle against the tide of the time, he assembled the people in the Forum, and, after reproaching them for their incorrigible vices, declared, that as his power as Dictator had failed to regenerate them, he would no longer retain that dignity, but before he laid it aside he challenged the city to require from him an account of his actions. Silence ensued, no man demanding redress, though

there were many present whose relatives and friends he had sacrificed. With an austere mien he then descended from the tribunal, and mingled with the crowd as a simple citizen.

The Empire rose on the ruins of the Republic. And here it may be remarked that no Republic can exist unless its citizens are virtuous. This form of government demands moral education and elevation. It was the vice and degeneration to which the Romans had sunk that inaugurated the Empire.

Among the emperors there were some less deplorable than others—such as Trajan, Antonine, and Marcus Aurelius. The greater part, however, were monsters, who, not satisfied with the enormous wealth they possessed, and with their lofty position, set themselves to plunder the substance of others. They sought every pretext for robbing the wealthy citizens. Many of those, therefore, possessing wealth, retired from Rome—many sought refuge in foreign lands, others in far distant parts of the country, where they were safe from molestation. Among the latter, a descendant of Lucullus, in the reign of Nero, built the original walls of the antique castle where we left Clelia and her companions.

Peraventure, some of the enormous oaks by which it was surrounded had sprung in but few removes from the acorns of the trees which shaded the courtier of Nero. However this may be, the architecture of the castle is certainly wonderful, and wonderfully preserved. The out-buildings are covered with ivy, which ago has rendered of extraordinary growth. The interior had been completely modernized by mediæval owners, and although not adorned with all the luxuries of the nineteenth century, it contains several dry-roofed and spacious apartments. Uninhabited for some time, the castle had been almost buried out of sight by the surrounding trees, which circumstance made it all the more suitable for Orazio and his proscribed comrades. Built in dark and troublous times, this castle, like all those of the same kind, possesses immense dungeons and subterranean passages spreading over a large space in the bowels of the earth. Superstition also guarded the lonely tower. Travellers making inquiries about the neighborhood of the shepherds who tend their flocks in the forest openings, had heard, and duly related, that somewhere in this district was an ancient castle haunted by phantoms; that no one ever dared to enter it, and that those unhappy beings who summoned up courage to approach its gateway were never seen again. Moreover, was there not a story told that the beautiful daughter of the wealthy Prince T——, when staying with her family at Porto d'Anzo for the benefit of sea-bathing, had one day wandered with her maids into the woods, where the affrighted and helpless women saw their mistress carried up into the air by spirits, and although every nook of the forest was search-

ed by the command of her distressed father, no traces of the young princess were ever afterwards discovered.

To this haunt of marvels Orazio then conducted our travellers, as we have before described.

CHAPTER XXX.

IRENE.

Uprox the threshold of the castle, as our travellers drew near, stood a young woman, whose appearance betokened the Roman matron, but whose greater delicacy perhaps than the ancient matron. She numbered some twenty years; and, though a charming smile spread itself over her features, and her eyes and soft abundant hair, some were extremely beautiful, still it was the manly natural bearing of Irene which struck the beholder.

As if unconscious of the presence of strangers, she ran to Orazio, and folded him in a warm embrace, whilst the blush which glad love can suffused both their faces, as they regarded each other with undisguised affection. Then, turning to the two ladies, she bowed gracefully, and came to them with a cordial salute, as Orazio said—

"Irene, I present to you the wife and daughter of Manlio, our renowned sculptor of Rome."

Honest Jack was perfectly astounded at so much beauty and grandeur where he expected to find nothing except solitude and savage desolation. But his astonishment was greater still when he was invited along with the rest into the chamber and beheld a table covered with a profusion of modest comforts in a handsome and spacious dining-hall.

"You expected me, then, carissima?" observed Orazio, as he entered it, to Irene.

"Oh, yes; my heart told me you would not pass another night away," was the reply, and the lovers exchanged another look, which made thoughts of Clelia, as she beheld it, fly to her mind, and we do not overstep the bounds of civility if we say that Silvia also remembered her father Manlio with a sigh.

Jack, with the appetite of a boy of twelve, felt his very long walk, felt nothing of the pang of love, but much of those of hunger.

And now another scene amazed mother daughter as well as the sailor, who stood, with wide-open mouth staring at what seemed enchantment, for as Orazio blew his horn at fifteen new guests, one after another, each armed and equipped like their leader, filed into the room. The hour being late, there was daylight in the apartment, which gave to entrance a more melodramatic air; but the room was lit up with a lamp, the open and manly countenances of the new comers were

command of her distressed father, and inspired our party with admiration and con-
 young princess were ever afterwards. The strangers made obeisance to the
 at of marvels Orazio then conducted in his right hand, and Clelia on his left, Irene
 as we have before described. being seated by her side, called out, "To table."

CHAPTER XXX.

IRENE.

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 hour being late, there was
 apartment, which gave to
 melodramatic air; but
 up with a lamp, the open
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When their chief (to whom they showed great re-
 spected) was seated, the men took their places, si-
 cally, and Jack found a vacant seat by the side
 of Silvia, which he took with calm resignation to
 his good luck. The repast began with a toast
 "to the liberty of Rome," which each drank in a
 glass of "vernuth," and then eating commenced,
 the meal lasting some time. When all had ap-
 peared their hunger, Irene rose, with a sweet
 smile, from the table, and conducted her fair vis-
 itor to an upper chamber in the tower; and
 while a servant prepared, according to her or-
 der, some beds for her guests, exchanged with
 them, after the universal manner of ladies, a few
 words about their mutual histories.

Silvia's and Clelia's stories you already know,
 and only remains for us, who have the privilege
 of their confidence, to narrate what Irene impart-
 ed to them.

"You will wonder to hear," said she, "that I
 am the daughter of Prince T—, whom perhaps
 you know in Rome, as he is famous for his wealth.
 My father gave me a liberal education, for I did
 not care about feminine accomplishments, such
 as music and dancing, but was attracted by deep-
 er studies. I delighted in histories; and when I
 commenced that of our Rome, I was thoroughly
 fascinated by the story of the republic, so full of
 deeds of heroism and virtue, and my young im-
 agination became exalted and affected to such an
 extent that I feared I should lose my reason.
 Comparing those heroic times with the shameful
 and selfish empire, and more especially with the
 present state of Rome, under the humiliating and
 miserable rule of the priest, I became inexpressi-
 bly sorry for the loss of that ancient ideal, and
 received an intense hatred and disgust for those
 who are the true instruments of the abasement
 and servility of our people. With such a dis-
 position, and such sentiments, you can imagine
 how distasteful the princely amusements and oc-
 casions of my father's house became to me.
 The effeminate homage of the Roman aristocra-
 cy—creatures of the priest—and the presence of
 the foreigner palled upon me. Balls, feasts, and
 other dissipations, gave me no gratification; only
 in the pathetic ruins scattered over our metropolis
 did I find delight. On horseback or on foot, I
 passed hours daily examining these relics of
 Rome's ancient grandeur.

"When I attained my fifteenth year I was
 already better acquainted with the edifices of
 old architects, and our numerous ruins, than
 with the needle, embroidery, and the fashions.
 I used to make very distant excursions on horse-
 back, accompanied by an old and trusty servant
 of the family.

"One evening, when I was returning from an
 exploration, and crossing Trastevere, some drunk-
 en foreign soldiers, who had picked a quarrel at
 an inn, rushed out, pursuing one another with
 drawn swords. My horse took fright, and gal-
 loped along the road, overlapping and overturn-
 ing every thing in his way, in spite of all my en-
 deavors to check his speed. I am a good rider,
 and kept a firm seat, to the admiration of the be-
 holders; but my steed continuing his headlong
 race, my strength began to fail, and I was about
 to let myself fall—in which case I should cer-
 tainly have been dashed to pieces on the pave-
 ment had I done so—when a brave youth sprang
 from the roadside, and, flinging himself before
 my horse, seized the bridle with his left hand,
 and, as the animal reared and stumbled, clasped
 me with the right. The powerful and sudden
 grasp of my robust preserver caused the poor
 beast indeed to swerve sharply round, and, strik-
 ing one foot against the curb, he stumbled and
 fell, splitting his skull open against the wall of a
 house. I was saved, but had fainted; and when
 I returned to consciousness I found myself at
 home, in my own bed, and surrounded by my
 servants.

"And who was my preserver? Of whom
 could I make inquiries? I sent for my old
 groom, but he could tell me little, except that he
 had followed me as quickly as he well could, and
 had arrived at the scene of the catastrophe just
 as I was being carried into a house. All he knew
 was that my deliverer seemed a young man, who
 had retired immediately after placing me in the
 care of the woman of the house, who was very
 attentive when she learned who I was.

"Still my ardent imagination, even in that
 dangerous moment, had traced more faithfully
 than they the noble lineaments of the youth. His
 eyes had but flashed an instantaneous look into
 mine, but it was indelibly imprinted on my heart.
 I could never forget that face, which renewed at
 last, as in my memory, the heroes of the past. I
 shall know him again, I said to myself. He is
 certainly a Roman, and if a Roman, he belongs
 to the race of the Quirites! My ideal people—
 the objects of my worship!

"You know the custom of visiting the Colos-
 seum by moonlight, which then displays its majes-
 tic beauty to perfection. Well, I went one night
 to view it, guarded by the same old servant; and
 as I was coming back, and had arrived at the
 turning of the road which leads from the Tarpe-
 an to Campidoglio, my servant was struck down
 by a blow from a cudgel, and two men, who had
 concealed themselves in the shadow cast by an
 immense building, sprang out upon me, and,
 seizing me by the arms, dragged me in the di-
 rection of the Arch of Severus. I was terror-strick-
 en and in despair, when, as Heaven willed it, I
 heard a cry of anger, and we were quickly over-
 taken by a man whom I recognized in the dim

light as my late preserver. He threw himself upon my assailants, and a fearful struggle began between the three. My young athlete, however, managed to lay the assassins in the dust, and returned to my side; but, perceiving that my servant had risen, and was approaching unhurt, he took my hand, and kissing it respectfully, departed before I could recover from the sudden shock of the unexpected attack, or could articulate a single word.

"I have no recollection of my mother, but my father, who loved me tenderly, used to take me every year to bathe at Porto d'Anzo, for he knew how much I delighted in the ocean, and how pleased I was to escape from the aristocratic society of Rome, where, had he studied his own inclinations, he would gladly have remained. My father possessed a little villa not far from the sea, to the north of Porto d'Anzo, where we resided during our visits to the Mediterranean, the sight of which I dearly loved. Here I was happier than in Rome; but I felt a void in my existence, a craving in my heart, which made me restless and melancholy. In fact, I was in love with my unknown preserver. Often I passed hours in scrutinizing every passer-by from the balcony of my window, hoping vainly to obtain a glimpse of the man whose image was engraven upon my heart. If I saw a boat or any small craft upon the sea, I searched eagerly, by the aid of my telescope, among crew and passengers for the form of my idol.

"I did not dream in vain. Sitting alone in my balcony one evening, wrapped in gloomy thoughts, and contemplating, almost involuntarily, the moon as she rose slowly above the Pontine marshes, I was startled from my reverie by the noise of something dropping to the ground from the wall surrounding the villa. My heart began to beat violently, but not from fear. I fancied I saw by the dim light a figure emerging from the shrubbery towards me. A friendly ray from the moon illumined the face of the intruder as he approached, and when I beheld the features I had sought for so many days in vain I could not repress a cry of surprise and joy, and it required all my womanly modesty to restrain a violent desire to run down the steps leading to my balcony and embrace him.

"My love of solitude and disdain for the pleasures of the capital had kept me in comparative ignorance of worldly things, and, with good principles, I had remained an ingenuous, simple daughter of nature.

"Irene," said a voice which penetrated to the inmost recesses of my soul; 'Irene, may I dare ask for the good fortune to say two words to you either there or here?'

"To descend appeared to me to be more convenient than to permit him to enter the rooms; I therefore went down immediately, and, forgetting, for the moment, his fine speeches, in joy, he

covered my hands with burning kisses. Confronting me towards some trees, we sat down upon a wooden bench under their shady branches, and conversed by side. He might have led me to the enchanted world at that strange and sweet moment, and all he pleased.

"For a while we remained silent; but pressed with inquiry my deliverer said, 'May I ask pardon for my boldness—will you not grant it, my loved one?' I made no reply, but allowed him to take possession of my hand, which he kissed fervently. Presently he went on: 'I am only a plebeian's orphan—Irene—an orphan. Both my parents perished in the defense of Rome against the foreigner. I possess nothing on this earth but my hand, my arms, and my love for you, which has made me follow your footsteps.'

"Predisposed to love him even before I heard his voice, now that his manly yet gentle and impassioned tones fell upon my ear, I felt I might do what he would with me—I was in Eden. Yes, he belonged to me, and I to him, but I could not find the voice to say so as yet.

"Irene," he continued, 'I am not only a fatherless orphan, but an outlaw, condemned to death, and pursued like a wild beast of the forest by the bloodhounds of the Government. I have presumed to hope that you might be my savior to me for my love, with the strength of your generous nature; and more so, alas! when I thought you were unhappy, for I have watched you unobserved, and noted with sorrow and hope the melancholy expression of your face. I am proud, though your sweet kindness flatters me, to tell you these things which make it impossible, of course, that you can ever be mine. I have no claim or right; but my ardent love, the services I have rendered you, have blessed me, and made me proud and happy; therefore I owe me nought of gratitude. If I should have the delight of laying down my life for your happiness will then, indeed, be complete. Adieu, Irene, farewell!' he continued, rising and pressing my hand to his heart, while he turned to leave me.

"I had remained in an ecstasy of silent forgetfulness of the world, of myself, of all save him. At the word 'farewell,' I started as if electrified. I ran to him, crying 'Stay, oh, stay!' and, clasping him by the arm, drew him back to the balcony, and quite forgetting all reserve myself, exclaimed, 'Thou art mine, and I am thine for life! thou art mine forever, my beloved!'

"He told me all his story—he pictured to me the hope and aim of his life. His burning love of Italy and hatred of her tyrants added to my strength of resolve. I replied that I would share his fortunes forthwith as his wife, and had no regrets, except upon my father's account. It was then arranged that we should live here together. A few days of preparation, and we were happily married. I followed my Orazio to the

hands with burning kisses. Could ever since I have dwelt with him. I will
 under some trees, we sat down up, I am perfectly happy—no; but my only
 ch under their shady branches of the remembrance that my disappearance
 might have led me to the ennobled, I fear, in a measure the death of my
 that strange and sweet moment and affectionate parent."

Dread as our poor Silvia was, she could not but
 while we remained silent; but pressed with interest to the narrative of Irene, down
 er said, "May I ask pardon for the beautiful cheeks the tears coursed at the
 ll you not grant it, my loved one of her father's name. Clelia, too, had
 reply, but allowed him to take a single word, and more than one sigh
 y hand, which he kissed fervently, her fair bosom seemed to say, during her
 went on: "I am only a plebeian's recital, "Ah, my Attilio! is he not also
 phan. Both my parents perished, brave, valorous, and worthy of love, yes, of
 e of Rome against the foreigner!"

ing on this earth but my hands. But now, wishing repose to her guests, Irene
 love for you, which has made them good-night.

osteps."

ed to love him even before I
 ce, now that his manly yet g
 ed tones fell upon my ear, I f
 he would with me—I was i
 belonged to me, and I to
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 unhappy, for I have watche
 ed with sorrow and hope the
 sion of your face. I am el
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 rendered you, have blessed
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 of gratitude. If I should
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 forthwith as his wife, and
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 resolve. I replied that I w
 forthwith as his wife, and
 upon my father's account.
 that we should live here tog
 preparation, and we were
 followed my Orazio to the

thorized to make use of the regiment which he
 commanded, the Prince, from his ignorance of the
 many hidden recesses in the forest, did not feel
 at all certain of success, and in his dilemma
 applied to the Cardinal to secure for him the services
 of the prisoner Gasparo, his relative, as a guide.

"It is a good thought," said the Cardinal.
 "Gasparo is better acquainted with every inch
 of the forest than we are with the streets of Rome.
 Besides, they say that such are his olfactory
 powers, that by taking a handful of grass, and
 smelling at it, even at midnight, he could tell you
 what portion of the forest you were in. He is
 old now, it is true; but he has courage enough
 still to face even the devil himself."

When Gasparo heard he was to be conducted
 to Rome he gave himself up for lost, and said to
 himself, "Better were it to die at once, for I am
 tired of this miserable existence, only then I
 should go to my grave unrevengeful for the treach-
 ery and injury I have suffered at the hands of
 these villainous priests."

Two squads of gendarmes, one on foot and the
 other mounted, conducted this formidable brigand
 from Civita Vecchia to Rome. The Government
 would have preferred moving him at night, but
 darkness would have facilitated his rescue, which
 it feared some of his old companions might at-
 tempt if they heard of his journey. It was there-
 fore decided Gasparo should travel by day, and
 the road was thronged by so dense a multitude,
 who pressed forward to gaze at the celebrated
 chieftain, that the progress of the Pope could
 scarcely have attracted greater numbers.

Arrived in Rome, Gasparo was afterwards in-
 troduced into the presence of his relative, Cardinal
 A—, and the Prince T—, who, with
 many words and promises of a large reward in
 gold, to all appearance prevailed upon him to as-
 sist them to destroy the bands of "libertines" by
 which the forest was infested.

Rejoicing in such a chance of escape and op-
 portunity for revenge upon his persecutors, Gas-
 paro affected to be delighted at the proposition,
 and consented to it with much apparent pleasure.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE SURPRISE.

SILVIA, Clelia, and Jack, had passed several
 days very pleasantly in the Castle of Lucullus, as
 the guests of Orazio and Irene.

Among Orazio's band were several well-con-
 nected men, whose friends in the city, unknown
 to the Government, sent them regularly sums of
 money, which enabled them to supply the table
 of their chief. The gallantry of the young Ro-
 mans to the "Pearl of Trastevere" was profound.
 Clelia would have been more glad to have had
 her Attilio at her side; and Silvia, the gentle Sil-
 via, sighed when she remembered the uncertain

CHAPTER XXXI.

GASPARO.

THE history of the Papacy is a history of brig-
 andage. From the mediæval period robbers have
 been paid by that weak and demoralizing Gov-
 ernment to keep Italy in a state of ferment and
 armed like a wild beast of the forest war; and at this very day it makes use
 of the Government. Y—ves to hold her in thrall and hinder her
 to hope that you might be
 ve, with the strength of your
 and more so, alas! when I
 unhappy, for I have watche
 ed with sorrow and hope the
 sion of your face. I am el
 sweet kindness flatters me, I
 things which make it impos
 can ever be mine. I have
 but my ardent love, the s
 rendered you, have blessed
 proud and happy; therefore
 of gratitude. If I should
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 will then, indeed, be comp
 well!" he continued, rising
 d to his heart, while he tur

ned in an ecstasy of silent
 world, of myself, of all save
 well, "I started as if electr
 ing "Stay, oh, stay!" and
 m, drew him back to the be
 ng all reserve myself, exclaim
 and I am thine for life! the
 my beloved!"

ll his story—he pictured to
 of his life. His burning w
 and hatred of her tyrants a
 resolve. I replied that I w
 forthwith as his wife, and
 upon my father's account.
 that we should live here tog
 preparation, and we were
 followed my Orazio to the

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 ng all reserve myself, exclaim
 and I am thine for life! the
 my beloved!"

ll his story—he pictured to
 of his life. His burning w
 and hatred of her tyrants a
 resolve. I replied that I w
 forthwith as his wife, and
 upon my father's account.
 that we should live here tog
 preparation, and we were
 followed my Orazio to the

fate of her Manlio; but the two ladies were nevertheless well pleased. As for Jack, he was the happiest being on earth, for Orazio had presented him with one of the carbines taken from the brigands who had assaulted Manlio and his party; and it was inseparable from him in all his hunting and reconnoitring excursions in the woods.

One day Orazio took the sailor with him to seek a stag, and directed Jack to beat, whilst he placed himself in ambush. Their arrangements were so effective, that, in less than half an hour, a hart crossed Orazio's path. He fired, and wounded him, but not mortally; he therefore fired a second time, and, with a cry, the noble animal fell.

As he discharged his second shot, Orazio heard a rustling in the bushes near him. Listening for a second, he was convinced some one was approaching from the thickest part of the cover. Jack it could not be; he was too far off to have returned so quickly.

A suspicion that he was to be the object of an attack caused him to curse involuntarily as he looked at the empty barrels of his carbine. He was not mistaken; for, hardly had he placed the butt-end of his gun upon the ground in order to reload it, than a head, more like that of some wild creature than a human being, was thrust from between the bushes.

To the valorous fear is a stranger, and our Roman, who was truly brave, sprang forward, dagger in hand, to confront the apparition, who, however, exclaimed, "Hold!" in such a tone of authority and *sang-froid*, that Orazio fell back astonished and pained.

The stranger was armed from head to foot, and had, as we have said, a striking appearance. His head, covered with a tangled mass of hair, white as snow, was surmounted by a Calabrian hat; his beard was grizzled, and as bristly as the cline of a wild boar, concealing almost the whole of his face, out of which, nevertheless, glared two fiery eyes. Held erect and placed upon magnificent shoulders, years had not bowed nor persecution subjugated that daring neck. His broad chest was covered by a dark velvet vest; around his waist was buckled the insurmountable cartridge-box. A velvet coat, and leather gaiters buttoned at the knee, completed his costume.

"I am not your enemy, Orazio," said Gasparo—for it was he—"but am come to warn you of an approaching danger, which might prove your ruin, and that of your friends."

"That you are not my enemy, I am assured," replied Orazio; "for you might, had you chosen, have killed me before I found a chance of defending myself. I know well that Gasparo can handle a gun skillfully."

"Yes," answered the bandit, "there was a time when I needed not to fire many second shots at deer or wild boar, but now my eyes are beginning to fail me; yet I shall not be behind my com-

panions when the time for attacking the country enemy arrives. But let us talk a while, and have important news to communicate to you."

Seating himself upon the trunk of a fallen tree, Gasparo related to Orazio the projects of the Papal court, aided by Prince T—— at the head of his regiment; and how he himself had been sent for, from confinement, to assist the Government, in discovering the retreat of the "Liberals," also how, burning to be revenged upon the same Government, he had effected his escape, and now offered his services, and those of his agents, to Orazio, on the simple condition of his accepting among the "Liberals" as one of his band.

"But, Gasparo, you have so many crimes to answer for, if the reports about you are true, that we could not possibly admit you to our company," observed Orazio.

"Crimes!" repeated the friendly brigand. "I own no crimes but those of having parted society from some bloody and powerful men, and their wicked agents. Is that a crime? or is it a crime to have helped the needy and oppressed? or do you believe that, if I had not been in such awe of me, or that I had not have been so beloved by the populace? Government fears me because I have no sin on my soul but resentment against its wickedness, and because it is conscious of having been weak and me in a cowardly and deceitful manner, and when I return once more to my free life, I make it pay dearly for its deceit and treachery."

"Yes, I have sometimes," he continued, "made use of my carbine as an instrument of justice, in accordance with the law of humanity, of righteousness. Can the priest take as much of their accursed scaffold?"

Jack arriving at this moment, Orazio explained by signs that the stranger was friendly, and after making preparations to carry off the young lady, they returned with Gasparo to the castle, to defend themselves against the approaching assault.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE ASSAULT.

THE Prince having ascertained from some of the spies—who proved more docile than Gasparo—that the band of "Liberals" were occupying the castle of Lucullus, made active arrangements to besiege it, and, after approaching the place, he posted his men in such a manner that it might be surrounded on all sides, so that escape from any direction should be impossible. The band of Irene—like many other generals—committed the error of spreading his men over a large tract of ground, and detaching a number of sentries, pickets, videttes, and scouts, so as to leave himself with too small a body against assault.

en the time for attacking the castle, knowing the exact site of the castle, Prince
 ves. But let us talk a while, — had sent Gasparo on to explore, who took
 ant news to communicate to yantage of his freedom, as the reader is aware,
 himself upon the trunk of a fallen asert to the threatened little garrison. Impa-
 ated to Orazio the projects as at his prolonged absence, the Prince com-
 aided by Prince T — at the ded his officers to cause their men—about a
 ment; and how he himself had and strong — to narrow the circle, and to
 ng confinement, to assist the t the castle when each column arrived in
 the retreat of the “Liberals,” of it. As might be expected, so complex
 ruing to be revenged upon the e proved unfortunate. The detachment
 ent, he had effected his escape, the north, commanded by the Prince in per-
 his services, and those of his, marched in a straight line for the tower;
 io, on the simple condition of e the others, partly through the ignorance of
 oug the “Liberals” as one of officers, and partly through the disinclination
 the guides to begin the affray, instead of fol-
 wing the right path, struck out into the wood,
 id were soon in inextricable confusion, calling
 and thither to each other, and often re-
 ing to the point from which they started.
 way several hours were lost.

Gasparo, you have so many — the Prince, with two hundred of his most serv-
 answer for, if the reports about e men, arrived, however, within sight of
 could not possibly admit you, which they only discovered about four
 ” observed Orazio. in the afternoon, and then perceived, to
 ” repeated the friendly brigades, that preparations for defense had
 crimes but those of having t made. But reckoning on the numbers of
 some bloody and powerful t men, and on the co-operation of the other
 ked agents. Is that a crime? ot, which they only discovered about four
 to have helped the needy and in the afternoon, and then perceived, to
 do you believe that, if I had chagrin, that preparations for defense had
 criminal, the Government w made. But reckoning on the numbers of
 such awe of me, or that I s troops, and on the co-operation of the other
 beloved by the populace? achments, he drew his sword, disposed of half
 ears me because I have no sin, men as skirmishers, and keeping the other
 resentment against its wicked, as a reserve, ordered the signal to be given
 it is conscious of having t tacked.

ally and deceitful manner, and Orazio and his young Romans could have
 once more to my free life. ed the combat by taking refuge in the
 nearly for its deceit and treach,anean passages, but disclaiming a retreat
 e sometimes,” he continued, s measuring his strength with the Papal
 use of my carbine as an in,aries, he determined to show fight, and
 e, in accordance with the la, returning to the castle with Gasparo, has-
 ghteousness. Can the priest, t to have the doors musketaded and holes
 air accursed scaffold?” e in the walls for the musketeers, while every
 g at this moment, Orazio ex,ary instrument was put in readiness for the
 t the stranger was friendly, e

preparations to carry off the, e young leader had ordered his men not to
 ith Gasparo to the castle, to e the enemy so long as they were at a dis-
 nt the approaching assault, but to wait until they were close under the
 d, so that each might shoot down his man.
 The assailants advanced boldly on the castle,
 at the front rank of skirmishers had nearly
 eed the threshold, when a general discharge
 of the guns of those within laid nearly as
 any of the Papal troops on the ground as there
 shots fired. This sudden discharge discon-
 edes behind, who, seeing so many of their
 The Prince, with
 column, was treading sharply on the heels of
 skirmishers, and arrived at this juncture.
 Orazio had taken the precaution to have all
 spare fire-arms in the tower loaded and
 any other generals—com ready for use, and now commanded the
 ing his men over a large,atics to help the ladies to reload them as
 etaching a number of sent, as they were discharged. Jack, however,
 and scouts, so as to leave, ed to remain with the women, as Orazio
 hall a body against assa, proposed, and seizing his musket placed

himself at the side of his preserver, following
 him like a shadow throughout the attack.

When the Prince arrived under cover of the
 outer mound and saw the slaughter that had
 taken place, he understood at last the disposition
 of the enemy with whom he had to deal. Re-
 marking the fear depicted on the countenances
 of his men, and seeing retreat under such a
 murderous fire would be disastrous, to say nothing
 of the disgrace of such a movement, he re-
 solved to storm the wall. He passed the word,
 accordingly, to his aides-de-camp, by whom he
 was surrounded, to order the trumpets to sound
 the charge, and, springing forward himself, he
 was the first to climb the barricade, striking
 right and left with his sabre at the few defenders
 posted there.

Orazio, who was among these few, stood with-
 out moving at the first sight of the Prince, in
 whose lineaments he traced so plainly the like-
 ness to his beloved Irene. One of the barrels of
 his musket was still undischarged, and he could
 easily have sent the contents through the body
 of his enemy, but he refrained. Jack, who was
 standing by his side, not understanding the cause
 of this hesitation, raised his gun to a level with
 the Prince's breast and fired; but as he did so
 Orazio knocked up the muzzle with all the force
 of his strong arm, and the ball struck one of the
 Prince's men, who had just appeared above the
 barricade. The Prince's followers who mounted
 with him were few in number, and those few
 were quickly dispatched by the valiant garrison
 of the castle.

An unexpected circumstance finally freed our
 party from their assailants and made them fly in
 every direction, scattered like a flock of sheep.

As the officers were urging the men crowded
 under the barricades to follow their Prince, a cry
 of “Enemies in the rear!” was heard from the
 east side of the wood. A small band of ten men
 appearing, sprang like lions on the right flank of
 the little army. The soldiers, in the panic,
 thinking the “ten” might be a hundred, dis-
 persed like chaff before the wind. Some few
 paused, hoping that the new-comers might prove
 to be some of their own missing allies, but upon
 a nearer view it was plain that they were dressed
 in the uniform of the Liberals, and the blows they
 dealt upon the nearest Papalini were so terribly
 in earnest, that these last turned and fled in dis-
 may, leaving their opponents masters of the field
 and the Prince a prisoner. Realizing the gener-
 ous act of his enemy, and finding out that he was
 left alone, he delivered up his sword to Orazio,
 who received it courteously, and conducted him
 to the presence of Irene.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE ASSAULT.

having ascertained from
 ed more docile than Gaspa
 “Liberals” were occupie
 as, made active arrangem
 after approaching the plac
 such a manner that it mig
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 any other generals—com
 ding his men over a larg
 etaching a number of sen
 and scouts, so as to leav
 hall a body against assa

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A VALUABLE ACQUISITION.

The most earnest reformer must confess that immense progress has been made during the present century. We are not speaking of mechanical or physical arts, in which the advance is really wonderful, but we are thinking solely of the political and moral achievements of the age.

The emancipation of the nations from the power of the priest is a vast object not yet attained, but towards the accomplishment of which, nevertheless, our generation is making gigantic strides.

Above all, this progress seems marvellous and divinely impelled, when one remembers that the gradual destruction of priestcraft is the work of the priesthood itself. What enduring consolidation would not the Papacy have obtained, had Pius IX. continued the system of reform with which he commenced his reign, and sincerely identified himself with the Italian nation! An overruling Providence, however, blinded the eyes of the wavering monk for the good of his unfortunate people, and left him to travel on the perverse and misguided road of his predecessors—that is to say, to trade away Roman honor and Christian spirit for the help of the foreigner, vilely selling the blood of his countrymen. The Italian nation, which might have been so well and long deceived, has now seen these impostors, the priests, walking with cross in hand at the head of the foreign troops pitted against Italian patriots. The writer has with his own eyes more than once witnessed priests leading the Austrians against the Liberals. To serve the Papacy they have excited and maintained brigandage, devastating the southern provinces with horrible crimes, and fomenting by every means in their power the dissolution of national unity, so happily but hardly constituted.

Another sign of human progress in our day is the closer tie establishing itself between the aristocracy and the people. There still exist some oligarchs everywhere, more or less callous, more or less insolent, who affect the arrogance and authority of former times, when the outrageous and intolerable feudal pretensions were in full force. But they are few in number, and the greater part of the nobility (noble not only by birth, but in soul) associate with us, and mingle their aspirations with ours.

To't's last type belonged the brother of Irène, who undertook the unlucky military affair we related in the last chapter, with the idea of rescuing his beloved sister from the brigands, into whose hands he believed she had fallen an unwilling victim. But when he learned that those he had fought against were Romans of noble and lofty spirit, and very far from the assassins he had pictured, he did not fail to compliment the valor of his countrymen; and when he further

t Orazio, to whose generosity he had been more coquettish, but she was a
is the legal husband of his sister, and her love was true. And is not
ved him so tenderly, his manner, so sublime, heroic, such as these two hap-
ing entirely.

considerations had pleaded already for the soul, the incentive of all that is noble,
ene, who, upon seeing her kneeling before the altar, felt the humiliation of his country,
lf at his feet, clasping his knees, and feeling the influence of the human race?
ers, which flowed the faster at the sight of Prince T——; he was entirely con-
of her dead father, whom he had seen by the scenes he had witnessed and the
ce and voice.

ce, raising her gently, mingling her tears with his, he felt the humiliation of his country,
he affectionately embraced her, and desired to see her liberated from the bad
hed to the depths of his soul, was the sentiment of the priest and the foreigner. Edu-
taking the Prince's sword away from Rome, however, and moving in
it back to him, saying, "So long as the sphere from those patriots who held in
ht not to be deprived, even by the hands the plot of the Revolution, he had re-
weapon." The Prince accepted in ignorance of much that was passing,
le, and shook the bronzed hand which had even accepted, at his father's desire, a
e forest amicably.

! what had made her rush from the influence of our brave
arning scene? what had she seen? But a film had now passed from his
e of the conflict? She had seen, and he saw at last with clearer vision the
ce of her Attilio during the darkness of Italy's future, and how surely Italy
d him too this was a supreme moment divided into so many parts, despised and
during the battle, when the world—should yet be re-united,
mers made the arches of the temple by the world—should yet be re-united,
Jelia distinguished her brother and respected as in the days of her past
rushed down a gun which she saw as the patriotic Italians of all periods have
rushed to a balcony, whence she dreamed and prayed she should be.
the scene of action. For once the Prince was enchanted with his new quar-
the smoke, she obtained a view of his new companions, and vowed to
ven upon her heart, but that she would live and die for the sacred cause of
ent to make her feel surpassing country.

o, indeed, it was, who, with noble, powerful, and generous, he became in
me other companions, had been the strongest supporter of the proscribed,
attered the Papal troops. They had reason to congratulate themselves
st be known, was well acquainted with put faith and hope in no noble a patriot,
of Lucullus, where he had seen whom they had thus doubly conquered.
s well as the associate of Orazio.

fighting expeditions. The
cation was kept up between
city and those in the country.

Rome he had come to the field, and placing his flag, and as we have seen, and brethren, now began to think of their
with his associates just in time for safety. He therefore called aside Attilio
w to the Papal soldiers. The Prince (who by this time had become
der must himself imaginably devoted to them and the national cause),
caused by the arrival of his friends, addressed them as follows:—
bute so powerfully to the cause, is true we have been victorious in our last
ad—what interrogations! water, and have vanquished you, Prince,
at inquiries after parents, for noble conduct now conquers our hearts;
! what new and happy but I fear now this castle has become too notori-
s, dreams of peace and rest for us to remain longer in it in safety. The
my own!" whispered Orazio, "I will employ every means in its pow-
the first time imprinted on our minds, I want us out of our retreat and to destroy
brow, "thou art mine and I am capable of sending a whole army with
of the wicked priests, in order to demolish these old walls. I do not,
ever, advise an immediate retreat, as the
gunpowder had perhaps been arranged, will require time to form projects and
head, so that we may pass the night in such arrangements; and it behoves us now to
tion of such confessions, and vigilance, and from this moment to ascer-

tain the movements of the enemy and guard
against surprise. As for yourself, Prince, you
had better return to Rome; your presence here is
not needed for the present, and there you may be
of the greatest use to us. Let it be thought that
you were set at liberty on parole, on condition
that you would not bear arms against us, and
then send in your resignation."

"Yes," replied the Prince, "I can be of more
service to you in Rome, and I pledge my word
of honor to be yours until death."

Attilio was of the same opinion, and added that
Regolo would advise them of the movements of
the Pontifical troops. On the Prince desiring
some secure means of remaining with them, At-
tilio presented him with a piece of paper—so small
that it might easily be swallowed in case of emer-
gency—containing a line of recommendation for
the Prince to Regolo.

The rest of the day was devoted to the inter-
ment of the dead, of which there were not a few,
and to tending the wounded, nearly all of whom
were Papalini. Three of the Liberals only were
wounded, and those not seriously. This proves
that, in the strife of battle, the valorous run the
least danger; and if the statistics of the field
were referred to, it would be seen that fugitives
lose more men than any army which stands its
ground.

At midnight the Prince started for Rome.
And who acted as his guide? Who, but Gas-
paro, the veteran chief of the bandits in old
times, now an affiliated Liberal, as he had proved
in the last affray, in which he had done wonders
with his merring carbine.

I who write this am well persuaded of the truth
of the perpetual amelioration of the human race.
I am wholly opposed to the cynic and the pessi-
mist, and believe with all my heart and soul in the
law of human progress by various agencies, un-
der many forms, and with many necessary inter-
ruptions. Providence has willed that happiness
shall be the final end of this sad planet and suf-
fering race; but its decrees work slowly, and
only by the submission of mankind to the higher
law of light is happiness attainable. Not by mi-
racles will men become regenerated. Voltaire
has well said—

"J'en ai vaincu plus d'un, je n'ai forcé personne,
Et le vrai Dieu, mon fils,
Eet un Dieu qui pardonne."

If humanity does not improve along with the
progress of knowledge, as it should do, the fault
must lie with the various governments, for with
kind treatment and judicious care, even the wild
beasts of the forest become domesticated, and
their fierce passions are tamed. What, then,
may we not accomplish with the very lowest
grade of mankind? But can any thing be ex-
pected from a people kept purposely in ignorance,
and reduced to misery by exaction, imposts, and
taxes? We know that these taxes and exac-

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE AMELIORATION OF MANKIND.

Attilio having received and welcomed his
father and brethren, now began to think of their
safety. He therefore called aside Attilio
the Prince (who by this time had become
der must himself imaginably devoted to them and the national cause),
caused by the arrival of his friends, addressed them as follows:—
bute so powerfully to the cause, is true we have been victorious in our last
ad—what interrogations! water, and have vanquished you, Prince,
at inquiries after parents, for noble conduct now conquers our hearts;
! what new and happy but I fear now this castle has become too notori-
s, dreams of peace and rest for us to remain longer in it in safety. The
my own!" whispered Orazio, "I will employ every means in its pow-
the first time imprinted on our minds, I want us out of our retreat and to destroy
brow, "thou art mine and I am capable of sending a whole army with
of the wicked priests, in order to demolish these old walls. I do not,
ever, advise an immediate retreat, as the
gunpowder had perhaps been arranged, will require time to form projects and
head, so that we may pass the night in such arrangements; and it behoves us now to
tion of such confessions, and vigilance, and from this moment to ascer-

tions are not, as it is stated, imposed upon the Romans for the defense of the state, or for the support and maintenance of national honor, but to fatten the Pontifical Government and its multitude of parasites, who are to the people what vermin are to the body, or what the worm is to the corpse, and who exist only to plunder and devour. Who can deny that the people of Southern Italy were more prosperous in 1860 than at the present day, and is not the reason because they were better governed?

In those days brigandage was scarcely known; there were no prefects, no gendarmes, no bravos. Now, with the multitude of satellites who ruin Italian finance existing in the South, anarchy, brigandage, and misery prevail. Poor people! They hoped, after so many centuries of tyranny, and after the brilliant revolution of 1860, to obtain in a reformed Government an era of repose, of progress, and of prosperity. Alas, it was but a delusion! "Put not your trust in princes," says Holy Writ.

Gasparo had baptized himself a Liberal in the blood of the oppressors. He was received by the young brigand with indulgence, and even enthusiasm, and intrusted, as already mentioned, with the important mission of conducting Prince T—— out of the forest into the direct road to Rome.

The prediction of Orazio respecting the steps that would be taken by the Papal Government fulfilled itself exactly. After the reverse it had sustained at the castle of Lucullus, the bishops decided in council to send a large body of troops, with artillery, against this stronghold of the Liberals; and as it was thought they would not tarry long for such a descent, the resolution was to carry the assault into immediate execution.

With this in view, it was determined that not only the Papal, but also the foreign troops at the service of the Pope, should be drawn upon for the expedition. A foreign general of note was called in to direct the enterprise, and every thing was made ready with alacrity, that the critical assault might be delivered on Easter Day, generally so propitious to the priests, who on that occasion, after their long fast, gorge even more than usual their capacious stomachs at the expense of their ignorant and superstitious flocks.

Orazio and his companions meanwhile were not sleeping, and received regular information from their friends in Rome of the plans and preparations made by the Pontifical Government, albeit it kept them as secret as possible. The first thing Orazio did was to explore the subterranean passages thoroughly. These were known, even to him, only partially, and a few of his comrades; but Gasparo, who had already returned from his mission, had had better opportunities of examining them, and, with his assistance, a thorough exploration was to be made.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE SUBTERRANEAN PASSAGES.

AMONG the wonders of the Metropolis of the World, the catacombs or subterranean passages are certainly not the least. They were the refuge for the Christians, persecuted with atrocious cruelties by the pagan imperial government of Rome, and sometimes, also, that they might avoid without incurring suspicion, in larger numbers, to instruct themselves in the doctrines of a new religion. These subterranean passages were also undoubtedly the resort of fugitive slaves, and other miserable beings, who sought refuge from the tyrannical government of imperial Rome, which have presided some of the direst miseries that ever existed—Heliogabalus, Nero, Caligula, and other despots in purple.

Among these subterranean passages there appear, it appears, different kinds. Some were constructed for the purpose of receiving the dead, and were used as water conduits, and supplied the city with rivers of fresh water for a population of two millions. The cloaca maxima, which flows from Rome to the sea, is very famous, and is as many smaller hidden roads, constructed by wealthy private individuals, at an enormous expense, in which they could secrete their treasures from the depredations of those greatest of all robbers the emperors, and in later times from the persecution and massacre of the barbarians. The soil on which Rome is built, is such that in its immediate neighborhood, offers facilities to the excavator, being composed of volcanic clay, easy to pierce, yet sufficiently impenetrable to damp to form a secure habitation. In fact, to this day many shepherds with their flocks, lodge in these artificial caverns.

Before the exploration of the subterranean passages of the castle, it was thought desirable to send the severely wounded to Rome, and to be conducted by some shepherds. Among the Papal soldiers, however debased, who willingly served the priesthood; and there is no doubt that when the hour for liberating Italy and Rome from the pollution arrives, not a soldier, with the exception of the foreign mercenaries, will remain to protect them.

After dispatching the wounded, Orazio removed all that the castle contained which was valuable and useful, with provisions of all kinds to last some time, and then awaited calmly the coming of the enemy. They did not fail to take all the necessary precautions, and that in spite of the

CHAPTER XXXVI.

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the wonders of the Metropolis, the catacombs or subterranean vaults, certainly not the least. They were persecuted with atrocious cruelties by the imperial government of Rome, and were occasionally in the catacombs, also, that they might avoid the suspicion, in larger numbers, themselves in the doctrines of the sect. These subterranean passages were the resort of fugitive slaves, and of the eddy beings, who sought refuge from the government of imperial Rome. They presided some of the direst murders—Heliogabalus, Nero, Caligula—spots in purple.

These subterranean passages were of different kinds. Some were constructed for the purpose of receiving the dead, and others for water conduits, and supplied the city with fresh water for a population of the cloaca maxima, which is a sewer to the sea, is very famous, and a dispute ensued, which would never have ended, had not Orazio persuaded Attilio to accept of the command, and assigned the second command to Emilio. Such was the disinterestedness of the champions of Rome's liberty. "Freedom or death!" was their motto. Little care for grades, distinctions, or decorations, which they indeed held as instruments used to corrupt one half of the nation, and to hold in bondage the other half.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE ANTIQUARY.

On Easter Eve. Every thing in the antique castle, it was thought desirable to be in readiness for the siege, and the only wounded to Rome, and the only slightly injured, and the only shepherds. Among the ladies in the hall. After a truly Homeric supper, which was followed by some patriotic toasts, Emilio, the antiquary, who desired to put them on their feet against any contretemps that might arise, gave permission of his commander to speak a word. Consent being given, Emilio began to say that there is no doubt that when the Italian and Rome from the subterranean passages, I wish, by way of precaution, to narrate a circumstance that happened to me a few years ago in the vicinity of Rome. You remember the superb mausoleum of Cecilia, erected by a Roman patrician in honor of his daughter, who died in her twelfth year. You know, too, that that mausoleum is now in ruins, and like the Pantheon, they did not fail to take advantage of the best preserved. But what you do not know, is that under it is the opening to

a subterranean passage, leading no one knows whither. One day I determined to investigate this dark place, and as, in my youthful folly and pride, I thought I should not have so much merit if I were accompanied by any one, I resolved to go alone. Providing myself with an immense ball of twine, so large that I could scarcely grasp it, and a bundle of tapers, some bread, and a flask of wine, I ventured out very early in the morning, descended into the bowels of the earth, having previously secured the end of my twine at the entrance to the tunnel, and commenced my mysterious journey. Onward, onward I went under the gloomy arches, and the farther I went the more my curiosity was excited. It appeared truly astounding to me that any human being destined by God to dwell upon the earth, and enjoy the fruits and blessed light of the sun, should ever have condemned himself to perpetual darkness, or have worked so hard, like the mole, to construct such a secure but fearful habitation. Wretched, and bitterly terrified, although rich, must have been those who, at the cost of so much labor, excavated these gigantic works for hiding-places.

"While such thoughts were passing through my mind, I continued to walk, lighted by my taper, unrolling my ball at the same time, and endeavoring to follow in a direction originally indicated by the narrow passage at the entrance; but I discovered that the gloomy lane gradually widened, and was supported by columns of clay, from between which opened various alleys, spreading out in all directions. These were fantastically and unsymmetrically arranged, as if the architect had wished to involve any trespassers in an inextricable labyrinth. The observations I made troubled me somewhat, and I speak frankly when I say that I occasionally felt my courage failing me, and was several times on the point of turning back, but Pride cried, 'Of what use were these preparations if your expedition is to be a failure?'"

"I felt ashamed of myself for my terror; besides, had I not my guiding thread that would lead me back to security? Onward I went again, unwinding my twine, and lighting, from time to time, a fresh taper, as each became consumed. At last I came to the end of my twine, and, much to my discontent, I had encountered nothing but a profound solitude. I was tired and rather discouraged at having such a long road to retrace. While I stood contemplating my position, and holding the end of the thread firmly, lest I should lose it, and anxiously regarding my last taper, which I feared every moment would be extinguished, I heard a rustling, as of a woman's dress, behind me, and, while turning round to discover the cause, a breath blew out my light, some one tore the thread violently out of my fingers, and my arms were seized with such force that the very bones seemed to crack, while a cloth was thrown over my head, completely blinding me.

"A presentiment of danger is oftentimes harder to bear than the danger itself. I had felt very much terrified when I first heard the footsteps approaching me, but now that I was being led by the hand like a child, my fear fled: I had to do with flesh and blood. I walked boldly along. Although I was blinded, I was conscious another light had been struck, and that the touch and footsteps near me were those of living beings, and not of spirits. In this manner I proceeded for some minutes, and then the veil or bandage was removed from my eyes, and, to my amazement, I found myself in a small room, brilliantly illuminated, with a table in the centre splendidly laid out, around which sat twenty hearty fellows feasting merrily."

During the antiquary's narrative, a smile had passed over Gasparo's face from time to time; now he rose, and extending his hand to Emilio, said, with some emotion—

"Ah, my friend, were you then that incautious explorer? I dwelt in the catacombs in those days with my band; and the emissaries of Rome, before venturing into them, generally made their wills, if prudent. The woman who blew out your light, and who afterwards showed you so much kindness was my Alba, who died a short time since from grief on account of my sufferings and imprisonment."

"Oh!" exclaimed the antiquary, "was it you who sat at the head of the table, and received as much homage from your men as if you had been in reality a sovereign?"

"Yes, it was I," replied the bandit, somewhat mournfully, noting Emilio's surprise; "years and the iron and cruelties of those wretched men calling themselves ministers of God have wrinkled my forehead and silvered these hairs. But my conscience is pure. I have treated every unhappy creature kindly, and you know whether you received any harm from us, or if even a hair of your head were touched. I wished only to humiliate those proud voluptuaries who live in luxury and vice at the expense of suffering humanity; and with God's help and yours, although I am old, I yet hope to see my country freed from their monstrous yoke."

"Yes," answered the antiquary affectionately, "I received the greatest kindness from you and your lady. I shall never forget it as long as I live."

And then turning to the company, he continued his recital:

"I was much shaken by my solitary exploration, and a little, too, by my unexpected encounter; and was so feverish in consequence, that I was compelled to remain two days in the subterranean abode; and during that time I received, as you have heard, the greatest care and the most delicate attentions from the amiable Alba, who not only provided me with every necessary, but watched assiduously by my pillow. Having

regained my strength at the end of the two days, I requested to be allowed to depart, and was conducted by a new and shorter road into the heart of the sun, which I had thought never to see again. Upon giving my word of honor not to betray the secret of their existence, two band pointed out the road to Rome, and I to pursue my way."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE ROMAN ARMY.

"Now opens before us," says the great historian, "that splendid region in which man grew to grander stature than in any part of the world, and displayed prodigies of energy and moral judgment. We are about to enter that land consecrated by heroic deeds, from which came a light of empire that illuminated the universe. To that proud life has succeeded deep death; and now in many places ancient majesty you will find nought but the monuments of departed grandeur amidst deserts of death—dreary solitude, and the achievements of man. The city of the rulers of the world fell, but the remains of her past cannot be destroyed. They have for ages and still send forth a mighty voice, which in the silence of her grave, proclaiming the greatness of those ancient inhabitants. The country of the Latins is desolate, but grand in its desolation; austere nature adds solemnity to the vacuum of the cities, their sepulchres, and relics, amidst of a wilderness, at every step, one meets with tokens of a bygone power that overcame imagination. Frequently, in the same spot, the same stone, the traveller reads the record of the joys and the sorrows of generations divided by prodigious intervals of time. Here, as if to be seen the columns of those temples in the hands of the priests of old, with their auguries and deceived the people, and reduced them to slavery."

"In this, however, little is changed; for whether on may be viewed modern temples, in religion is still made an instrument of intolerance. Sadnesses ancient and sadnesses modern blend together; memories of past dominations, and tokens of dominations ruling down to the present day."

"If the far-off cry of the wretched people whom the savage aristocracy of a past age precipitated from the cliff, makes us shudder, we do not feel something akin to this when we hear the cry of living victims of Popish fury imprisoned in dungeons in our own day? Mingled with the ashes of the leaders of the ancient people may here dig up those of the martyrs of our age, who shed their blood for the new Republic, and fell protesting against the bitter domination of the priesthood; and pondering over these

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ter, antique and recent, each true Roman may
aw comfort for his afflicted soul, seeing that, in
the of the passage of centuries, and the debasing
length of tyrannies, the children of Rome, far
they are from her heroic days, have never
lost the energy of their forefathers, and
more, on this soil of auguries each may rightly
see the joyful presage that now, as then, the
mies of this sublime country will never long
ave her to such shameful vicissitudes."

This noble and patriotic piece we have intro-
duced to aid in the difficult task of depicting the
ome of heroic times along with the living but
polylized virtues of modern Latium. We may
proceed to discuss that strange and sad het-
erogeneous band, native and foreign, which forms
is called "the Roman army." What man-
of men are those who dedicate themselves to
service of a government like that of "Pio
"—a service that can not fail to inspire an
man with disgust? And here, we may
note, none but a priesthood could have so de-
ed a people, and placed them on a level with
rest upon earth—a people, too, born in a
where they have attained to greater per-
son of manhood than in any other part of the
own world.

The "Roman army," so called, is at present
composed partly of Romans, under the observa-
tion of foreign soldiery, and partly of foreign sol-
diers under the sway of foreign commanders,
and the people themselves are under the pro-
tection (or rather subjection) of a set of scoun-
drel-called gendarmes. For what are these hired
scoundrels but knaves thirsting for profit, who,
without principle and without honor, enter this
unprofitable service? The title, therefore, of "Pa-
trian soldier" is by no means a martial distinction,
but one despised by a true man; while, on
the other hand, the foreign interloper, scoundrel
as he be in embracing so dishonorable a call-
ing, despises none the less the native soldiery,
and he is called upon to aid and abet. Hence,
the native soldier and the foreign hireling (not
in the true sense of the term *brothers* in
arms) frequently come to blows, when the for-
eign usually comes off second best, for, in spite
of the influence of the priesthood to render the
native soldiery degenerate and corrupt, some re-
mains at least of their ancient valor still exist.

This is the condition of the Roman army of the
present, and thus the reason why it was despised by
the "proscribed," who informed themselves of its
weakness, and quietly waited its approach. In
consequence of the impending assault upon Orazio's
time was lost by the quarrels which pre-
sented as usual in it. The foreigners looking with
contempt upon the native soldiers, claimed to have
the right wing in the assault assigned them; but
the natives, not fearing foreigners, and believing
themselves, with reason, to be superior to them
in art of war, resolutely refused to concede

this honor to al- troops. The priests, too, im-
potent to restore order, begun to gnaw their nails
at such junctures with impatience, rage, and
fear.

Easter day, then—the day destined for the de-
struction of "the brigands"—would most prob-
ably have seen the extermination of these mer-
cenaries had not the "Moderates" raised the cry
of "Order and brotherhood!" And thus this
fine opportunity for finishing off a set of knaves
—the plague and dishonor of Italy—was lost.

Regolo, with the greater number of the Three
Hundred, seeing they could do nothing of them-
selves, for some time, towards the liberation of
Rome, had enlisted in the ranks of the Pontifical
troops, according to the orders received from out-
side, and were active in influencing the Romans
to demand the honor of conducting the right wing
in the order of march. This being disputed, they
mutinied, and ill-treated their officers. General
D— was sent with a company of foreigners to
restore order, but the strife was almost as serious
as in a pitched battle, and the foreigners fled dis-
comfited to their barracks.

The chief instigator of the mutiny was our old
acquaintance, Dentato, the sergeant of dragoons.
Being released from the pains and penalties in-
flicted upon him by the Inquisition, which he
had sustained with a stoicism worthy of the olden
times, he resolved to be revenged upon his per-
secutors at the first opportunity, and did not fail
to make good use of this occasion. At the head
of his dragoons (for he had been restored to his
post), sabre in hand, he plunged into the thickest
of the fray, and made serious havoc amongst the
foreign troops. The affair over, knowing what
to expect at the hands of his masters, he set out
from Rome without dismounting, accompanied
by the better part of his men, sought out the pro-
scribed in the forest, who received him most cor-
dially, and heard with satisfaction the account of
his adventures in the capital.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

MATRIMONY.

Of a surety, the most holy and closest tie in
all the human family is marriage. It binds to-
gether two beings of an opposite sex for life, and
makes them, if they be but worthy of that con-
dition, supremely happy. I say if they be worthy
advisedly, because that solemn rite should only
be contracted with the mutual purpose that each
is to seek the happiness of the other, and such a
union has for its base true love—that is, celestial
love, which the ancients rightly distinguished from
sensual passion, the former being that love of the
soul which no worldly or selfish views can ever
influence. Even before the marriage contract its
anticipation does much to soften and improve the
character of each, from the new feeling that they

must not fail to contribute to each other's welfare. The very atmosphere of happiness makes married life nobler than lonely life, while the love of parents for their offspring renders them gentle and forbearing, and indulgent to their own first, and finally to others, whose good-will they wish to win. Unfaithfulness, however, is, unhappily, too frequently an incident of modern marriages, but they of either sex who sin against that loyalty in wedlock which should bind both indissolubly, unless hardened in vice beyond all hope, feel such remorse that they would, if they could, return to their former purity by any sacrifice. But truth, among other things, should suffice to fortify the good against temptation and dishonor, which brings shame and ruin to the soul. Oh, you whom this sacred tie has newly bound, be true as heaven to one another! By your fidelity you will secure your conscience in the future against sharp and stinging reflections. Out of noble and heartfelt constancy will spring a paradise upon earth—the foretaste of a blissful life beyond.

But priestly interference in this holy communion of hearts blights and blasphemes the name of love, sowing the seeds of hatred; while more or less all over the globe this plague is felt, by reason of the number of unhappy marriages brought about or directed by these busy tinselled meddlers. What, then, must this baneful influence be in Rome, where the priests are so numerous as to reign almost supreme in society.

We have before stated that in the city of Rome the largest number of illegitimate births take place, which arises naturally (or rather *unnaturally*) from the infamous influences of priests, who traffic in matches, and control the market of men and women for their own profit.

But we will draw the veil of silence over these lamentable facts, and ask pardon of refined readers if we have shocked them, even by a hint. Nevertheless, when we remember the degradation and misery to which our beloved but unhappy country has been reduced by the despotism and corruption of her corrupt Government, shame and grief are hard to restrain. Oh, pardon me, you whose chaste eyes have no Rome to weep for!

Yes, marriage is a sacred act. By it a man imposes on himself the duty to love, protect, and support his wife, and the children she may bear him. And this act is the first cause of the progress and civilization of mankind. The priest, being no other than a meddler and impostor, is consequently unworthy of celebrating that most important act of life. The municipal authorities, who ought to be cognizant of all that concerns the citizens, and register all acts, should preside at the ceremony of marriage, or, as immediate representatives of these, the parents of the contracting parties, who are their natural and lawful guardians.

To these latter authorities Attilio and Clelia referred themselves.

"My own! my own!" Clelia had whispered to herself during Irene's narration; and in an hour when her beloved was at her feet, overpowered by the blissful atmosphere that surrounded her, she resisted his passionate and honest solicitations for some time, but at last gave him permission to demand her in marriage of her mother, adding, "If she consents, I will be thine for ever."

Although Silvia was of a somewhat hesitating temperament, and would have preferred leaving her Manlio at hand to consult as to the desirability of her dearly beloved child, still she had sufficient good sense to see that a union between the ardent lovers was very desirable, and felt under the peculiar circumstances of their lament and forest life she might be assured of her husband's sanction, and therefore acceded to his wishes.

Silvia could not endure priests, and civil authorities there were none to consult or except the sylvan jurisdiction of their honest server, Ornzio, and her own maternal guidance. These, she opined, were sufficient for the occasion, and it was not difficult to persuade a bold but gentle and enlightened conscience to this simple, natural, and legal solemnization of all that was requisite.

The celebration of the marriage of our young friends, thus determined upon and permitted, was a true feast for all in the castle, and particularly for Irene, who, as the happy example of a rural marriage, was thoroughly prepared for the priestess to the natural and noble. She erected, without their knowledge, an altar at the foot of the most majestic oak in the neighborhood. With the help of her maidens, and sailor's assistance, who prided himself upon his marine agility—Irene reared above this a temple, formed of green boughs and garlands of wild flowers, the crown of the oak serving as a cupola illuminated far above by the sun, at night by beautiful stars and planets, the first creations of God.

The ceremony was not long, for it was simple but serious. It took place in the presence of those faithful children of Rome, who stood in a circle around the handsome couple, while the priest, joined their right hands, pronounced them man and wife, and solemnized the sacred union by the following address:—

"Dear and true-hearted friends, the act which you have solemnized this day unites you indissolubly in body and soul. You must share together the joys and sorrows of this life. Remember that in the midst of love and faithfulness you will find your true and enduring happiness, while, if affliction descends, it will be diminished and dissipated by your reciprocal love. May God bless you!"

Then Silvia, her eyes bedewed by many tears, placed her hands upon the heads of her

"my own!" Clelia had wished Irene's narration; and she could not say for her emotion. The marriage contract, which had been previously agreed, was now presented to the united couple. Clelia gave her signature, and then to the witnesses, the chief finally signing it himself. In this manner was celebrated, with the greatest simplicity, in the Almighty's own temple, illuminated by the bright golden lamp of all the gods, that solemn act of wedlock, none the less sacred or binding for being so celebrated. No human pair felt themselves more sacredly bound one to the other than Clelia and Manlio.

From the altar our joyful party directed their steps towards the castle, where a right goodly banquet awaited them. All were received at the auspicious event, and many joyous words were given. Patriot songs were freely sung, and Jack, elated by the general hilarity, and his friends to his own famous national "God Save the Queen," and "Rule Britain."

CHAPTER XI.

THE CHRISTENING.

The "army of Rome," as already related, gave up proscribed a long time for preparation, and knowing the nature of the delay, troubled themselves little about the matter. And now must return to some of the principal and cherished personages of our book—namely, Julia and her companions, of whom we took notice when they escaped so narrowly from the hands of the tyrants, and whom we have neglected far too long. Two days after the departure of the *Seagull* from Porto d'Anzio she entered Porto Longone, and all her sails set and her colors flying. As she was anchored, our friends saw a group of boats issuing from Liberi, a small village overlooking the port, who, on reaching the shore, were embarked in a boat and rowed out to the yacht. Julia received the party—which was composed of both sexes—gracefully and courteously, and then refreshments in her saloon, which she cordially accepted.

Seated at table, each with a glass of Marsala wine, the guests turned towards Manlio, whom Julia had imagined to be the master of the vessel, and addressed him with a Tuscan accent. It is one of the charms of the Roman, but sweeter and more sympathetic, and though it be but a dialect of the real Italian, to it Italy owes much of her revival, and in this dialect, dignified by so much genius, must be found the language of Italian unity.

"I," said the elder of the visitors, talking to Manlio, "in Liberi there exists a custom that every vessel comes into port at the same time. The captain is given to an infant, the captain is required to stand godfather to the newly-born

child. Will you therefore vouchsafe to comply with this custom, and do us the honor of becoming a godfather, and your gracious young lady a godmother, to a little one who has this day entered upon existence."

Manlio smiled at this odd request, and all present admired the facility with which the visitor in Elba can form an alliance with the islanders. Manlio replied, "I am simply a guest on board, like yourself, Signor; this young English lady is the owner of the vessel, and must decide what shall be done."

Julia—the traveller, the artist, the antiquary, and the friend of Italian liberty—was enchanted to find such simplicity of manners among these good people, and said, "For my part I gladly accede to your proposal, and as I hear the captain of the ship must be godfather, I will send for him, when, if he be agreeable, we will place ourselves at your service."

Captain Thompson was immediately summoned, and the English lady explained to her commander what was required. He laughed merrily, and accepted the invitation as she had done, declaring that he should feel immensely honored to stand godfather with his gracious mistress as godmother. Captain Thompson then gave his orders to the mate, and they all embarked in company for Liberi.

Here our narrative stumbles again upon the topic of the priesthood, and it is a fatality that, in spite of the invincible antipathy which they excite in us, they are thus continually coming in contact with the progress of our tale. But the curé of Liberi was a man of a different stamp.

A modest but hospitable table was spread for the christening party in the house of the islanders, and it was made pleasant by the cordiality and simplicity of these kind islanders. The guests were all delighted, while Captain Thompson, although a little confused, was happy beyond measure at the honor the beautiful Julia did him by leaning on his arm, and still more so at being sponsor to her godchild. So elated was the worthy seaman that he neither heard nor saw as they walked towards the village, and stumbling over some obstacle in the way had well-nigh fallen, and, to use his own phrase, "carried away his bowsprit."

Luckily Julia did not perceive the profound confusion of her companion, and walked on with a calm and stately demeanor, in unintentional contrast to the tar's awkward gait, for the excellent Thompson, dreading another stumble, counted every stone on the road as he paced by her side.

In this manner they arrived at the church. Captain Thompson here put on a very imposing appearance, and, although a little wearied by the inordinate length of the ceremony, gave no sign of impatience. Having an excellent disposition, the tediousness was relieved by the pleasure of

holding his new godson in his strong arm, to which, although a plump and well-formed babe, it appeared but as light as a feather.

The ceremony ended, the guests invited to the christening bent their steps to the house of the second godfather, who entertained them at a more formal banquet, the excellent wine of Liberi receiving much favor. Captain Thompson, having to reconduct Julia, and remembering the stumble, partook very moderately of the liquor, contenting himself with passing a disinterested eulogy upon it.

The captain had another motive for being temperate and keeping in check his decided predilection for good drink. He was most anxious to please the Signora Aurelia, who, though past the bloom of youth, was extremely amiable, and had a brilliant complexion. She was full of gratitude for the many attentions the captain had lavished upon her during the terrible storm, and by no means repulsed the signs of sympathy, loyal and honest, if not courtly, which the gallant sailor manifested.

All went very merrily for our amphibious friends, for, much as one may resemble a sea-horse in constitution, land with its pastimes and comforts is always preferable to the tempestuous sea. On leaving, Julia was covered with blessings and thanks by her new acquaintances, after the manner of olden times.

Manlio was meditating over a statue in marble, which he determined to carve when he should return to Rome, representing the beautiful Julia as Amphitrite guiding the stumbling Triton. Aurelia and Thompson, absorbed in thoughts of tenderness, were oblivious of the incidents of the past; and thus our yachting party returned on board, accompanied to the shore by all the villagers, with music and joyful hurrahs.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE RECLUSE.

In the Italian Archipelago, which may be said to begin in the south at Sicily, and to extend northward to Corsica, there may be found a nearly deserted island, composed of pure granite crags, down which delicious streams of pure water flow, that never quite fail even in summer. It is rich in vegetation of low but pretty growth, for the tempestuous winds which rush over it prevent the trees from attaining any great height. This, however, is compensated by the healthiness of this little island, in which one may always enjoy fresh and pure air. The plants that grow out of the crevices in the rocks are chiefly aromatic, and when a fire is made of the leaves and twigs, they send forth a fragrance which perfumes the whole vicinity.

The wandering cattle that graze over the promontories of the island, are small in size but very

robust. So are, also, the few inhabitants, who live not in affluence but sufficient comfort, the produce of their tillage, fishing, and shepherding, while, moreover, they are supplied with all the necessities from the continent by the merchants or commerce of their friends.

The inhabitants being scanty, police and administration are superfluous, and the absence of priests is one of the especial blessings of these people. There God is worshipped, as he should be, in purity of spirit, without formalism, fee, or sacrifice, under the canopy of the blue heavens, and the planets for lumps, the sea-winds for incense, and the greensward of the island for altars.

The head of the principal family on this island is, like other men, one who has seen and experienced both prosperity and misfortune. Like other men he has his faults, but he has enjoyed the honor of serving the cause of the people, and is not inopinion, he loves all countries more or less, but Italy and Rome he loves to adoration.

He hates the priesthood as a lying and seditious institution, but is ready, so soon as he can, to divest themselves of their malignity and become, as it were, to welcome them with open arms to a new vocation, a new but honest profession, and to pardon their past offenses, conforming to the spirit of this, as in other acts, to a spirit of universal benevolence. Though not suffering them as a profession of arms, he pities and yearns towards them as men, who he regards as the assassins of the industry; and in that light esteems them more culpable than those who slay the body. He has passed his life in the hope of seeing the population of the island, and to the extent of his power, has labored always and everywhere their rights, and he sadly confesses that he has lived partly in the hope; for more than one nation, raised to power by dominion and light by Providence, has paltered with despotism, whose rulers become more and more unjust and arbitrary than the armies, and to their

Still, this man never despairs of the amelioration of mankind, albeit he is grieved at the slowness of its coming. He regards as the worst enemies of the liberty of the people those democratic doctrinaires who preached and still preach revolution, not as a remedy, a stern Nemesis, but as a trade, tried on for their own advancement. He understands that these same mercenaries of liberty have seduced many republics, and brought dishonor to the republican system. Of this there is a living example in the great and glorious French Revolution of 1789, which is held up at the present day as a scarecrow by despots and their agents against those who maintain the excellence of a popular system. He defines a perfect republic to be a government of honest and virtuous men, by honesty and virtue, and illustrates his definition by pointing to the downfall of all republics when people have eschewed virtue and

"Their miseries are not yet ended," answered the lovely Englishwoman; "and who can tell

when they will cease? The foreigner is withdrawn, it is true, but others worse than the first are enlisting, and your Government is shamefully preparing to bribe Italian substitutes to enable it to retain the unhappy city in the power of the priests. Moreover I, English by birth, but Italian in heart, am ashamed of telling you that Rome is not to be the capital of Italy. Government renounces it, and Parliament basely sanctions the heinous act, to satisfy the exacting and infamous demands of a Bonaparte. Oh, the sadnesses of modern times! Italy, once the seat of glory, is to-day the sink of all that is base. Italy, the garden of the world, has become a dunghill!"

"Oh Julia! a people dishonored is a dead people; I—even I—almost despair of the future of such a nation." Thus exclaimed the chieftain of many patriotic battles, as a tear rolled down his cheek.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE THIRTIETH OF APRIL.

On the day prefixed to this chapter, April, 1849, a foreign sergeant was conducted a prisoner into the presence of the commander of the Gianicolo. He had fallen into a Roman ambushade during the night time and, having been told by the priests that the defenders of Rome were so many assassins, he threw himself upon his knees as soon as he was taken before them, and begged them for the love of God to spare his life.

The commander extended his right hand to the suppliant, and raising him, spoke comfortingly to him. "This is a good omen," said the Italian officer to those of his companions present. "A good omen! Behold foreign pride prostrate before Roman right—that is a sure sign of victory."

And truly, the foreign army which disembarked at Civita Vecchia, and had fraudulently taken possession of the port, under the deceitfully assumed title of friend, advanced on Rome, chuckling at the credulity, as well as at the cowardice of the Roman people. That very army, afterwards defeated by the native soldiers of the metropolis, re-trod with shame the road to the sea.

The 30th of April was a glorious day for Rome, and was not forgotten among the Seven Hills. But how could it be commemorated amidst such an armed rabble of enemies? In the small city of Viterbo, where there were no troops, the inhabitants had devised a way of celebrating the anniversary of the expulsion of the foreigner, and were making active preparations. But if there were no troops, there were not wanting spies, who informed the Roman Government of all that took place.

The Committee had arranged a programme for the feast, which set forth that after mid-day all work should be suspended, and that all the young

people, in holiday dress, with a tri-colored band round the left arm, should assemble in the cathedral piazza, and walk thence four abreast in procession to the Porta Romana, so as to salute of good wishes from that point the ancient mistress of the globe.

Frightened at this intelligence, the Roman Government dispatched to Viterbo in hot haste a column of foreign troops which had only served the republic a short time, with orders to suppress the demonstration at any cost. Not heeding the measure the little town held its *festa*, almost getting for a while, in the enjoyment of the moment, her long period of slavery. The salute at the Porta Romana was delivered in the presence of the urban authorities, and the procession returning in good order, preceded by a band playing the national hymns, while the ladies—more ardent than men in any generous act—in the balconies cheering and waving their tri-colored handkerchiefs to the passers-by, with a column of foreign soldiers were seen advancing at the *pas de charge*, with bayonets fixed to their rifles. Now the city, albeit under the rule of the papacy, had given herself up with peaceful mirth to the remembrance of that joyful day. But when the soldiers invaded the streets yet again, and with youthful Viterbians, and anger and triumph succeeded. A delegate of police, who, with a few assistants, preceded the mercenaries, commanded the people to retire. This intimation was received with hisses of defiance, and the well-aimed stones put them to flight. To find refuge among the soldiers, they cried out for the troops to fire upon the populace. This command of the cowardly delegate was given because he wished to glut his vengeance, and also to secure a decoration, which he could do by nothing more surely as killing the people. When this order was not heeded, he feared the hatred between the two opposing parties might cool, and desired the soldiers to charge the populace with fixed bayonets.

The Viterbians, like all Roman citizens, refused orders from the Revolutionary Committee to take active measures of hostility, and were therefore not prepared for the struggle. They dispersed rapidly, and escaped by byways to their homes, favored by the increasing darkness of the evening, as well as by the sudden extinction of all lights, which the women as if by an unspoken signal caused everywhere. Thus the mercenaries took effect only upon a few dogs and some donkeys on their way home, and was any thing more tragic heard than the howling of the former and the braying of the latter, they were pursued by the valiant champions of the priesthood.

By ten o'clock all was quiet in Viterbo, the troops lay down in the market-place, resting their heads upon their folded arms, preparing to repose upon the laurels won by the fatigue

holiday dress, with a tri-colored sash, and the left arm, should assemble in the piazza, and walk thence four abreast to the Porta Romana, so as to receive good wishes from that point of stress of the globe.

At this intelligence, the Roman Republic dispatched to Viterbo in hot haste troops which had only served the previous time, with orders to suppress rebellion at any cost. Not heeding the little town held its *festa*, almost a while, in the enjoyment of the long period of slavery. The soldiers of Porta Romana was delivered into the hands of the authorities, and the procession of good order, preceded by a band of national hymns, while the ladies—more than men in any generous action—cheering and waving the kerchiefs to the passers-by, while the foreign soldiers were seen advancing in charge, with bayonets fixed to their rifles, albeit under the rule of the peace, and with peaceful mirth, the scene of that joyful day. But just as the soldiers invaded the streets yet again, Viterbians, and anger and the delegate of police, who, with the mercenaries, preceded the mercenaries, to the people to retire. This intimation was met with hisses of defiance, and the soldiers, they cried out upon the populace. This comradely delegate was given because of his vengeance, and also to show which he could do by nothing to the people. When this intimation heeded, he feared the hatred of opposing parties might combine to charge the populace.

As all Roman citizens were members of the Revolutionary Committee, measures of hostility, and were engaged in the struggle. They were, and escaped by byways to the increasing darkness of the night as by the sudden extinction of the women as if by an invisible power. Thus the chaos took effect only upon a few donkeys on their way home, more tragic heard than the beating and the braying of the latter, and by the valiant champions.

As all was quiet in Viterbo, the town in the market-place, upon their folded arms, preparing the laurels won by the fatigues

of the day. Not a citizen was to be seen in the streets, all having retired to their houses. At the hotel of the "Full Moon," the bell rang to summon the guests at a large round table spread with a dinner of about fifty covers. As the bell sounded, a carriage and four drew up to the inn, and stopping at its gateway, a female clad in evening costume alighted. From the elasticity of her step and movements it was easy to see she was young. The landlord hastened to receive and respectfully inquired whether she would be served with supper in her own apartment, to which she replied that she would sup in public room, and in the mean time her sleeping-room was to be prepared.

The dining-room was already filled with visitors, the greater number of whom were officers belonging to the recently arrived detachment. There were also several strangers, both Italian and foreign, but very few Viterbians present. As the traveller entered the room all eyes turned towards her with looks of admiration, and truly our Julia, for it was she, appeared very lovely that eventful evening. She posed to perfection that intelligent and high-bred passion which distinguishes her restless race, made room for her. The Italians assumed an air of polite admiration, and the officers, twining the ends of their pointed mustaches, straightened their shoulders and adjusted their facial expression with the look of so many conquerors of admiration.

At the head of the table sat the master of the house, elegantly dressed, who prayed the beautiful Englishwoman to place herself by his side. She accepted the seat, and the officers pressing forward to be near the young lady, took possession of all the best places. Observing a Pope's head on her right, Julia began to regret having accepted the landlord's invitation, and while sitting round the table with a chagrined air, mortified by encountering Muzio's eyes fixed on her. He was seated between Attilio and at the end of the table. They all three wore silk hats, cravats, and overcoats, like foreign travellers, and Julia had failed to recognize at first, having never seen Muzio but when he appeared in his cloak, or Attilio except in the garb of an artist, and Orazio once only for a short time in the forest when armed from head to foot. What should she do? Rise and go to the impulse suggested, and ask a thousand questions which she wished to know. But how she ventured to do this, when fifty pairs of eyes were gazing at her, fascinated by her charms.

At Muzio, the outcast, the gentleman, the head of the counter-police; the man who, as his namesake (Seavola), would have placed his Julia's sweet bidding not his hand only, but his head also upon burning coals—what the meeting brought, and yet what ago-

ny to see the star of his life, his goddess, his hope, seated at the side of a foreign soldier, the instrument of a vile tyranny, and compelled to accept civilities from his contaminated hand, perhaps freshly soiled by the blood of Romans. Oh, you young men, who are in love with a noble maiden, have you not felt what splendid new strength her presence gives to you? When unworthy men presume to affront her with attentions, at such a moment do you not feel you have ten hearts to devote to her, ten men's lives to sacrifice for her? If not you are a coward, and a coward, let us tell you, is despised by women.

You may sin, and she will pardon you; but cowardice a noble woman will never forgive. Muzio, however, was only too loving and rash; and woe to that fine lady-killer by the British maiden's side! Had the Roman youth yielded to the dictates of his angry breast, it wanted little to have seen a flash of fire in the air, or to have felt him feel the cold blade of a dagger in his vitals.

But Julia read in her lover's eye the storm that was raging, and her look, perceived by him alone, calmed down the Roman's passionate soul.

Between the courses, the foreign officers conversed on the affairs of Rome, or the topics of the day, and, as usual, with but little respect for the Roman people, whom they commonly despised. Julia, disgusted by their indecorous conversation, rose very soon, with a majestic mien, and desired to be conducted to her apartment. Our three friends were burning to kiss her hand, and had even made a move to quit their places, when a sudden burst of laughter from the foreign officers made them resume their seats. The laughter was caused by a coarse jest, uttered by one of the number, of which the following words came to the ears of our indignant trio:—"I thought I was coming to Viterbo to use my arms against men, but find there are only rabbits here, who bolted into their burrows at our very appearance. Diavolo! where are all these Liberals who made such a noise?"

Attilio, who had not resealed himself, hastily gathered his own and his friends' gloves, and, making them into a handful, threw them, without a word, full and hard in the face of the slanderer.

"Oh!" exclaimed the Papalino, "what bundle is here?" and picking up the missile, he unrolled the gloves, saying, "So, then, I am challenged by three! Here is another sample of Italian valor! Three against one! three against one!" And again the fellow laughed immoderately.

The three allowed this fresh burst of merriment to pass, but the hilarity of all the strangers present being aroused by it, Muzio, as soon as the laughter ceased, cried in a loud voice, "Three against as many as dare to insult Italians, gentlemen!"

The effect of these few words was very start-

ling, for, as he uttered them, the three friends arose and darted angry glances first at one and then at another of the officers, presenting, with their uncovered and bold young heads, to the assembly three models à la Michael-Angelo. They were three variations of that manly and martial beauty which nature's heroes have; three types of noble anger in the glowing veins of generous courage.

Different effects were produced on the two parties present. The Italians at the table were delighted, and regarded the champions of Italian honor with smiling approbation and gratitude.

The foreigners remained for a time stupefied, wondering at the personal grace and manly beauty of the trio, and at their nervous and proud bearing. This amazement ended, sarcasm came to the rescue, and one of the youngest exclaimed, "Friends, a toast!" All rose, glass in hand, and he continued: "I drink to the fortune of having at last found enemies worthy of us in this country!"

Orazio responded, "I drink to the liberation of Rome from foreign filth."

These words seemed to the officers to be too insulting to be overlooked, and they placed their hands menacingly upon their swords; but one of the number, of a maturer age, said gravely, "My friends, it will not answer to make a disturbance here. The peace of the city must not be disturbed, for we came here to restore order. At daybreak we will meet in even numbers these quarrelsome signors. What we have to do is to see that they do not then deprive us of the honor of meeting them."

"The opportunity of fighting the enemies of Italy is much too happy a circumstance to let it escape," answered Attilio. "If it please you we will remain together until morning, when we can walk in company to the place of meeting."

To this proposition all consented. The foreigners called for writing materials, to inscribe their names, in order to draw lots to decide who should fight. Amongst the Italians three gentlemen offered to be seconds to their countrymen. Then there were the arms to be considered. As there had been such open defiance on both sides, it was decided that they should fight to the death, that the opponents should be placed at a distance of fifteen paces apart, and that at a signal from their seconds they should attack one another with sabre, revolver, and poniard.

The three champions of the priests whose names, written upon slips of paper, were drawn out of the hat which served the purpose of an urn, were Foulard, a French Legitimist; Sanchez, a Spanish Carlist; and Haynau, an Austrian. The seconds busied themselves during the remainder of the night in examining the arms, and in endeavoring to match them with absolute equality.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE COMBAT.

THE morning of the 1st of May was dawn over the top of the Ciminius wood, now Monte di Viterbo, when twelve persons, wrapped in their cloaks, traversed the steep road across it, and disappeared among the rocks. They proceeded in silence till they reached a place which overlooked a part of the valley. Then, when Attilio, addressing the Italians, said, "Here, in this forest, the last advocates of Etruscan independence sought refuge, beaten and pursued by our fathers, the Romans; and here, in one of the last battles, they disappeared from among the Italian tribes—the most ancient, the most brave, and the most gifted people of the peninsula." He turned to Captain Foulard, who understood Italian, and said, "I am sufficiently to comprehend Attilio's speech, although I fancy it was here, or hereabouts, too, that our ancestors, the Gauls, fought those famous battles with your Roman forefathers, who would have disappeared from the face of the earth, had not been for the hissing of their geese."

Attilio, though incensed, answered speedily, "When your forefathers crept on all fours through the forests of Gaul, our ancestors dragged them on their hands and made them stand upon their legs, saying, 'Be human creatures.' Your modern politicians show but little gratitude to your former civilizers. But we came here not to dispute, but to fight."

The place at which they had just arrived was one of those pleasant glades, devoid of trees, where Nature often hides in the heart of an Italian, the most enchanting spot was, however, now to become a scene of fury and of bloodshed, for, the party being chosen, and the fifteen paces measured, the six seconds retired, after exchanging a few words with their respective companions.

The adversaries were standing ready to attack upon each other. The first and second seconds had been given, and six angry hearts were impatiently awaiting the third, when a trumpet, heard sounding the advance, and immediately there appeared in sight, marching along the line by which the opponents had come, a company of the Pope's foreign soldiers, followed by the company of Sempronio, and a few of his subordinates.

And here we must in justice confess that the officers, though mercenaries, were much more to be trusted in by this occurrence, and almost on the point of sending their adversaries, and of helping them to escape, when the command was given by the legate to the troops to surround the Italians with fixed bayonets.

To ordinary persons such an order would have sounded like the knell of all hope, and a flight, if flight had yet seemed possible, would have been the one remaining iden; but our

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THE RULE OF THE MONK.

men were men to sustain any shock or peril,
over abrupt, without losing in the least their
reance of mind. At the first sound of the
met they cast their eyes on their antagonists,
and saw with satisfaction, by their unfeigned
wise, that those gentlemen had no previous
ledge of the approaching cowardly attack,
and then, facing their assailants, they retired with-
daste, revolver in hand, towards the forest.
The troops, perceiving with wonder, upon their
al, that some of their own officers were
ing the persons they had been directed to ar-
paused for a moment, uncertain how to act.
Sempronio, who had cautiously placed himself
ed them, seeing the untoward result of what
had been pleased to term his plan of battle,
came furious, and shouted loudly, "Fire—fire
that side! on that side!" pointing to his own
men, for Sempronio, for whose blood he thirsted, as they
retired towards the cover, which having
they turned and faced the troops.

The soldiers still paused; but the delegate's
most associates fired immediately upon the six
Italians, and although screened by the wood, two
of the seconds were slightly hit. Attilo's revolv-
er speedily avenged his wound, and his compan-
ions, who had the fortune to pass directly through
those of Father Sempronio's, were a priest
as an agent), carrying away the bridge

was a stroke of luck indeed. Sempronio's
and terrible lamentations aroused more con-
than pity, for the latter is rarely expended
creatures of his despicable character. Roar-
ing and bleeding, the priest-delegate took to his
feet, and ran back to Viterbo, leaving to the oth-
ers the execution of his "plan of battle."

The foreign officers were nearly all ashamed of
the position in which they were placed,
and the delegate, and not they, had planned
the surprise. The discovery of their names had
been made by a spy, and the excited Sempronio
trusted in this easy manner to secure a batch
of proscribed Italians, and carry them prisoners
home, in hopes of helping himself towards a
new hat.

Sempronio had men like himself among his
less scrupulous than the six duellists, espe-
cially a certain Captain Tortiglio, the commander
of the company, another cold-blooded Carlist,
who thought it would be an easy matter to get to
the proscribed, as they were few in number. He accordingly resolved
to follow them into the forest.

His friends, having prayed the wounded to es-
cape deeper into the thicket, still fronted their ene-
mies long as they had any shots left, and for
a while, being protected by the trees, they man-
aged to hold their assailants at bay. But when
ammunition was nearly gone they were
forced to retire before the soldiers, who were
led on by the Captain's "Voto a Dios," and

"Carambas," as he followed, swearing he would
capture "these scoundrels," whose arrest, doubt-
less, would bring him no small reward from the
Papal Government.

Fortunately, Orazio had with him his insepara-
ble horn, and drawing it forth, he blew the same
blast which was heard on his arrival at the Castle
of Lucullus. No sooner had the echo died away,
than a sound as of many steps was heard.

The footsteps were those of the companions of
Orazio—a portion of the three hundred who had
re-united in the Ciminian forest, after the occur-
rences at Rome already described. They had
been awaiting the return to the rendezvous of
their leaders, who had been absent a few days in
Viterbo, upon important business.

But who are they who precede the band, ap-
pearing so opportunely on the scene of action?
Who are these graceful commanders? None
other than Clelia and Irene, like the Amazons of
old, and at their side is the intrepid Jack, burning
to "do his duty" and be of use in such beautiful
company.

The proscribed, at this welcome accession of
strength, did not discharge a single shot, but, fix-
ing their bayonets, charged the foreign merce-
naries, with the cry of "Viva l'Italia!" and dis-
persed them as the torrent disperses twigs and
leaves in its headlong course. The soldiers, ter-
rified at the sudden increase of numbers on the
side of the enemy, and by the furious onset, turned
and fled at full speed, regardless of the threats
of their officers, and even the slashes made at
them with sabres.

Captain Tortiglio, who was not wanting in
courage, had rushed in advance of his men, and
now stood all alone. He was very much mortif-
ied, but disdained to run away. Attilo was the
first to come up to him, and summoned him to
surrender.

"No," cried Tortiglio, "I will not surren-
der."

Attilo, wrapping his cloak around his left arm,
put aside the captain's sword, as he dealt a sav-
age blow at him, and sprang upon him, holding
his poniard in his right hand. The Spaniard
was small of stature, yet very agile in his move-
ments. He struggled for some time, but the
young sculptor finally lifted him by main force
from the ground, and, provoked by the resistance
of the manikin, yet not wishing to kill him,
gave him an overturn upon the ground, as a
cook serves a pancake. Happily for Tortiglio
the soil was covered with turf, or not all the sci-
ence of Æsculapius would have sufficed to re-set
his broken bones.

The proscribed pursued the soldiers only to
the farther edge of the meadow, where they con-
tented themselves with a few parting shots, and
then turned their attention to the wounded of
both sides. Those of the enemy they sent to
Viterbo, under the escort of the prisoners, and

dispatched their own to the interior of the wood, but retained Captain Tortiglio a little while, more as a hostage than a prisoner. Clelia and Irene were praised and complimented by all for their promptitude and courage. Muzio, after kissing their hands, made them a little speech of victory: "It becomes you well, brave and worthy daughters of Rome," he said, "to set such an example to our companions, but more especially to the slothful among Italy's sons, who appear to expect the manna of freedom to fall from heaven, and basely await their country's liberation at the hand of the foreigner. They are not ashamed to kiss the rod of a foreign tyrant, patron, and master; to renounce their own Rome—the natural and legitimate metropolis of Italy—voted the capital by parliament, and desired by the whole nation. They are not ashamed to let her remain a den of priests, of creatures who are the scourge and the shame of humanity. To women! yes, to women, is descended the task of extirpating this infamy, since men are afraid or incapable of doing it."

Muzio at this point in his vehement oration in honor of the fair sex, was suddenly struck dumb by the apparition of another representative of it in the form of a lovely woman, with the face and carriage, as he afterwards said, of an angel of heaven, who appeared to him to have fallen from the clouds, and was standing before him on the road leading to Viterbo. His eloquence vanished, and he remained motionless as a statue, although the very silence of the youth showed that he recognized her to be the adored queen of his heart, English Julia.

Muzio's embarrassment was the less noticed because of Jack's headlong demonstration, for the sailor, with a hitch at his waistband, sprang forward towards his beautiful mistress, throwing at the same time even his precious carbine on the ground, which he never would have abandoned under any other circumstances for all the surprises in the universe. When he at last reached Julia, he nearly plucked his forelock out by the root, so perpetually and persistently did he twitch at it, saluting the English lady. Poor fellow! a thousand affections and remembrances of family, friends, and country were centred for him in the person of that beloved mistress. Julia took the English boy's hand gracefully and kindly, and Clelia and Silvia embraced her with transports of friendship, and then presented her to Irene, whose romantic history had been repeated to her, and whom she had much desired to know personally.

Even the followers of Orazio forgot for a moment their discipline, and crowded around this charming daughter of Albion, gazing at her with looks of undisguised admiration. Woman as she was, Julia could not but feel a thrill of pride and pleasure at the homage of these bold and honest children of Italy.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE OLD OAK.

AFTER receiving the more formal salute of Attilio and Orazio, Julia did not forget to for a little towards her lover, who had remained during all these demonstrations somewhat excited and confused.

Muzio, even when a child of the streets always maintained that decorum of personal propriety of manner which the remembrance of his noble birth imposed upon him; and Julia had reason indeed to admire the decorum wrought in him by his life in the forest.

The position of the last scion of the house of Pompeo had truly improved of late. Scipio, faithful and devoted servant who had voluntarily taken charge of him when a baby, and to him with such devoted affection, was dead before dying, he imparted, by writing, to Cardinal S—, Muzio's maternal uncle, the history of his young master's life, and a statement of his property. The prelate gave his solicitor orders to put himself in communication with Muzio, to supply him with all he needed, and to endeavor to bring him back into the sheepfold of respectability.

The prelate, moreover, had kindly intended towards his nephew on his own part, and had stated adding something from his own possession to the paternal estates which had passed so suddenly into the hands of Polotti's vultures, which he saw the way to recover.

This sudden change of fortune happened to Muzio about the end of the year 1866, in which the Italians, in spite of the undesirable means used, gained re-possession of their own soil, and got rid of the foreign friends of the priesthood.

It was, therefore, not an untimely thing that Cardinal S— to be able to say, "I have a nephew who is a Liberal, and one of the temper, too." It was become of consequence even to a prelate, to be on friendly terms with such a nephew.

Julia contemplated the transformation of Muzio's appearance and apparel with natural pleasure, yet she had loved him so much as a wanderer of the city, that she almost wished him again in the poor but graceful cloak of a Tiberine model.

Muzio made no audible reply to his lady's title words of recognition, but kissed her hand with a devotion that needed no speeches to manifest its intensity, and which could not be better translated than by his enamored mistress's heart.

And Clelia and Irene were, of course, not being once more safe in the society of their chosen. Happiness was depicted upon all youthful faces; and, in truth, it is necessary to confess that, opposed as all good hearts are to bloodshed, the hour of victory is a glorious one, and we, like many others, have enjoyed that

THE OLD OAK.

"yes," said Muzio, who had been muttering "endurance" ever since it was spoken— "yes, but patience is the virtue of the We Romans have had too much of it; we been, and still are superabundantly assisted. It is a disgrace to us that we still tolerate most iniquitous and degrading of human

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Camilla turned at these words with a look first of fright, then of a new and wonderful tenderness. It was plain that that compassionate and giving prayer had caused the inmost fibres of her heart to vibrate, and, obeying a mighty and pulsive instinct, she sank into the old sweet sanctuary of her lover's arms. With their heads joined on each other's breasts, they heaped up explanations—they made no new vows—happy love was healer and interpreter. Tears fast from Camilla's eyes but not sad tears fell. A great sorrow and a bitter sin had deened her reason—a great pardon and a noble set it back again in its happy seat.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE HONOR OF THE FLAG.

THE new arrivals were received with surprise and pleasure by our forest party. The signoras were all conversant with the history of Camilla's misfortunes, and bestowed upon her gentle and considerate caresses. Something solemn pervaded her whole appearance—a dreamy vestige of the insanity under which she had so long labored. It was a miraculous change which had come over her when she heard that pathetic prayer, and perceived the sudden presence of her lover, and the unutterable feelings of affection and penitence that stirred her soul when she found herself restored to his embrace had transformed her into a new and happy being, but left upon her this air of nameless pathos.

"I passed through Viterbo," said Silvio to Orazio, when their salutations were ended, "and saw a great commotion there for which I am scarcely able to account. The citizens were running about the streets, endeavoring to get out of the way of the soldiers. The soldiers, reinforced by strong detachments from Rome, are vowing to spear all Italians on the face of the earth, and, by way of a step towards this warlike project, have begun plundering the wine-shops, where they lie for the most part dead drunk. The Papal authorities, who wished to keep the peace, were received by the rascals with the butt-ends of their muskets, and driven to flight. They have gone off with their agents to Rome, and are not likely to return for some time. The reinforcements were exclaiming that 'their flag had been dishonored, and that the stain must be washed out in blood.' 'Flag dishonored!' that phrase calls to our mind the villainy of a certain neighboring Government, which, after infamously violating our territory, and taking, by a deceitful act, possession of our principal sea-port, treacherously attacked our capital, and upon receiving some severe blows, cried out, 'Treason! treason! our flag is dishonored!'

"But," said Silvio, resuming his narrative, "this confusion gave me a favorable opportunity of making observations, and coming on quietly to you, though I might have been hindered by a curious occurrence which happened. I was passing the 'Full Moon' hotel as a few officers, newly arrived from Rome, alighted from a carriage. Owing to the universal confusion, they could find no attendant to carry in their luggage, and one of them came up to me, crying out, 'Here, you fellow!' and taking me by the breast, attempted to drag me to the carriage. Fortunately I had already signalled to Camilla to go on in advance of me. My first impulse was to use my poniard, but restraining myself, I tore the man's hand from my breast, and aiming a blow with my fist full at his face, sent him flying against the wheels of the carriage without a single word. As you may im-

agine, I did not remain to gather the laurels of the victory, but turned on my heel, and went back to you with a quick step in the direction of the forest, and soon overtook my companion."

The merriment of his auditors, and the enthusiasm of "Bravo, Silvio!" here interrupted the narrator for a moment.

"However," he observed, when the laughing mood ceased, "we can not remain long here in seclusion for I have no doubt that to-morrow, at the latest, you will have the whole pack of foreigner countrymen on your track."

"Here in this forest," said Orazio, "we can not make head against the whole army of the enemy. Were it not that we are so very few in number, and have these precious ladies to protect."

"Ehi! ladies to protect, indeed!" said Silvio, with some irony; "you have soon forgotten your noble Rodomonte, that these same 'ladies' protected you to-day."

A burst of laughter broke from all; and the courageous chief of the forest stooped and kissed the hand of his beloved wife with pretty satisfaction.

Meanwhile, the long dark shadows cast by the giants of the Ciminian wood spreading out in the west announced the setting of the sun. A sail wrapped in a glorious and variegated mantle of white clouds, was about to hide himself behind the waves of the Tyrrhenian sea. Clelia, perched upon this, addressed Jack, who, fascinated by her beauty and amiability, was her devoted slave, and whom she had confided the important care of her viands. "Well, my friend," she said in a cheerful, "all these true heroes of romance, it appears, do not trouble themselves about supper; and you do not see to it, I fear we shall have to bed without food to-night."

"Aye, aye, ma'am!" was Jack's reply, with the invariable hitch to his waistband, and he steered for the spot where the assistants had loaded two mules, which carried the chief's baggage as well as the provisions. But, after a little fighting and talk, they must feast at leisure on a fresh chapter.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE RURAL SUPPER.

Who does not prefer civilization to barbarism, and the usages of savage life? Who would not choose the comforts of a refined home, even in summer, warm in winter, well supplied with food, and replete with every comfort and even luxuries to the open country, with its inclemency, its inconveniences, and vicissitudes of weather?

Yet when one remembers that the few moments of the advantages of civilization, and that its pleasures are so many, one can not help doubting whether the world of humanity does reap much benefit from the present highly-developed state of civilization.

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and whether it might not be desirable to back to the simple condition of the first inhabitants of the world, amongst whom, if there were no places, no cooks, no fine manners, no expensive clothes, no elaborate conventions, no luxuries, no way of food, neither were there any priests, no prefects, tax-gatherers, or any other of our modern innovations; neither was one upon to give up one's children to serve the of a despot, under the pretense of serving country and washing out "stains from flags."

However all this may be, a frugal supper in the on the soft green turf, hitherto untrodden of any foot of man; the guests seated on the of old trees that furnish also a glowing and fire; by the side moreover, of such com- as Julia, Clelia, and Irene—a supper in circumstances must be a more delightful of enjoyment than civilization could reach.

Die! give us such a forest supper, though it not only of fruit and the luck of the chase, but any grand in-door entertainment. Many have we shared such a repast.

But our forest party had more than meagre Gasparo, who was also in charge of the range, was commissioned, in company with to purchase and look after the provisions, now spread a cold collation before the chiefs, the sailor-boy's assistance—garnishing it some green branches—which would have even the palate of a Lucullus.

A few flasks of Montepulciano and Orvieto en- the enamelled table, and, the savory the seasoned with the appetite which follows tedious day's work, disappeared with amaz-

erity. He was in high spirits. It was the first time he had shared in such a *fête-champetre*, in the so- above all, of those who were her *bello ideale* that was romantic, chivalrous, and gallant. Very near to her was her Muzio, disguised in the garb of a Roman model, and who was now proclaimed to be the descendant of an noble family, and one of the richest heirs of Rome, it might yet appear.

That resistless principle, which, like the load- and the needle, attracts loving souls one to another, kept him at the side of the woman of heart, watching her slightest wish, providing her with every thing with proud servility; and she while humbly glancing at her with that which art vainly seeks to represent—the look alone can be given and understood between who love with a true and perfect love.

And, also, with a little graceful dignity, enjoy- during Clelia and Irene converse with Jack in broken Italo-English. They drew him out some of the episodes of his sea-life, the adventures he had met with, and the tempests he witnessed in his long voyages to India and China for he had been at sea since he was seven old. The description he gave of the Chi-

nese who stay at home and employ themselves in different kinds of work performed by women in other countries, while their wives row, and till the land, with their babies slung in a basket on their backs, caused much laughter among his fair hearers, and, indeed, to all present, when translated to them by one of the company.

"The nautical profession," said Julia, "is the one to which my country is most indebted for her greatness. My countrymen prize and honor their mariners. With us, not only in the countries bordered by the sea, but wherever there is a river or a lake, boys are to be seen continually taking exercise in boating and rowing, in which practices they run all kinds of danger, and this is the reason there are so many seafaring men to make the name of Britain great upon the ocean.

"I have known youths in France and Italy, who were destined to become naval officers, pass the greater part of their boyhood in the technical schools, going on board for the first time when they had attained their fifteenth and even their eighteenth year, when they suffer much, of course, from sea-sickness, and are exposed to the ridicule and contempt of the sailors.

"In England it is very different. Youths destined for the sea are put on board at eleven years of age, and frequently take long voyages, during which they are instructed practically in all the routine and details of their profession. This course insures the best naval officers in the world to England.

"The wealthy among my people do not hoard up money to look at it, but employ it frequently in purchasing a yacht; and there are, indeed, very few persons living near sea or river who do not own or hire some sort of craft, large or small, in which they take their pleasure, and exercise themselves in the art which constitutes the glory and prosperity of their land.

"In Italy you have seamen, I grant, who equal the best of any nation, but your officers will not stand the test of comparison. Your Ministers of Marine have ever been incompetent, and therefore incapable of improving and raising a profession which might yet render Italy one of the most important and prosperous nations of the globe."

The subject so treated by Julia was a little foreign to our Romans, who were naturally ignorant of sea affairs. Their priests long ago found the oar and the net of St. Peter too heavy for their effeminate hands, and gave themselves up to merry-making and luxury as the easiest way of promoting the glory of God.

A pause ensuing, Julia called for a song or narrative, and Orazio said, "Gasparo, the chief of bandits, could tell us, doubtless, some stirring passages in his adventurous life." Whereupon, with a bow and smile, the old man sat for a moment recalling some circumstance of his past life, and then answered—

"Perils on the sea I could not relate, because I have been very little upon it; but on land I have passed through my share of strange adventures: and if it will not weary you to listen to one, I could, perhaps, relate events that would make you shudder."

All expressing a wish to hear some portion of his history, Gasparo, settling himself to an easy attitude commenced the following story.

CHAPTER XLVII.

GASPARO'S STORY.

"L'uomo nasce più grande in questa terra che in qualunque altra—ne sono una prova i grandi delitti che vi si commettono."—ALFIERI.

"I was born in the small city of S—, in the States of the Church, not far from the Neapolitan frontier. My parents were honest folk, employed as shepherds in the service of the Cardinal B—.

"Being sent early to the field to tend sheep, cows, and buffaloes, and nearly always on horseback, I grew up with a robust hardy constitution, and became a dexterous horseman.

"Up to the age of eighteen, I remained a true son of the Italian desert, knowing no other affection than that which I had for my horse, my lasso, and my weapons. With the latter I had become a formidable enemy to the deer and wild boar of the Roman forests. I was passionately fond of hunting, an exercise suited to my nature: and I was accustomed to pass whole nights lying in ambush, watching for the deer, or the great gray tuskers in the marshes, where they delight to lie rolling in the mud.

"I knew the places frequented by the harts and hinds, and very often returned home with one of those graceful animals slung over my saddle.

"One day, after having secured my horse at a little distance, I placed myself in hiding, on the watch for a stag. I had been there but a short time, when I heard footsteps on the path behind me—a narrow forest road that led to the village.

"At first I thought it might be a wild beast of some description, and kept my carbine in readiness to fire as soon as I perceived it. After listening a few moments, I thought I heard voices, and presently there appeared in sight a young priest whom I had occasionally seen walking in the village, while by his side was a young girl who appeared to accompany him rather unwillingly.

"I had time to observe them both; the priest was about twenty years of age, very tall and finely proportioned; in fact, only a carbine and pointed hat were wanting to make a fine hunter or soldier of him."

"The young girl! Ah! pardon my memory, still agitated by that sweet face!" and the old

man's eyes here dimmed with tears. "The girl was an angel! I do not know how it was that they did not discover me, for her beauty came to me to utter an involuntary exclamation, and heart was stirred by a new and astonishing emotion.

"He had offended her by some proposal, she was turning to go; but as I regarded the priest throw his arm with almost violent force around his companion, and pressing his lips to her cheek, uttered some words that did not reach her, but caused a terrified and indignant look to over the girl's face, and she shrank back, stung by a viper. Again the priest spoke, approached, when, with a cry, the peasant broke from him and fled.

"He pursued her, and caught the shivering damsel, whose hands he bound with her neck-bon, and then forced her upon the ground, can not tell why I was self-contained enough to shoot him dead, but I had never drawn my sword against a human life, and I hesitated until he gave these last proofs of his abominable villainy. At this point, however, I sprang from my covert, with one blow from the butt-end of my gun, I struck him to the ground, and then went to the rescue of the young woman, who had fallen unconscious at some little distance upon the sod. I took her gently in my arms, and carried her to the side of a brook, where I bathed her face with cool, running water, until she opened her eyes and faintly smiled her thanks, for, as I gazed around, a look of relief passed over her features, when she perceived the absence of her persecutor. Then rising, she expressed, in a few words, her gratitude for my intervention, and she was sufficiently recovered to return to the village, and bade me farewell, but seeing she was still agitated, I begged her to allow me to conduct her to her home. She gave a modest assent. I walked in happy and respectful silence till I reached the entrance to the village, when I stopped, and pointing to a small but pretty dwelling, said, 'That is my father's house; I have nothing more now to fear, so I will bid you a grateful adieu.' Raising her hand to my lips, she kissed it fervently, saying, I hoped to have the pleasure of meeting her soon again, under other circumstances, for I was completely enchanted by her grace and beauty, and felt I could no longer be happy out of her presence.

"I remained to watch her enter her abode, before I turned to seek my horse, which I found neighing impatiently at my prolonged absence. Through some acquaintances in the village I learned the name of her whom I had been so means of saving from violence, and learned to my disappointment and horror that she was the priest's niece. Day after day I found this pretext for passing through the village, that I might obtain a glimpse of Alba, for that was her name; and twice I was fortunate enough to

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He caught the shrike, and he bound with her neck, forced her upon the ground. I was self-contained enough, but I had never drawn to my life, and I hesitated until he of his abominable villainy. I sprang from my covert, from the butt-end of my gun, and then went to the young woman, who had fallen to the distance upon the sod. In my arms, and carried her to where I bathed her face with water, until she opened her eyes, smiled her thanks, for a look of relief passed over her face, perceived the absence of her rising, she expressed, in gratitude for my intervention, slowly recovered to return to me farewell, but seeing she begged her to allow me to accompany her.

She gave a modest assent, and respectful silence to the village, when coming to a small but pretty house, "This is my father's house; I know to fear, so I will bid adieu," she said, raising her hand to my lips, saying, "I hoped to have seen you again, under the shadow of my wings. I was completely enchanted by your beauty, and felt I could no longer be without your presence."

As I watched her enter her abode, I sought my horse, which I found at my prolonged absence. Acquaintances in the village of her whom I had been from violence, and learned to and horror that she was. Day after day I found her passing through the village, the corpse of Alba, for that was the name, was fortunate enough to

and exchange a few words. I did not speak of love, but I felt she knew my passion for her, and was learning to return it.

The priest, burning with rage at the thought of his infamy being not only frustrated by me but also known to the father of the maiden, resolved to be revenged. Being reproved by the old man for his brutal conduct, and threatened with publication unless he absented himself for a long time, until he should have thoroughly repented his intended crime, the priest fell upon the young man, and with one blow from a mallet crushed in his skull. Then, fearing the consequences, he carried the dead body into the courtyard, and buried it upon its back near a rugged stone, left there, and retired to bed, leaving his neighbors to suppose, when the corpse was discovered in the morning, that the old man had fallen down in a fit, and striking his head against the stone pavement, had thus met with his death.

What matters a crime to a priest, if he can get off? He had committed a gross lie by calling himself the minister of God, and now he took advantage of the easy ignorance of his neighbors to conceal a still grosser crime.

Of his profession use double dealing all his lives. A priest knows himself to be an impostor, unless he be a fool, or have been taught to lie from his boyhood, so that as he advances in life, he becomes not even able any longer to distinguish the false and the true. Whilst he lives in comfort, he makes the credulous multitude believe he suffers hardships and privations. Poor creature!

Well do we remember seeing in America a painting representing one of the cloth seated at a long-table spread with all kinds of viands and a glass of wine, in the act of caressing his plump, rosy Perpetua, who was seated at his side; and meanwhile, outside the door stood a poor man with his wife and baby. All three were emaciated, and miserably clad, yet the husband was dropping a coin into the priest's box, which was written, "Give of your charity to your priest of God." Infamous mockery! On one hand there was enjoyment, hypocrisy, and lying; on the other, ignorance, credulity, and great misery.

The evening," continued Gasparo, "I was sitting in my hut, feeling rather weary after a day's hunt, thinking of Alba, and dreading, that she had told me, that some catastrophe was impending, when the door flew open, the object of my thoughts rushed in exclaiming, 'Murder! Murder!' and fell insensible upon the floor."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

GASPARO'S STORY CONTINUED.

The words of Alba revealed to me the horrible crime that had been perpetrated. I raised her from the ground, and laid her upon my pallet,

for my parents were both dead, and I dwelt alone. Now I could, for the first time, realize the full and sweet beauty of my heart's love. The sight of this lovely creature almost lessened my aversion to the vile fratricide and his unlawful passion. Alba had never related to me what had passed on that night, and as I did not wish to awaken painful recollections, I had always avoided interrogating her upon the subject, so that I knew nothing of the dispute and murder. But the priest, supposing me aware of his misdeeds, and jealous of my love for Alba, schemed, as only a fiend could, to annihilate me through his own crime, though not daring to accuse me openly. He had hinted to his most intimate friends that I was his brother's murderer, and offered all he possessed to certain bravos if they would undertake to kill me.

"You can still perceive, in spite of my age, and the troubles that have weighed me down, that I was agile when a youth, and that I was capable of taking care of myself against ten priests. Well, Alba had come to tell me of her father's death and the priest's calumnies. And this scoundrel had me waylaid, as she warned me, so that I ran a narrow escape of losing my life. He had paid several cut-throats handsomely to destroy me. I was always, however, on my guard, and seldom went out of the house without my carbine; and my faithful little dog Lion could hear the movement of a small bird a hundred paces off, and would wag his tail and prick up his ears at the slightest sound. My poor, poor dog! he was a victim to his love for me."

And here the sensitive heart of the old chief, Gasparo, obliged him to pause a moment.

"Yes, those devils, during one of my walks to S—, contrived to poison him."

"From S— to my forest-home several thick places in the cover had to be passed. Here the bravos had hidden themselves once or twice, but, frustrated by my vigilance, and frightened at my carbine, they made their retreat as soon as I appeared, and informed the priest that they should give up the enterprise. Father Giacomo did not understand this, and finally persuaded them, after offering a higher sum, and regaling them abundantly with food and wine, to make another attempt, in which he himself was to accompany them. With his three highwaymen, he took up a position one evening near my little house, concealing themselves behind a large bush that grew by the side of the narrow path which led to it, and which they knew I should be obliged to pass."

"My poor Lion was dead, and on this occasion, in spite of all my precautions, I was taken by surprise. Four almost simultaneous shots were fired upon me from the bush, and a furious cry of 'Die' was uttered by the would-be assassins, who rushed upon me expecting to find me mortally wounded. But not so, for I was saved as by a miracle. All four balls struck me, and

three of them slightly wounded me, the most serious hurt being caused by the first shot, which carried off, as you see, a piece of my left ear; the second struck against my leathern belt, smashing only a few of my cartridges; the third pierced my hat, grazing my head; and the fourth grazed my right shoulder, occasioning a slight scratch.

"The first person who approached me was the priest, holding a carbine in his left hand and a poniard in the right. He was like a demon to behold, for rage and hatred; but my shot was more effective than his, and in one moment he was rolling at my feet, uttering frightful groans. I knocked over one of the bravos with my second discharge, whereupon the other two, seeing the figure their companions had cut, and noting the pistols still left in my belt, took to their heels and fled. This was the first time I had shed blood, and I felt some remorse as I regarded the dead bodies of the priest and his tool. In any other country I might have escaped unpunished by pleading the law of self-defense; for though I had no witnesses, the case was clear, and the rancor which the priest bore to me was so well known that it would not have been difficult to prove my innocence. But under the priestly government it is another matter, and the destroyer of one of their body would have no chance of escape; so I thought it best to flee the country.

"Then began the eventful history of my so-called brigandage; and I swear to you that amongst all the agents sent out of this world by my hand, there has not been one who did not first attempt my life. Many young men, persecuted like me by the clergy, followed me to my place of retreat; and very soon I had organized so formidable a band, that the Papal Government treated with me almost as with an equal power. Assassins or thieves by profession I never would receive into my company. The unfortunate of all grades were aided by me, and if the authorities of the priesthood were sometimes assaulted, it was only to warn them to cease their acts of injustice and infamy.

"In this manner I passed many years, in reality more of a ruler over the Roman country than he who sits in the Quirinal, until the creatures of that cunning court, seeing they could do nothing with me by force, had recourse to treachery. That bright jewel of holiness, my relative, Cardinal A——, whom may God reward! contributed more than any one else to my capture. I had the weakness to trust his specious promises, and remained, in consequence, fourteen years in irons, in a miserable prison. But the justice of God will at last find out those evil doers and punish them, for they are verily the scourge of humanity.

"When in the Papal galleys I heard of you, Orazio, and of your courageous resistance to the tools of the Vatican, and I assure you I prayed Heaven that I might become before I died your

assistant and companion. My prayer was and I only desire to devote the short remainder of my life to the cause defended by you and noble comrades."

Julia was interested in the narrative of the famous bandit, and after sympathizing with him was about to ask Orazio to relate some part of his career, when, looking around at the company, she perceived from their looks that after the fatigues of the day had become weary; and, as the hour was late, she abandoned the idea, and watched with curiosity the preparation for sleeping in the open air.

Fresh branches from the trees were sent upon the most level portions of the ground, under some of the gigantic oaks of the wood, thus a magnificent sylvan couch was made apart for the women, who were to rest together covered with the cloaks of their beloved. Muzio offered his to Julia, with a beseeching look, and paid her with a glance of the deep gratitude when she graciously accepted it in the mean time Orazio and his friends posted guards and sentinels around, and gave orders sound the *veille* at dawn.

There, under the trees, extended on the ground slept those upon whom the hopes of all true Romans hung. For Rome, after eighteen centuries of lethargy and shame, was beginning to stir, and claim again a place of honor on the earth, her who was once its mistress.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE PURSUIT.

HEAVEN has apparently willed that the pitch of human greatness shall be in its contrasted with the lowest depths of national humiliation. Witness that body of cut-throat soldiers called the "Roman army," compared with the "ROMAN ARMY" which once conquered the known world. None but priests could have produced such an astounding and monstrous formation.

While the hours had passed as above related the General placed at the head of the troops arrived at Viterbo, with all the force he had been able to gather, and called his subordinate officers to a council in the municipal hall. Among the number was one martial gentleman with a nose like a small melon, covered with slips of sticking-plaster, and this warrior was he who had received the blow from Silvio at the door. His face was flushed besides with the heat of which he had been partaking copiously, and down his chagrin, and he urged the General vehemently to proceed at once to assault the "brigands." The General, however, considering that it would be better to wait till daylight before they made a move, for he was by no means certain that the soldiers could stand to

companion. My prayer was to desire to devote the short remainder of the cause defended by you and your followers."

Interested in the narrative of the daybreak, therefore, the champions of the tiara obeyed the bugle-call; but it required some little time to get these ornaments of warfare into order. Some were footsore by the rapid march from Rome to Viterbo, others by their flight from the Cimilian hill, others ill of reputation, and therefore it was not until the sun rose high above the Apennines that the army was in marching order. Even then many were in delays, for the General was at the mercy of the native guides, who very unwillingly conducted him through the intricacies of the forest, of which he was of course ignorant.

The proscribed, who were thoroughly acquainted with it, had begun to move at early dawn, so when the sun rose they had already reached the summit of the mountain, from whence they could survey the whole country, and were reconnoitring, to see if any troops were advancing from the town. The coming of the troops was thus lively perceived.

Orazio—whose assumption of the command no one had disputed—dispersed about a hundred of his men, under Muzio's direction, as skirmishers over the low lands and amongst the underwood bordering upon the road on which the enemy was advancing. The remainder he arranged in columns on the rising ground, ordering them to be in readiness to charge at the first signal. Having thus disposed his main force, he summoned Captain Tortiglio, and questioned him about the different officers in command of the enemy, who were still at some distance, ascending the mountain side.

"He who commands the vanguard," replied Tortiglio, "is Major Pomponi, a brave officer, and a bully of the first order."
"If I do not deceive myself," said Silvio, who was watching the enemy's movements through his telescope, "that is the very fellow who wanted to carry his luggage for him, for his nose is unmistakable."

"And who is that on horseback, leading what I suppose to be the principal body?" again asked Orazio.

"Lend me your telescope," said Tortiglio, and, having pointed it at the individual in question, he exclaimed, "*Per Dio!* that is the commander-in-chief of the Papal army; and see, his mount is just appearing!"

"What is his name?"

"His name is Count de la Roche—de la Roche is not. These French Legitimists, representatives of the feudal times, have names nearly all beginning with *de*, which are very difficult for the *Si*, to pronounce."

"You, then, belong to the language of the *Si*, or Spaniard?" asked Orazio rather roughly.

"*Como no?*" (and why not?) articulated the captain in Spanish; "are you alone the sons of the ancient Latins, and the possessors of that universal language? Learn that there is as much in common between the Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese languages as there is between the face of a Calabrian and that of an Andalusian, who indeed resemble each other like brothers."

"Bravo, Captain Tortiglio," said Attilio, who had just arrived, having left the division he was in command of for orders; "you are a fortunate scholar! We unlucky Romans are only taught by the priests to kiss hands, kneel, and attend the mass, but are left in ignorance of what goes on in grammars and polite learning outside the walls of Rome."

But the Papal army was advancing, and Orazio, like an experienced captain, kept measuring its progress, without being in the least discomposed, yet feeling that anxiety which a leader must experience when in command of a body of troops of any kind, and in the presence of a numerous enemy about to attack.

One of the inconveniences a guerri la band has to sustain in time of battle, and which very much preoccupies the chief, is the necessity of abandoning the wounded in case of retreat, or of leaving them in charge of the terrified inhabitants, who are afraid of being compromised. These considerations, and the unequal number of the opposing forces, impelled Orazio to sound the signal for retreating, and the hunter, with the sagacity that distinguished him, gathered in his fifty men with as much coolness as he would have shown had he been summoning them to a new beat in the chase. Having communicated his intention to Attilio, and enjoined him not to attempt it too precipitately, but to execute the order of retreat in divisions, Orazio went to Muzio, who was prepared to receive the enemy, now marching rapidly upon him.

Exchanging a few words with the leader of the vanguard, he ascended to the highest point of the position, from whence he was able to survey everything, accompanied only by two of his adjutants.

General Haricot was not wanting in a certain amount of gallantry, which would have been worthy of a better cause. He was now assailing the unknown position of the Liberals boldly, with his vanguard en echelon, being himself in the centre of the line.

However it may be—whether in an engagement or in a pitched battle—the commander-in-chief ought to place himself in such a manner that he can command a view of as large a portion of the field of battle as the circumstances permit, and this he can usually best accomplish, by being himself at the head of the troops first engaged.

As he must receive information of all that passes during the fight, the General, if he places himself at a distance from the scene of action, sub-

jects himself to serious loss of time, inaccurate reports, and, to what is of still greater importance, incapability to discover at a glance that portion of his command which may stand in immediate want of relief, or to note where, if victorious, he ought to send in pursuit of the enemy light bodies of cavalry, infantry, or artillery, to complete the repulse.

There was no failing, however, in this respect on the part of the two commanders-in-chief in this action. Haricot, emboldened by the superiority of his numbers, gave the order to attack without any hesitation. Orazio, though decided upon a retreat on account of his inferior force, was determined to give his opponent such a lesson as should make him more guarded and less precipitous in his pursuit. The irregularity of the ground, and the dense masses of trees had enabled Muzio to draw his men under cover into advantageous positions. There he desired them to await till the enemy came into point-blank range, to fire only telling shots, and then retreat behind the lines of the other divisions. This his valorous companions in arms did. Their first discharge covered the ground with the wounded and lifeless bodies of the enemy. The vanguard of the mercenaries was so demoralized as to retreat, and while supports, led on by the intrepid chief, were staying their backward progress, the confusion gave the Italians time to make their retreat in good order.

When Cortez disembarked at Mexico he burned his ships. When the Thousand of Marsala

disembarked in Sicily they also abandoned vessels to the enemy, and so deprived them of any hope of retreat; and truly these generous acts conducted much to the successful triumphant conduct of both expeditions.

The proximity of friendly frontiers has been the cause of defection in the ranks of patriotic Italians. We have witnessed such a case in Lombardy in 1848, caused by the being in the neighborhood of Switzerland, and unhappily in the Roman States by the nearness of the royal territory. Such was the case with the Three Hundred after the many adventures related. Orazio accomplished his retreat from the Ciminian hill without loss, but it was necessary to retire as far as the Italian dominion, and it happened with his followers just as might have been expected, from their want of supplies the temptation of safety.

Although this band was composed of generous men, it dissolved like a fog before them when it touched the national frontier. They were after vainly reminding their men that their country was still in bondage, and that it was their duty of all to prepare for another struggle to free themselves nearly alone. The eight firm hearts with whom we are best acquainted, along with Gasparo and Jack, took the road to Tuscany on their way to Leghorn, where they expected to find the fair Julia's yacht, and some news of their absent friends. And he will take leave of them for the present, to return later in new and adventurous scenes.

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PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER L.

THE PILGRIMAGE.

The recluse, at the period where we renew our acquaintance with him, was on the mainland, whither he had been brought by his friends. He had left his rocky abode to fulfil a duty towards Italy, to which he had dedicated his life. He had forced himself to undertake a pilgrimage, setting out from the Italian territory, his end being not only to influence the political elections, but to sow the germs of a more spirited and conscience, which alone could restore Italy to her first state of manly greatness, and enable her people to throw off their chains, discountenancing utterly that idolatrous false church called papal, and living upon the basis of a real and vital religion. For with the loss of human brotherhood is impossible, since the condemnation to everlasting flames every member of the human family who refuses belief in the supremacy. In like manner the Dervish Turkish priest condemns eternally every believer in Christianity, and you can not walk safely in the streets of Constantinople or Canton because your life is in danger from these fanatics. In short, priests and bigots are pretty much alike over the world, while the greatest and most sanguinary of conflicts have always been fomented by them.

Take, as an example, the Crimean war, where six hundred and fifty thousand men perished, and the enormous treasures were swallowed up by the contest. The commencement of the quarrel was on account of the church named the Holy Sepulchre, and to decide whether a papist or a Greek priest should take precedence there. His deputy was brought before the Emperors of France and Russia, and the result was war—England and Italy taking part in the enormous butchery consequent thereon.

England is at the present day in perpetual anxiety with regard to the state of Ireland, largely caused by the priests; and may God spare the world from an insurrection in the United States, where, in a population of thirty-three millions, only half are Roman Catholics, a large proportion of them Irish, who, under the dictatorship of the papal, divide the country, and are always plotting for political supremacy.

In Venice the greater part of the population are to follow General Garibaldi to the death,

yet the day after the same crowd congregated in those shops where religious trinkets and "indulgences" in God's name are sold for money, and where idolatry in the guise of Christianity erects vain and lying images. Such are the Venetians, and such are they likely to remain under priestly superstition and political corruption.

With regard to representation, the great body of the Italian people are excluded from the elective franchise. Out of a population of more than twenty-five millions there are only four million five hundred thousand voters. Every voter must be twenty-five years of age, and must be able to read and write. As to the latter, the power of signing his name is deemed sufficient, but he must also contribute an annual sum of not less than forty francs, which must be paid in direct taxation to the state or province (the province answering to the English county); the municipal rates are not taken into account. Graduates of universities, members of learned societies, military and civil employés, either upon active service or half-pay, professional men, schoolmasters, notaries, solicitors, druggists, licensed veterinary surgeons, agents of change, and all persons living in a house, or having a shop, magazine, or workshop, are entitled to a vote, provided the rental is, in communes containing a population of less than two thousand five hundred inhabitants, two hundred francs; in communes containing a population of from two thousand five hundred to ten thousand inhabitants, three hundred francs; and in communes containing a population of over ten thousand inhabitants, four hundred francs.

But the power which the Government has of unduly influencing such of the voters as are not in its own immediate employ is enormous, by means of the chief officer in every town, called the syndic, who is appointed by the Government, and removable at its pleasure. This officer, under pain of dismissal, recommends to the voters for election any candidate that the Government desires to have elected, and lamentable as is the financial state of the country, millions of francs were placed at the disposal of the syndics for the purpose of corruption in the spring of the year 1867. If a town wants a branch railway to the main line, the election of the Government candidate will always insure the accomplishment of its wishes on this point.

The whole host of Government officials, including the police, actively interfere in aid of the ministerial candidate. Schoolmasters and others will be dismissed from their posts if they give a refractory vote; and workmen for the same reason are discharged. Official addresses have been known to be openly published, desiring the people not to vote for the opposition candidates; and there are instances of papers on the day of election being withheld from those voters who might prove to be too independent. Therefore it was with a view to reforming these abuses that General Garibaldi, in addressing the municipality of Palma, said, "Let the new Chambers be impressed with the necessity of reorganizing the administration, and if the Government, to tempt them, returns to its evil ways, then ill betide it."

We do not intend following the General's steps as he proceeded from town to town, enthusiastically received by the multitude, who, joyous at the sight of the "man of the people," applauded his doctrine of non-submission to foreign dominion and humiliation, and above all echoed his plain denunciations of that clerical infamy and that immoral understanding which exists between the Papacy and those of the unworthy men who misgovern Italy.

As it may be supposed, the priests attacked the General, and accused him far and wide of being an atheist. This false and foolish charge led to his making the following address before twenty thousand people at Padua:—

"It is in vain that my enemies try to make me out an atheist. I believe in God. I am of the religion of Christ, not of the religion of the Popes. I do not admit any intermediary between God and man. Priests have merely thrust themselves in, in order to make a trade of religion. They are the enemies of true religion, liberty, and progress; they are the original cause of our slavery and degradation, and in order to subjugate the souls of Italians, they have called in foreigners to enchain their bodies. The foreigners we have expelled, now we must expel those mitred and tonsured traitors who summoned them. The people must be taught that it is not enough to have a free country, but that they must learn to exercise the rights and perform the duties of free men. Duty! duty! that is the word. Our people must learn their duties to their families, their duties to their country, their duties to humanity."

Garibaldi proceeded next to the university of Padua; and there, standing before the statue of Galileo, he uncovered his head, saying, "Who, remembering Galileo, his genius and his life, the torture inflicted upon him, the martyrdom he suffered—he, I say, who, remembering this, does not despise the priests of Rome, is not worthy to be called a man or an Italian."

The interests of commerce having always had a place in the heart of General Garibaldi, he delivered the following address to the Representatives of the Chambers of Commerce for Verona:—"Italy's future depends in great measure on you. Our wars against the foreigners have nearly at an end. Italy is united, independent; you can make her prosperous. It is nothing necessary to the maintenance of the human race that we can not produce; and such raw material as we have, what can we do with it? Our people have a mania for foreign goods; they like to wear foreign stuff, to drink foreign wines, but let them once be persuaded that our own are as good, and they will be glad to adopt them; and foreign nations will receive our merchandise, our manufactures eagerly as we now seek for theirs. But peace of every kind is difficult with the priests, and man brotherhood impossible."

CHAPTER LI.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

LET our tale revert to yet more distant memories, while the name of "Italy" wakes the author's recollections. He is set thinking sad times when newly-liberated Rome was enchained by the hands of European despots at the revival of the Mistress of the World, and at the terrible warning conveyed by the Roman Republic. Alas! it was by the hands of another great Republic that her hopes were blighted. Napoleon, the secret enemy of liberty, fleshed his weapons upon the Republic when he had committed the crime of *les ames* and betrayed the credulous people of Paris into their streets without regard to sex. May God, in his own time, deal with the assassin of the 2d of December, and with the world's liberty!

After the defense of Rome, the Republic was despairing of the fate of Italy, although it had but few followers, decided to take the field. More is required than a handful of brave men when nations intend to liberate themselves. What can an irregular band of intrepid youths accomplish against four armies?

It is true that in the present day nations are more awakened, and the handful of youths has grown to heroic proportions. But the deeds, but in those unhappy times, when the relics of the defenders of Rome while passing on their way to the open country, regarded as irretrievably lost. Not one of those men landed in the morning discovered a quantity of arms in the ground of bivouac, which deserters had hidden. Those arms were placed upon the wagons and wagons which accompanied the column, that in time the column possessed more arms and wagons than men, and little by little they surren-

Following address to the Representatives of the Chambers of Commerce for Venice: "The future depends in great part on the efforts of the merchants and bankers against the foreigners who are the parasites at an end. Italy is united, and she can make her prosperous. It is necessary to the maintenance of the state that we can not produce; and that we must have material as we have, what can we do? Our people have a mania for foreign goods, they like to wear foreign stuffs, to drink foreign wines, but let them once be satisfied with their own as good, and then they will accept them; and foreign nations will buy our merchandise, our manufactures, and we will now seek for theirs. But progress is difficult with the priests, and it is almost impossible."

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the clock in the morning, where an Austrian
barricament kept guard.

"Call on them and disarm them," exclaimed
Garibaldi to the few individuals forming his reti
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pefied, allowed themselves to be disarmed. The
barricades were then awakened, and requested to
bring food and *bragozzi*, or small barges, that
the volunteers might embark.

It can not be denied that fortune has favored
the Republic in many arduous enterprises, but at
the same time began for him a series of adversities and
calamities.

A northern cloud had spread itself over the
Republic on this night, and breaking into wind,
rendered the sea furious. The narrow mouth
of the port of Cesenatico was one mass of foam.
The boats were the efforts made to leave the port in
the *bragozzi*, thirteen in number, weighed down
by their crews with people, and at day-break they
were crowded. But at this crisis numerous Austrians
were at Cesenatico.

It was made, for the wind had become favor-
ing, and on the following morning four of the
boats, in one of which were Garibaldi and
Cicernachio, his two sons, and Ugo
were landed in the Foci del Po. Anita, carried
in the arms of the man of her heart, was borne
off in a dying condition. The occupants
of the other nine *bragozzi* had given themselves
up to the Austrian squadron, which had discov-
ered the little crafts by the light of a full moon,
and had rained bullets and grapeshot upon them
until they surrendered.

San Marino, seeing there was no longer any
hope or heart to fight, the order of the day was
"to dismiss the men to their homes." That
order was couched in the following terms :
"Return to your homes, but remember that Italy
will not remain a slave."

The larger number took the road to their dwellings, but some deserters from the Papal and Austrian troops, who, if taken prisoners would have been shot, remained to accompany their chief in his last attempt to free Venice.

And here begins a still sadder and more painful history.

Amata, the Recluse's inseparable companion, could not, even under these trying circumstances, leave him. In vain did her husband endeavor to entreat her to remain at San Marino. Though repentant, faint, and sick, arguments were of no avail; the courageous woman would heed no advice, and answered all by smilingly asking "if he wished to abandon her."

Surrounded by the Austrian troops, tracked by the Papal police, that tired remnant of the Roman army outstripped them all during a night march, and arrived at the gates of Cesenatico at daybreak in the morning, where an Austrian regiment kept guard.

"Fall on them and disarm them," exclaimed Verdi to the few individuals forming his retinue, and the Austrian soldiers, completely stupefied, allowed themselves to be disarmed. The prisoners were then awakened, and requested to take food and *bragozzi*, or small barges, that the volunteers might embark.

It can not be denied that fortune has favored a Decluse in many arduous enterprises, but at the same time began for him a series of adversities and misfortunes.

A northern cloud had spread itself over the trade on this night, and breaking into wind, rendered the sea furious. The narrow mouth of the port of Cesenatico was one mass of foam. The men were the efforts made to leave the port in the *bagazzi*, thirteen in number, weighed down they were with people, and at day-break they crowded. But at this crisis numerous Austrians entered Cesenatico.

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The shores where the four boats put in were swarming with the enemy's explorers, sent to trace the fugitives. Anita was lying a little way off the shore, concealed in a corn-field, her head supported by the Recluse. Leggiero, a valiant major belonging to the island of Maddalena, who had followed the General in South America, and returned to Italy with him, was their only companion. He lay peeping through the stalks, and very soon discovered some of the cursed white curs in search of blood. Cicerachio, Bassi, and nine others, who by our advice had taken a different direction in order to escape the enemy, were all captured, and shot like dogs by the Austrians.

When the nine victims were taken, the Austrians compelled nine peasants, by force of blows, to dig nine holes in the sand, after which a discharge from the enemy's picket dispatched the unhappy heroes. The youngest, a son of a Roman tribune, only thirteen years of age, still moved after the fire, but a blow from the butt-end of an Austrian's musket smashed in his skull, and his brutally ended his young life. Bassi and his brother, Cicernachio, met with the same fate at Bologna. The foreigner and the priest made merry in that hour of slaughter over the purest Italian blood; and the mitred master of Rome mounted his polluted throne, having for a footstool the corpses of his compatriots.

Let this cold brutality, this savage butchery of their honest noble-hearted compatriots live in the memory of Italians, and give their consciences no peace while they leave their magnificent city a prey to the foreigner and to the vile priests, who use it as a den of infamy.

The Recluse, bearing his precious burden—
 dear and faithful wife—wandered sadly, with
 his companion, *Leggiero*, through the lagoons of
 the lower Po, until he had closed her eyes, and
 wept over her cold corpse tears of desperation.
 onward he wandered then, through forests and
 over mountains, ever pursued by the agents of
 the Pope and of Austria. Fate, however, spared
 him, to suffer anew both danger and fatigue, and
 reap some triumphs too. The tyrants of Italy
 again found him upon their tracks—those tracks
 deviously stained by them with tears and blood.
 It was it for them that he escaped until the day
 when they, in turn, took to flight, and, like cow-
 ards, left their tables spread for him, while the
 carpets of their superb palaces bore the imprint
 of the rough shoes of his Thousand.

Meanwhile, however, our tale has brought the peluce to Venice to witness the liberty for which she had sighed so much. It was then that the galleons, covered with gondolas, saluted the red cross as the token of national redemption, and sad memories faded in the light of the joy and freedom of that Queen of the Adriatic.

CHAPTER LII.

THE SPY IN VENICE.

It is eleven o'clock at night. The canals of Venice are covered with gondolas, and the Place of St. Mark, illuminated, is so crowded with people that scarcely a stone of the pavement is visible. From the balcony of the Zecchini Palace, on the north side of the Piazza, the Recluse has saluted the people, and the redeemed city ("redeemed," yes, but by a bargain—the ancient bulwark of European civilization was, alas! bought and sold a bargain between courts), and that salutation was frantically responded to by an exulting and affected multitude. And above all was the beholder struck by the aspect of the populace, as he said to himself, "The stigma which despotism imprints upon the human face can even be depicted here."

A people, once the ancient rulers of the world, transformed by the foreigner and the priest, whose rod of deception, dipped in the chemistry of superstition, is able to change good into evil, gold to dross, and the most prosperous of nations into one of beggars and sacristans; these have bartered away this noble city of the sea, which calls herself "daughter of Rome"—left her disheartened, dishonored, and defamed! And he who loved the people cried out in the anguish of his soul, "Alas, that it should be so!"

But moved as he was by the contemplation of the scene, nevertheless he did not fail to cast a scrutinizing look over the buzzing crowd. After a life of sixty years, into which so many events had been crowded, the man of the people was not wanting in experience that enabled him to analyze fairly the component parts of a densely-packed crowd, among whom were hidden the thief, the assassin, the spy, and the hireling of the priest. And many such were purposely mingled with the good and honest of that population.

While thoughtfully gazing, as we have said, upon the assembled people, a slight touch upon his shoulder made him aware of Attilio's presence.

"Do you see," said the young Roman to him, "that scoundrel's face, whose head is covered with a cap of the Venetian fashion, standing amongst those simple Venetian souls, but as easy to be distinguished as a viper amongst lizards, or a venomous tarantula amongst ants? When such reptiles wind about in a crowd, it is not without a motive; he is sent from Rome, and there is certainly something new in store for us. That fellow is Cencio. I must look to him a little!"

Our readers will remember the subaltern agent of Cardinal Procopio, for whom Gianni had rented a room in sight of Manlio's studio. After his employers had been hanged, he had been promoted to a higher office, that of principal agent to his Eminence Cardinal —, the Pope's prime minister.

Cencio, once a Liberal, afterwards a tool, had made profitable use of his knowledge of the democrats of Rome, and was, therefore, prized as a secret agent by the Cardinal's men. We shall presently see what his mission in Venice had been. Meantime, in a saloon in the Zecchini Palace, closely filled with guests, among the brightest of the Venetian beauties, shone three heroines, Irene, Julia, and Clelia.

The Venetian youths, accustomed to contemplate the charms of the daughters of the Adriatic, were nevertheless astounded by the enchanting appearance of these three Roman ladies. We say three Romans, because the eldest had by this time espoused her Muzio, and although an affectionate daughter of her own native land, she was proud of her adopted country and called herself a Roman.

Irene was a little older than her companions, but had preserved so much freshness, that her extremely majestic carriage covered the fifteen years, and she had so much the perfection of a matron about her, that she could well have taken as a model to an artist wishing to portray the ideal of those grand Roman matrons of Cornelia's time. Her marriage had not changed her younger and more equally lovely companion; and the trio, such an ornament to that drawing-room, that the Venetian youths fluttered around them, were so dazzled and amazed.

By the side of Clelia were Manlio and his gentle Silvia. Of all our ladies only the young Aurelia was missing, and she had ended her career by intentionally adventurous career by marrying a good-natured Captain Thompson, to whom she clung like the ivy to the oak; and although the sea was still a little repugnant to her, on account of that storm in which she had suffered so much, yet the billows had lost much of their terror, and her British sea-lion stood by her side to the present day.

Orazio and Muzio were standing together in the corner of the room talking over the events of the day, when Attilio, going up to them, made them acquainted with his discovery, and after a short consultation they started off in company to the Piazza di San Marco. Not a few vain efforts the three friends make to break through the crowd before they succeeded in at last reaching the object of their search, and whilst Garibaldi, recalled by the people to the balcony, was again addressing the crowd, he saw his young friends surround the fictitious Venetian. The iron hand of Orazio grasped the wrist of the agent like a vice, and Muzio, whose voice the scoundrel had formerly heard, fixing his piercing eyes upon him, said in a low tone, "Come with us."

The tool of the priests, the traitor of the people, at the Baths of Carnacalla, trembled from head to foot, his florid face became pale as the corpse, and, without articulating a word, he

When the waiter had obeyed them, and departed, they locked the door, and ordering the

agent to sit against the wall, they moved to the end of the table, and, seating themselves upon a bench, placed their elbows on the table and fixed a look upon the knavish wretch which made him tremble. Under any other circumstances the wretch would have inspired compassion, and might have been forgiven for his treachery, in consideration of his present agony of fear.

The four friends, cold, impassive, and relentless, satisfied themselves for some time with fixing their eyes upon the traitor, while he, quite beside himself, with wide-opened mouth and eyes, was doing his best to articulate something; but all he could muster was, "Signore—I—am—not," and other less intelligible monosyllables.

The calmness of the four Romans was somewhat savage, but for their deep cause of hatred; and if any one could have contemplated the scene he would have been reminded forcibly of the fable of the rat under the inexorable gaze of the terrier-dog, which watches every movement, and then pounces out upon it, crunching all the vermin's bones between its teeth. Or could a painter have witnessed that silent assembly, he would have found a subject for a splendid picture of deep-seated wrath and terror.

We have already described the persons of the three friends—true types of the ancient Roman—with fine and artistic forms. Gasparo was even more striking—one of those heads which a French photographer would have delighted to "take" as the model of an Italian brigand—and the picture would have been more profitable than the likeness of any European sovereign. He was indeed, in his old age, a superb type of a brigand, but a brigand of the nobler sort. One of those who hate with a deadly hatred the cut-throat rabble; one who never stained himself with any covetous or infamous action, as the paid miscreants of the priests do, who commit acts that would fill even a pauper's heart with horror.

Even the successor of Gianni would have made a valuable appearance in a *quadro caratteristico*, for certainly no subject could have served better to display panic in all its disgusting repulsiveness. Glued to the wall behind him, he would, if his strength had equalled his wish, have knocked it down, or bored his way through it to get farther from those four terrible countenances, which stared impassively and mercilessly at him, meditating upon his ruin, perhaps upon his death. The austere voice of Muzio, already described as the chief of the Roman contropolizia, was the first to break that painful silence.

"Well, then, Cencio," he began, "I will tell you a story which, as you are a Roman, you may perhaps know, but, at all events, you shall know it now. One day our forefathers, tired of the rule of the first king of Rome—who, amongst other amiable things, had killed his brother Remus with a blow because he amused himself with

jumping over the walls he had erected around Rome—our fathers, I repeat, by a *senatus consultum*, decided to get rid of their king, who was rather too meddlesome and despotic. *La fatto!* they rushed upon him with their daggers, and, although he struggled valorously, he fell under their blows. But, now the deed was done, it was necessary to invent a stratagem to make the Roman people somewhat partial to the warlike king. They accordingly accepted the advice of an old senator, who said, 'We will make the people that Mars (the father of Rome) has descended amongst us, and, after repaying us for thieving a little too much, and being indignant to see the son of a god at our heels, has carried him off to heaven.'

"But what are we to do with the body?" asked several of the senators.

"With the body?" repeated the old senator, "nothing is easier." And drawing forth his dagger, he commenced cutting the corpse in pieces. When this dissection was finished, he said, 'Each of you take one of these pieces, hide it in your robe, and then go and throw it into the Tiber. It is evening now, and by to-morrow morning the sea-monsters will have given a funeral to the founder of Rome.'

"Now, Cencio, don't you think that, as the son of a god, such a death would be very honorable to you who are nothing more than a common mortal?"

"For God's sake," screamed the terrified senator, trembling like a child, "I will do whatever you demand of me; but, for the love you bear to your friends, your wives, your mothers, do not expose me to such a cruel death."

"Do you talk of a cruel death? Can a death be more cruel than that of a traitor?" said Muzio. "Have you already forgotten, Cencio, the vile reptile, selling the Roman youth to the priests at the Baths of Carnacula; and the traitor who narrowly escaped being slaughtered by the people?"

Tears continued to roll from the cowardly eyes of Muzio continued: "What about your friend in Venice? What does it mean? What do you say? What did you come here for, dog?"

"I will tell all," was the wretched man's reply.

"You had better tell all," repeated Muzio, advancing with the edge of his knife, "or we shall see with edge of knife whether we have concealed anything in that malicious prelate's treacherous carcass of yours."

"All, all!" cried Cencio like a maniac, as if forgetful of what he had to relate, and, though he was overpowered by great fright, he appeared not to know how or where to begin.

"You are doubtless more prompt in your relation to the Holy Office, stammerer," growled Gasparo.

"Begin!" shouted Orazio; and Attilio,

the walls he had erected and others, I repeat, by a *senatus* led to get rid of their king, who was meddlesome and despotic. I rushed upon him with their daggers he struggled valorously, Ronzio blows. But, now the deed necessary to invent a stratagem, people were somewhat partial to.

They accordingly accepted the senator, who said, 'We will have Mars (the father of Rome) amongst us, and, after rejecting a little too much, and seeing the son of a god at our elbow, off to heaven.'

What are we to do with the bodies of the senators.

'The body?' repeated the old man. 'And drawing forth his dagger cutting the corpse in two, dissection was finished, he said. Take one of these pieces, hide it, and then go and throw it into the Tiber now, and by to-morrow the monsters will have given a feast to the founder of Rome.'

Cencio, don't you think that, as the king, and not being king of Rome, such a death would be very honorable; but, for the love you bear to those who are nothing more than as

the sake," screamed the terrified man. "I will do whatever you bid me; but, for the love you bear to your wives, your mothers, do not let me die."

"Talk of a cruel death? Can I talk of a spy—a traitor? I have you already forgotten, the reprobate, selling the Roman people the Baths of Caracalla; and escaped being slaughtered by

continued to roll from the cowardly man. "What about your mother? What does it mean? What did you come here for, dog? All," was the wretched man's

better tell all," repeated the man with edge of knife whetted on anything in that malicious

cried Cencio like a maniac, of what he had to relate great fright, he appeared not to begin.

Doubtless more prompt in the Holy Office, stammerer," he

shouted Orazio; and Attilio

voice, also cried "Begin!" not having spoken until then.

A moment of death-like silence followed before Cencio commenced thus:—

"If the life of Prince T—— is dear to you—"

Prince T——, the brother of Irene," exclaimed Orazio, clearing the table at one bound, and grasping the traitor by the throat.

And Cencio been clutched in the claws of a tiger, he would not have felt more helpless than he was now, held by the flingers of the "Prince of the Roman campaign."

Attilio said gently, "Brother, have patience let him speak; if you choke him we shall gain no information."

The suggestion made by the chief of the Three Hundred seemed reasonable to Orazio, and he withdrew his impatient grip from Cencio's throat.

"If the life of Prince T—— is dear to you," again recommenced the knave, "let us go all together in search of him, and inform him that eight emissaries of the Holy Office are lurking about the Hôtel Victoria, where he is lodging, in order to assassinate him."

CHAPTER LV.

DEATH TO THE PRIESTS.

"DEATH to the priests!" shouted the people.

"Death to no one!" replied the General to the crowd from the balcony, in answer to their cry.

"Death to no one! Yet none are worthier of death than this villainous sect, which for private ends, disguised as religious, has made Italy 'the land of the dead,' a burial-ground of greatness! Beccaria! thy doctrines are true and

just. The shedding of blood is impious. But I know not if Italy will ever be able to free herself from those who tyrannize over her soul and body without annihilating them with the sword and pruning-hook, even to the last branch!"

These reflections passed through the mind of the man of the people, although he rebuked the popu-

Meanwhile, those of them who had not wholly heard the words uttered by Garibaldi from the balcony, but only the cry of "death!" which

hundreds of excited voices had re-echoed—those of the people, we repeat, who were farthest off from the General and near the palace of the Pa-

lacio, advanced like the flood of a torrent pressing itself from a mountain, and attacked

the palace's abode, overturning all obstacles opposed to their fury. In a few minutes every sa-

very room in this fine building was invaded, and through the windows all those religious idols

which the priests so unblushingly deceive the people were seen flying in all directions.

Many artists and lovers of the beautiful would have lamented and cried, "Scandal! sacrilege!"

the destruction of such works of art. And many very rare and precious master-pieces,

under the form of saint or Madonna or Bambino, were broken to pieces and utterly ruined in this work of destruction.

Amongst the cunning acts of the priesthood, wealthy as they have been made by the stupidity of the "faithful," has ever been that of employing the most illustrious artists to portray and dignify their legends. Hence the Michael Angelos and the Raphaels of all periods were lavishly supported by them, and the people, who might have become persuaded of the foolishness of their credulity, and of the impostures of the new sooth-sayers of Rome, continued to respect the idols of their tyrants by reason of Italian instincts, because these were master-pieces of noble work.

But is not the first master-piece of a people liberty and national dignity?

And all those wonders of art, although wonders, if they perpetuate with an evil charm our servility, our degradation—oh! would it not be better for them to be sent to the infernal regions? However, be they precious or worthless works, the people were overturning them and throwing them out upon the pavement that night.

And the Patriarch? Woe to him if he had fallen into the hands of the enraged multitude!

But their sacred skin is dear to those descendants of the apostles! Champions of the faith they may be, but not martyrs. Of martyrdom those rosy-faced prelates wish to know nothing themselves if they can avoid it. His Eminence at the first outbreak of popular indignation, had vanished, gaining, by a secret door, one of his gondolas, in which he escaped in safety.

In the mean time, the cry of the Recluse, "*Morte a nessuno*" was taken up by the crowd, and at last reached the ears of the sackers of the Patriarch's palace.

That voice, ever trusted and respected by the people, calmed the anger of the passionate multitude, and in a few moments order and tranquillity were again re-established.

CHAPTER LVI.

PRINCE T——.

In the shameful times when the right of the "coscia" existed, princes had little necessity to woo a humble maiden, or to sue for her favor. At the present day things have assumed a different aspect. Although princes exist who possess as much pride of birth, or even more, than those of old days, still we see many obliged to conform to more moderate pretensions in matters of the heart, aspiring humbly to the favor of a plebeian divinity. Such were the thoughts of poor Prince T——.

He stood in the vestibule of the Zecchini Palace, admiring the throng of graceful visitors. In the crowded saloons it was difficult to do justice to the faces, and still less to the deportment,

of the ladies. From that part of the vestibule, on the first step, where the Roman prince had established himself, observation was easier.

Suddenly, from the midst of the crowd emerged, as if by destiny, one of those forms which, once seen, are reflected in the soul forever. Golden-brown eyes, hair, and eyelashes adorned a face which would have served Titian as a model of beauty—in a word, he saw the type of the Venetian ideal. The Prince, until then immovable in the crowd hurrying to and fro, was struck by a glance of those wonderful eyes, which seemed to look at every thing and every body, without for a moment fixing their glance on any.

As if under a spell, the Prince rushed after the footsteps of the unknown lady, whose light foot seemed to float over the ground. He hurried on after her, but the wish to overtake her was one thing, the capability another. The beautiful and graceful girl, either more active or more accustomed to fashionable throngs in Venice, was already seated in a gondola, and had ordered the gondolier to put off when the Prince reached the edge of the canal.

What could he do? throw himself into the water, and seize on the gunwale of the lady's boat, like a madman, begging a word for pity's sake? This was his first impulse; yet a bath in the waters of the lagoon in March would be no joke, while to present himself before the lady of his thoughts in the condition which would result from immersion, would be unpropitious, and an especial trial to the dignity of a man of rank. He decided on taking a more rational course, that of embarking in a gondola and following the incognita. "Row hard," said the Prince to the gondolier, "and if you overtake that black gondola I will reward you well."

Having pointed out the boat to be pursued, the gondolier cried "*Avanti*" to his companion at the prow, and turning up his red shirt sleeves (red shirts being the prevailing fashion just then among the Venetian rowers, in honor of the guest of the day), the gondolier prepared to use the oar with that grace and vigor which is not to be rivalled by any boatmen in the world.

"Onward! onward! *gondola mio!* onward and overtake that too swift boat which bears away my life; and why should not that lovely girl be such to me, the Adriatic beauty of which I have dreamed a thousand times, when Venice was enslaved as my poor Rome still is? Yet why did I only catch a glimpse of her? Why did her dazzling eye thus meet mine, subdue me in a moment, and make me hers forever, only to disappear? and has not her magic glance wounded others as well as me? The very atmosphere around her intoxicated me; must it not have affected all near her? Ah, *Dio!* is this love at last? Is this that transient passion which men enjoy as they bite at doubtful fruits and throw them away when tasted? or is it that spiritual

love which brings the creature near to God, which transforms the miseries of life, its dangers, its death itself, into ineffable happiness? Yes, that moment is that; and now, come ye powerful of the earth, and dare but to touch my mistress whom I love, my heart, my indescribable passion, approach her with an arm of ruffians at your back, profane but the beauty of her gown, and my sword shall defy all for my sweet sake. Onward! onward!" cried the Prince, interrupting his own soliloquy. "Row hard, and if one crown be not enough, you shall have ten. Onward!"

"But suppose she were a plebeian? Well, the name of heaven what is a plebeian? Was God created man did he make patricians and plebeians? Does not the power that avenges vulgar come from tyrants and despots?"

"Ah! if that beautiful young creature should prove an impure, a nameless one!"

"Oh, blasphemer of love, cease your prattle! How could a guilty woman's face show pure transcendent loveliness!"

Annita was a plebeian. The entrance to the porch where the gondola drew up before a simple door-step. The plain little staircase was no rich vases with exotic flowers stood above the threshold. A few flower-pots adorned the window-sills, for Annita loved flowers as well as the princess could love them, but hers were little and at the ple blossoms—I will not say poor ones, for they were dear to the young girl, a very treasure to her.

An aged lady, who by day would have attracted the attention of every one—so great was anxiety depicted on her face—had awaited that moment, eleven at night, her beloved Annita, who, with the curiosity of a child, had desired, like others, to have a close view of the people. Mario, her only brother, being absent, the mother had confided her to the care of the family gondolier.

When Monna Rosa had ascertained that the newly arrived gondola was that which she expected, she left the balcony, where she had been watching with great misgivings for its arrival, and rapidly descended the stairs, lantern in hand, to receive her beloved child. The two women clasped in each other's arms, as if after a long separation, when the Prince arrived, and to his advantage of the open door, and of the eyes of the mother and daughter, he entered the house with the audacity of a soldier on conquered territory. At length, disengaged from each other's arms, the mother was exclaiming in a tone of gentle reproach, "Why so late, Annita?" when both started on perceiving the presence of a stranger.

Having entered on a bold adventure, the Prince felt that he must carry it through with spirit, and therefore advanced towards the young girl, when so near, seemed more beautiful than ever circled

brings the creature near to G. He was about to try to find words to excuse his arms the miseries of life, its dangers, its enormous and irrepressible admiration, when at once into ineffable happiness? Yes! At that moment an iron grasp from behind seized his arm, and with a shake that made him stagger, he felt himself separated from the women.

From a third gondola, which had arrived at the same time after the two first, there had sprung a young man, agile and resolutely a new and youthful actor in this interesting scene. Tall in stature, vigorous in mind and handsome in person, the last arrival wore a red shirt, and on the left side of his breast bore that distinctive mark of his

name, "The Medal of the Thousand."

"Does she were a plebeian? Well, even heaven what is a plebeian? What if she were Annita's lover. An attentive observer did he make patrie

Does not the power that awakens the most affectionate emotion at the sight of her form tyrants and despots?" he asked, succeeded by an expression of affright, "that beautiful young creature should be a plebeian, a nameless one!"

"Hem of love, cease your protest here the game you seek; retrace your steps, and a guilty woman's face should make your search elsewhere."

"The shaking he had received, and the rough entrance to the boat that followed, had aroused the Prince's ire. There stood no coward as he was not wanting in courage, he answered his interlocutor in the same tone.

"Insolent rascal! I came not here to affront, but to offer respectful homage. As for your impudence, if you are a man of Rome, you will be satisfied. Here is my card. I shall love them, but hers were little of account at the Victoria Hotel, and at your service."

"I will not say poor ones, for they will last until mid-day to-morrow."

"I will not keep you waiting," was Morosini's reply, and with this the disconcerted Prince flung

CHAPTER LVII.

THE DUEL.

The Italian sportsman does not pursue the chase in the thicket, but after covering up the waters of all the small pools save one, he waits his sport with shot, with net, or with line, at the moment that the innocent creature seeks refuge and refreshment. It is during these hours that the ploughman lies in wait for his oxen in the watering-place, to restore his rebel oxen to the yoke from which they have escaped. The hunter who would be in vain sought on the other's arms, as if after a prey, is trapped at the mouth of his hiding place, to which he conducts his prey.

It was the reasoning of our four Romans towards Prince T—, for whom they vainly the audacity of a soldier on guard in every hole and corner. After they

length, disengaged and discovered and sent home the cut-throats of the other was exclaiming, "Why so late? In the Office, through the forced assistance

approach, "Why so late? In the Office, through the forced assistance of the approach, they placed themselves on the look-out for perceiving them in the vicinity of the Victoria Hotel, awaiting the appearance of T—.

In fact, about the clock, he made his appearance, and was directed towards the young girl, acquainted with the design of the assassin, more beautiful than under circumstances.

The Prince was too reserved to inform his friends of his approaching duel, especially Orazio, whose ardent nature he well knew, and who would not have yielded to any other the office of second; still he needed a second, and taking advantage of a moment's animated discussion among his companions, he summoned Attilio to the balcony by a glance, and asked him to remain with him for that night. Orazio, Muzio, and Gasparo finally took leave, and Attilio remained, under pretext of particular business.

At the first dawn of day, a young man in a red shirt knocked at the door of a room marked No. 8 in the Victoria Hotel, and presented to Prince T— a cartel, signed Morosini, and thus worded:—

"I accept your challenge, and await you at the door of your hotel in my gondola. I have weapons with me, but you had better bring your own, in case mine should not be suitable. The seconds will regulate the conditions of the duel.

"MOROSINI."

After the Prince had risen, and summoned Attilio, he introduced him to the second of Morosini, and in a few minutes the conditions were settled as to arms, which were to be pistols; distance, twenty steps, to be walked over, firing *à volonté*. The ground chosen was behind the Murazzi, to which the combatants could immediately repair.

And truly, when one has to die, or to kill, it is best over as soon as possible, because even the stoutest hearts are disinclined to either alternative, and wish the time of expectancy abridged.

What shall I say of duelling? I have always thought it disgraceful that men can come to an understanding without killing one another. But, on the other hand, it is not time for us, who are still oppressed by the powerful of the earth, still the despised of Europe, to preach individual or general peace, to advocate the forgiveness of private outrages, when we are often so publicly outraged. We, who are trampled upon in our rights, our consciences, our honor, by the vilest section of our nation—we, who, in order to be allowed life, consideration, and protection, are compelled to debase ourselves, must not quite despoil ourselves of our one protection!

Away with duelling, then, when we shall have a constitution, a well-organized government—when we shall enjoy our rights within as well as without; but, in the present dangerous times for honor and right, we can not proclaim peace.

Meanwhile, the gondolas carrying the combatants proceeded towards the Murazzi, the rowers for some time coasting the immense rampart constructed by the Venetian republic as a defense against the fury of the Adriatic, and finally disembarking their passengers on the deserted shore, which is dry when the north winds or the siroccos blow.

The antagonists leaped on the sand, chose a convenient place, and, after having measured twenty steps, the seconds handed the pistols to the principals, who placed themselves on the two spots marked on the sand. Attilio had to clap his hands three times, and at the third signal the combatants were to walk forward and fire à *volonté*. Already two signals were given; Attilio's hands were again raised to make the third, when a voice cried, from the spot where the gondolas awaited, "Hold!"

The four men all turned in that direction, and saw one of the gondoliers, a venerable, gray-haired man, who was advancing towards them.

"Hold!" repeated the old man; and he came forward without stopping until he stood between the two antagonists. Then he spoke, with a somewhat faltering voice, yet still in a manly tone, with such force as could hardly have been expected in one of his breeding and age—

"Hold! sons of one mother! The act you are about to accomplish will stain one of you with the blood of a compatriot—blood which might flow for the welfare of this unhappy land, which has still so much to do ere she can attain the independence she has aimed at for so many centuries. The vanquished will pass away without one word of love or blessing from those dear to him; the victor will remain for life with the sting of remorse in his heart. You, by whose bronzed and noble face I recognize a child of this unhappy land, has not Italy still many enemies? does she not need all her offspring to loosen the chains of centuries? Abandon, then, this fratricidal struggle, I beseech you, in the name of our common mother! Why should you gratify the enemies of Italy by the murder of her friends? You came forth antagonists, return companions and brothers!"

The waves of the Adriatic were breaking with more effect against the rocks that border Murazzi than the patriotic and humane words of the old man on the obstinate will of the two angry compatriots; and, with a certain aristocratic impulse of pride, the Prince exclaimed to his counsellor "Retire!"

The seconds recommenced with the same number of signals as before, and at the third the adversaries marched towards one another, with pistol cocked in the right hand, with eyes unflinchingly fixed on each other, and with the deliberate intention of homicide. About the twelfth step the Prince fired, his ball grazed the side of Morosini's neck, blood flowed, but the wound was slight. The soldier of Calatafimi, cooler than his antagonist, approached closer. At about eight paces he fired, and the brother of Irene sank on the ground—the ball had pierced his heart.

The Holy Office of the Vatican laughed at the news, with the infernal joy which it experiences every time that blood shed by private discord reddens the unhappy soil.

And who spilt that Italian blood? An Italian hand, alas! consecrated to the redemption of country. How often it has been thus!

CHAPTER LVIII.

ROME.

On the second of December, the despot of Seine, the false Emperor, the enemy of all Italy, and the great ally of all tyrants, after sixteen years of unrighteous rule, pretended, with the same hypocrisy with which he kept her enslaved to liberate the Niobe of nations, the old mistress of the world—the ruler, the martyr, the mother of the earth.

He carried on the work of Divine vengeance, Attila, at the head of his ferocious tribes, conquered Rome, destroyed her, and exterminated her people. Was not this God's justice?

"Whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed!"

The ancient Romans ruled the world by jugating the remotest nations, pillaging, breaking them down. Slavery, misery, and their ministers, compelled the nations of the world to submit to their tyrants.

The successor of the Attilas, not less a tyrant than they, threw himself on an easy prey, a false heart beat with joy when he clutched a victim. Yet even this action was but a nature of the actions of the Attilas who have ravaged Rome. To accomplish great deeds of the evil sort, there must be great hearts; he has a heart both little and cowardly. If he does, we can see he intends to imitate the Attilas; but the want of genius and energy will prevent the attempt a failure. Attila conquered, made a pile of ruins of the proud victors. The modern Attila, in a Jesuit guise, did not destroy, did not ruin, because he considered prey as his own property.

Afterwards, enfeebled by advancing years, luxury, his throne shaken to its foundation, renewed his sinister undertakings in America, where he attempted to deal a death-blow to the sanctuary of the world's liberty—the great public—by building an Austrian empire of gates.

And the Italian Government has accepted the bidding of the false Emperor, acting as the Pope of the Vatican, to hinder the Romans from liberating themselves, obliging them to submit to the government of the Holy Office, to deliver Italy her capital, though proclaimed by her as a free city.

We firmly believe that a more cowardly government than the Italian can not be found in ancient or modern history. It must be as the fate of humanity to find ever side by side with so much good so much evil, humanity and wickedness. We say side by side, be-

ilt that Italian blood? An I
nsacrated to the redemption
y often it has been thus!

CHAPTER LVIII.

ROME.

and of December, the despot
e Emperor, the enemy of all
eat ally of all tyrants, after
brilliant rule, pretended, w
with which he kept her en
Niobe of nations, the old me
—the ruler, the martyr, the

on the work of Divine venge
head of his ferocious tribe
me, destroyed her, and ex
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shedeth man's blood, by
be shed!"

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humanity to find ever side
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s. We say side by side, be

it can not be denied that the unity of Italy is a
marvel of good accomplished, in spite of all the
efforts made by rulers and selfish factions to hold
back this unfortunate country, by impoverishing
and perverting it, and by every means of depre
dation and deception.

But what a Government! Can, indeed, this
agency of corruption be called a Government?
And the unhappy people! what are they? Half
of them bought over to hold the other half in
bondage and in misery.

Hail, brave Mexicans! We envy your valor
and constancy in freeing your land from the
mercenaries of despotism! Accept, gallant de
scendants of Columbus, from your Italian breth
ren, congratulations on your redeemed liberty!
On you was to be imposed a like tyranny, and
you swept it away, as a noble and free river
sweeps away impurity.

We alone—talkative, presumptuous, vain,
boasting of glory, liberty, greatness—are yet en
chained!—blindfolded, freeing ourselves with
words, but unfit to accomplish by deeds that po
litical reconstruction which alone would give us
the right to sit down beside the other free nations.
Trembling before the despotism of an unright
eous foreign tyrant, we dare not, for fear of him,
walk about in our own homes, tell the world we
are our own masters, or tear from our wrists the
fetters which he has fixed there; and, more
humiliating and degrading still, he has left the
power, which the indignation of the world forbade
him appropriating, and has said, "Keep her,
cowards; become cut-throats in my stead; but
be aware of meddling with my will!"

O, Rome! Thou who art truly "the only
one!" Rome the eternal! Once above all human
weakness! And now—now, how degraded!
Thy resurrection must yet be a catastrophe, and
a revolution, to shake the rest of the world!

CHAPTER LIX.

VENICE AND THE BUCCENTAUR.

THE stains of slavery are only to be finally
washed out with blood. The more intelligent
and wealthier classes ought once for all to under
stand this, and to spare humanity the false solu
tions which settle nothing.

In other days, Venice, following the impetus
given by her sister Lombardy, effaced the many
years of her humiliation and servility in blood.
It is not so now. She emerges from foreign
domination, not through her own acts, but by the
courage of others. Oh! if only her liberty had
been won by the valor of her brethren! But no,
she was redeemed by foreign swords. Sad now,
the glory of Prussia, freed Venice, and the Italian
asks no veil to hide this dishonor.

Nations, like individuals, require dignity to live
and are the life of the soul besides mere physical

existence, to which our rulers would condemn
us.

Once the Queen of the Adriatic carried her
proud lion into the far east, repressed the victorious
Ottoman, and dictated laws to him. The mon
archs of Europe, invoked and backed by the jeal
ous Italian States, conspired together against
Venice, and were driven off by the amphibious
and brave republicans. Who would now recog
nize those proud compatriots of the Dandoli and
the Morosini in the ranks of men who require the
foreigner to free them, and, when free, throw
themselves among the offscourings of "the Mod
erates"—a party ready for any abasement, for
any infamy.

How tyranny alters the noblest beings, and
emasculates them! Take comfort, however,
Venetians; you do not stand alone, for such as
you have I seen the descendants of Leonidas and
Cincinnatus. Slavery impressed on the forehead
of man such a mark of infamy as to confound him
with the beasts of the forest.

However, humbled as they have been, and still
are, the Italians do not neglect their amusements
and their festivals. "Bread and pleasure!" they
cry to their tyrants, as of old they cried to their
tribunes; and the priest, to please, cheat, and
corrupt them, has surrounded himself by a mass
of ostentatious ceremonies, surpassing all that the
impostors of old furnished, to conceal fraud by
magnificent display. Do not talk of politics, do
not even think of them, but pay, and despoil
yourselves with a good grace, so as to support
your masters richly, then they will give you to
satiety masses, processions, festas, games, amuse
ments, and sensual pleasures.

The sailing of the Bucentaur was one of the
ceremonies very dear to the people when Venice
was free, when it had its own Government and
Doge. On the day fixed for the festival, the
Bucentaur, the most splendid galley of the Re
public, decked out with as much ornament and
as many banners as possible, glittering with gilding
and rich hangings, bore the Doge, the Ministers
of State, and the most remarkable beauties of the
day, all in gala costume. They started from the
palace of St. Mark, and rowed towards the Adri
atic. Many other galleys formed a procession,
following in the wake of the Bucentaur, as well
as a large number of gondolas decked for the
holiday, and containing the largest part of the
population, male and female.

Oh, beautiful wert thou in those days, ill-fated
Queen! when thy Dandoli, thy Morosini, sought,
in the name of Venice, to propitiate the waves on
behalf of the bold navigators of the Adriatic.
Hail to thee, Republic of nine centuries! true
mother of Republics! Yet if in thy greatness
thou hadst associated with thine Italian sisters
instead of hating them, the foreigner would not
have trodden us all down and enslaved us. Hide
the wounds that your chains have made, smooth

the lines that misery has impressed on your forehead. Do not forget, whether rejoicing or sorrowing, those human beings which you have passed, and do not wonder that only when united in mourning, the great foreign powers who are jealous of her uprise.

General Garibaldi stood leaning against a balcony of St. Mark's Palace, which looked over the lagoon, in the company of our fair Romans, with Muzio, Orazio, and Gasparo. He was listening to an old cicerone, who was dilating on the ancient glories of the Republic, and afterwards spoken on a variety of subjects, this individual had arrived at the description of the festival of the Baccantur. He expressed his regret at not being able to see one of them nowadays, and pointed to the spot whence from the mole started the famous craft, when suddenly Muzio's eye was arrested by a well-known face, which appeared at the entrance of the cabin of a gondola drawn up at the gates of the palace. Muzio disappeared like lightning, and stood before Attilio, who descended, pressed his friend's right hand, and could only articulate the melancholy word, "Dead."

"It was fated, then, that this relic of Roman greatness should come here to die," murmured the ex-President, having partly heard, partly guessed the tidings of Attilio.

"He died like a brave man," said the chief of the Three Hundred.

"And many Italians know how to die so," thought Muzio; "but it is sweeter to die fighting against the oppressors!"

"I will return to our party," said Muzio, "and consult with the General, that he may turn our excursion in another direction, so as not to expose Irene and Orazio to the shock of meeting the remains of their beloved one; I will afterwards rejoice you with Gasparo."

CHAPTER LX.

THE BURIAL.

FOSCOLO has these lines—

A stone to mark my bones from the vast crop
That death sows on the land or in the sea.

Admiring the mournful poems of this great singer, we are, like him, advocates of honoring the great dead, and truly we believe that due homage to departed virtue is an incentive to the living follow in its path. When we think, however, of the gaudy pageants with which the priesthood deck the last journey of the dead, one can not help deploring the useless show and the expenditure.

Death that true type of the equality of human beings—death which effectually destroys all worldly superiority, and confounds in one democracy of decay the emperor and the beggar—death, the leveller, must be astonished at so much difference

between the funerals of the rich and the poor. He must wonder at so much preparation for the burial of a corpse, and laugh, if death can be so much at so much mockery of woe, which is frequent, and the cover for secret joy in the soul of the great man, never heir, while in the largest number it is mere vanity and preference. Then the hired weepers—what a pitiful spectacle those are!

We have seen in Moldavia, and we believe in other countries, that a number of women are hired to weep, and what tears they shed! what do those miserable beings utter! As to the funeral, they must have felt, it was measured by the number of the prime minister.

These mourners have sometimes returned to our memory while reading parliamentary orations, during which certain hired people, or those who hope for hire, burst out into a profusion of "bravos" and "bravissimi" at the insulting speed with which the unprincipled projects, of this or that prime minister.

Prince T—'s funeral was largely attended, because it was known that he was a man of great courage, and pure arms. Among the crowd of people who followed the remains, most of them with the greatest indifference, there could be distinguished a few really substantial. Those were the friends of the dead man, Muzio, Orazio, and Gasparo. The latter especially, his beard eyes swollen by weeping.

The strong nature of the old Roman chief had been shaken by the loss of his friend, and he had been sincerely attached to a man with to at once of the kindly nature of the prince. Was not the faithful heart of the exile. Was he not a friend for the prince? No; for the friend and brother, a tor.

Oh, how many true friends might the world possess, if they would but open their hearts to generosity—if they would soften the justice of fate towards those upon whom she dealt an unequal hand!

Many there are among the higher classes who know, who are beneficence itself, and some of the women of the noblest houses are distinguished for their amiability and goodness. But their means are not sufficient for the suffering multitude; and the majority of the favorites of fortune are not only indifferent to the unfortunate, but seem to add voluntarily to their trials.

The duty and the care of good government should be to ameliorate the poor man's lot, but, unhappily, that duty is unfulfilled, and is not undertaken. Government thinks of its own preservation, and of strengthening its position; to this end it exercises corrupt practices, obtains satellites and accomplices.

The mass of the prosperous might, to a certain extent, correct the capital defect of administration by relieving misery and improving the condition of the people. If the rich would thus oblige themselves of but a small portion of the

funerals of the rich and the poor! While the poor want the very necessities of existence, the tables of the wealthy are laden with endless varieties of food, and the secret joy in the soul of the rich never feels the compunction of conscience. The largest number it is mere vanity, such shameless contrasts ought to bring? In the hired weepers—what a grief for the loss of one of our countrymen, capitano?"

These words were accompanied by a tap on Gasparo's shoulder, both proceeding from an odd-looking man, who was following in the funeral procession. Gasparo turned round, stood for a moment considering his familiar interlocutor, then burst out into a profusion of tears, and very surprising to those around him—"Evil be to the seventy-two! (a curse on them), and is it really thee, Marzio?" "Who else should it be, if not your lieutenant, Marzio mio?"

His acquaintance with Gasparo had the type of a regular Italian brigand. The old man, during the few months of his city life, had somewhat changed his appearance; but Marzio, on the contrary, presented the rude aspect of the Roman crowd of people who followed the emperor and simple. Tall and squarely-built, with the greatest indifference, it was difficult to meet without a shudder the distinguished few really sadistic look darted from those densely black eyes. His friends of the dead man, Attilio, black and glossy as a raven, contrasted Gasparo. The latter especially had his beard once as dark, now sprinkled with grey. His countenance, though somewhat cleaner, was in other respects very little from that rustic of the loss of his friend and a querulous worm when he had filled the whole of his life sincerely attached—a man with terror. The famous doublet of dark kindly nature of the prince, which was not worn, and if there were not visible of the exile. Was he externally those indispensable brigand accessories. No; for the friend and leader of pistols, dagger, or a two-edged knife, it was known that those articles were carefully hidden

Hats are worn in different fashions, even Gasparo wore his a little inclined to the right side, like a workman's. Leather-wards those upon whom the officers had been abandoned by Marzio, and his pantaloons, loose ones of blue, with are among the higher class pockets.

The occasion did not offer the two men much opportunity of conversation; but it was evident that they met with mutual pleasure and sympathy sufficient for the suffering.

These times when Italian honor and glory are the handful of men called brigands, to have for seven years sustained themselves the care of good government, one large army, two other armies of briganders, a part of another army of national duty is unfulfilled, the whole and an entire hostile population—that Government thinks of men, call them what you will, is at the end it exercises corrupting and disgraceful institution of the priest, had and accomplices.

the prosperous might, to a people, these very brigands, instead of being the instruments of priestly reaction, this moment have been in our ranks, us how one stout fellow can fight of but a small portion of the

This, my kind word for the "honest" brigands, is not for the assassins, be it understood. And one little piece of comment upon you who sit in high places. When you assaulted the Roman walls—for religious purposes of course—robbing and slaying the poor people who thought you came as friends, were you less brigands? No, you were worse than banditti—you were traitors.

But you will tell me, "those were republicans and revolutionists, men who trouble the world." And what were you but troublemakers of the world, and false traitors? This difference exists between your majesties and the bandit: he robs, but seldom kills, while you have not only robbed, but stained your hands for plunder's sake in innocent blood!

Pardon, reader, that this digression has left you in the midst of a funeral, and that the writer has too passionately diverged from his path to glance at brigandage on the large as well as the small scale.

When the funeral party reached the cemetery, the remains of the dead were lowered into a grave, over which no voice spoke a word of eulogy. With all the will to effect good, the action of this young life had been cut short by a premature and rash death. What could be said of the blossom of noble qualities to which time was denied to bring forth their fruits?

CHAPTER LXI.

THE NARRATIVE.

WE will leave our friends occupied in consoling the afflicted Irene for the loss of her brother, whom she had sincerely loved.

The last of a proud race! This thought would press upon the mind of the fair lady, who, despite her willingness to form a plebeian alliance, still valued, as we have seen, the high rank of her family.

Of the personal fortune which came to her through her brother's death she had not thought, for she was of too generous a nature to mingle an idea of interest with the life or death of a beloved object. The prince's family property, besides, which was in the Roman territory, had been confiscated by those worthy servants of God whose possessions are "not of this world."

It was not until the friends had returned from the funeral that Attilio and Muzio had consulted with the General about imparting to his sister the knowledge of the fatal catastrophe. The General, calling Orazio and his wife into his room, the first informed them gently of the sad occurrence.

Gasparo, who, with the exception of Irene, grieved the most, found some relief to his sorrow in the newly-acquired society of his former lieutenant. He was also full of the desire to hear

the adventures of the man whom he had thought lost forever. The two *ci-devant* banditti closely shut themselves up in Gasparo's room at the Victoria Hotel, at first conversing eagerly in interrogations and answers, nearly all monosyllabic, oratory not being the forte of brigands, who are more accustomed to deeds than words. After a time, the lieutenant began the following consecutive narrative:—

"After you had informed me, capitano mio, that you were tired of a forest life, and felt disposed to return to a private one, I continued my usual mode of existence, without ever deviating from the plan of action you had enjoined, which was to despoil the rich and the powerful, and to relieve the needy and wretched. Our companions, formed in your school, gave me little cause to reprove them; but if one failed in duty, I punished him without pity; and thus, by the grace of God, we lived for several years. The charms of womankind were always the rock on which our hearts split; and well you know it, capitano."

At these words, Gasparo began pointing to his snow-white mustache, doubtless remembering more than one gallant adventure in his career of peril.

The lieutenant continued: "You remember that Nanna, the girl that I adored, and on whose account I was so much persecuted by her parents? Don't for a moment suppose that that dear creature betrayed me; no, her soul was pure as an angel's." And the bold bandit chief put his hand to his eyes.

"She is dead, then!" exclaimed Gasparo.

"She is dead," repented his companion; and a long silence followed.

Presently Marzio continued, "One day my Nanna, who was not well, had remained to pass the day in Marcello's house, where lived that poor Camilla, who had been violated and driven mad by the Cardinal P—. As I had to accompany my men on an important affair, the dwelling was attacked in the night, and my treasure carried off to Rome.

"I WAS maddened, but not a stone did I leave unturned till I had discovered the place in which they had hidden Nanna. At last I learnt, through friends in that city, that the poor child was in the convent of St. Francis there, and that they had condemned her to serve the nuns, and never to see the light again.

"My wife in the service of nuns, in the service of betrayed young women and of old foxes! 'I will give you a servant!' I said to myself; 'and by heaven, the devil shall have the convent and the wretches it holds.'

"The night following I entered Rome alone; it seemed to me a cowardly action to have companions in an undertaking which concerned none but myself.

"I bought a large bundle of dried branches in

the Piazza Navona. I deposited them in a barn, and waited till it grew late. Towards ten o'clock, just before the house closed, I took my burden and hurried off towards 'St. Francis.' Who can prevent a poor wretch from carrying a bundle of wood home? Besides, Rome is a good point, which is that at night no one is about for fear of the thieves, who are permitted by the liberality of the priestly government just as they please, as long as they do not interfere in politics.

"Having deposited my bundle at the convent of St. Francis, I pressed it closely in, prepared lights to strike, and gave a searching knock and down the road.

"As will be easily understood, after the fire was burnt, there would still remain the sparks which would leave me pulling a very long and with little done. I was, therefore, obliged to make a noise, to attract the attention of the convent within. I then crossed the little square, and myself in a doorway, awaiting the appearance of some one, or at least a patrol. I had no time to wait, for after a few minutes I heard the hurried tread of the patrol. Then, with the quickness of foot which you know me to possess—

Here Gasparo put in: "I should think I remember that lord bishop who, having been at a distance on the road to Civita Vecchia, turned his horses, and set them in a gallop towards Rome, when you, in about the same way which I take to tell it, were already at the convent heads, and had stopped the carriage."

"And what a take that was, captain!" exclaimed the lieutenant. "How we did enjoy ourselves as prodigal we were with our money for some time afterwards—I mean with the proceeds of the property of the descendant of the Apostles."—

"We return to our story. "I flew to the bundle of wood, set it on fire, and returned to my hiding-place. In a few minutes a great blaze lit the convent gate, and afterwards we had a sight equal to that which the crater of a volcano shows. And there, in the darkest night, the gorriest rabble everywhere, but in the convent, have they reached such scoundrelism as in the Piazza Navona? The police, naturally cowards and slow of movement, instead of running to the spot to quench the flames, began shouting and making a tremendous noise to arouse the neighborhood. Near the fire they never went until a great number of people appeared at the doors, and then they hurried to the scene of action.

"It is now my turn," said I to myself, and I rushed into the *mêlée*. The nuns, who had been pleased with such a champion to defend them, surrounded as they were by a crowd of roughs.

Matters could not, however, have proceeded much better. At the clamor from without, they were not slow to awake, and the gratings were open. They flew to the rescue themselves.

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I, 'in these laboratories of falsehood and hypocrisy.'

"She was charged to watch me, threaten me, torment me, in fact, in case I refused to divulge your hiding-places, your habitual rendezvous, your projects; but instead of that, she told me every thing, consoled, protected, reassured me, and said that she would rather die than injure me, or cause me any trouble.

"Besides, yesterday, she saved me from the insults and violence of an infamous prelate, who introduced himself into this cell (no doubt by the help of that old wretch), and who even offered me bribes if I would listen to his wicked proposals. She saved me by rushing in and uttering loud cries.

"In vain did they promise her liberty if she would induce me to comply with their wishes, but nothing have they ever been able to obtain. During the day they compel us to do the vilest work of the cloister, and at night they shut us up in this unclean den."

"Tears again flowed on the lovely face of my dear one, while she uttered these words, and I assure you, captain, that my hand instinctively touched my dagger, with a wild wish to revenge Nanna's wrongs.

"I don't know how I restrained myself, for I was furious; I could have annihilated the vile being before me, but it was well I did not, for without her I should never again have seen the light of heaven. 'Where is the second door you speak of? whither does it lead?' I demanded.

"It leads outside the convent," she replied; 'remove that iron bed which stands in the corner, and I will show you.'

"I removed it, but saw nothing.

"Try to stir the bricks where the mortar looks damp."

"Taking hold of an iron bar from the bedstead, I began to move the bricks indicated. Finally I discovered a ring in a piece of wood, which showed the existence of a trap-door. I lifted the trap, and was surprised to find a staircase below. 'I must arrange the order of march,' said I to myself, 'and make the old witch the leader.' I then desired my young companions to follow, and giving one taper with little ceremony to the abbess, said to her, 'Forward!'

"This then," thought I, 'is the secret stair; and how many black deeds have been committed in these labyrinths? Ah! poor deluded people, who fancy you are sending your daughters to be educated in asylums of purity when you place your children in convents!'

CHAPTER LXII.

THE NARRATIVE OF MARZIO CONTINUED.

MARZIO continued: "The old abbess walked in front, I followed, and the young girls brought

up the rear. We descended about fifty and entered a rather spacious passage, which led us into a large room. I suppose it had been large, for, with the help of the feeble light, I could scarcely distinguish the walls. We had gone about ten paces, when I seemed to hear faint voices. I stopped, in order to listen; but when I recollected myself, and was alone, looking forward to my guide, behold I was in utter darkness.

"My God! I sprang forward with such rapidity as a tiger might have taken, when from its place in the forest it rushes on its prey. My darkness was all I caught. In vain I turned round, my arms stretched as far as they could extend, in the hope of meeting that woman. I darted against the wall, and kept following at the risk of taking the skin off my hands, but found no door.

"At length, after feeling about for some time and being almost reduced to despair, I leaned my back against the wall, and felt it give way beneath my weight.

"Hope re-awoke; I rubbed my hands against the part of the wall, and found to my surprise that it was wooden, which fact had escaped me in my previous investigation. I pushed hard against the planks, and then felt something move, as if the door on its hinges; at the same time a rush of cold, pestilential air entered by the aperture, and I turned my head away to escape the putrid odour. The moans which I had before heard again came to my ear, and calmed my agitation with a sense of pity.

"I thought of my companions, and remembered a few matches which I had in my pocket, but which I had forgotten in my excitement. I struck one of them, and looking at what I supposed to be a door, found that it was a table, and, Eureka! at the bottom lay the key which the old wretch had dropped in his flight.

"When I had rekindled my taper, I found my companions near me, trembling like I, and 'Courage!' said I, and threw myself into the first joining apartment, they following, in the distance the abbess, who had doubtless followed me in this way. I hastened on, but, great God! what was my horror! against the wall of the apartment through which I was flying, hung several human beings by the neck, the waist, and the arms; but one dead, and more or less decomposed. A solitary survivor was a young man, once a handsome form, but now an emaciated phantom. He was staring wildly gazing at me, with deep, dark, gleaming eyes, that seemed ready to burst from their sockets, and He had ceased to moan, conscious that he was covered and was approaching him. At a distance, the danger of my own position, I could not hold that victim without making some attempt to liberate him. I approached, and kissed his forehead; I always feel drawn towards the face of the

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Surely the Almighty inspires one with this
sweat, which is not imparted by the poison-
breath of the priest!—Well, well, let them
be a brigand!

Yes, I kissed the unhappy creature's forehead,
sweat, yet burning like a coal. But
should I do for him? his chains were soldered
the wall, and those walls were massive. I
among the dead, to see if I could find any
implement with which to excavate the wall,
break the chains. Horrible! in every di-
rection were instruments of torture—bedsteads,
ropes, pincers, ropes, gridirons, etc., 'for the
destruction of the flesh,' as the priests say, but
fiends alone could have invented, one would
say, for the torment of mankind.

Nanna and Maria—such was the name of
Nanna's companion—had also drawn near the
unhappy youth, and endeavored, but in vain, to
him to escape from his frightful position.
Finally for us all, Nanna startled me with the ex-
clamation, 'Oh, a key!' and truly, being very
distant-sighted, she had discovered a key in the
mortar.

Trying the key in the padlock of the chains,
it fitted, and while the rusty lock yield-
ed to my hand, my heart dilated. I was at the
chain, it fell, and I was freeing the youth's
limbs, when Nanna clasped me by the arm,
and timidly pointed to a light in the direction of
the wheel-door.

I left my liberated companion, and in an in-
stant stood at the entrance. No sooner was I
than I perceived one of the already-men-
tioned patrols, who was turning round the door,
in his dark lantern in one hand, his pistol in
the other. Shrinkling into as small a space as
I could, I stood back watching him. When his
eyes were fixed on my face, which did
not look pleasant at that moment, I had already
drawn him by his right with my left hand, and
the dagger was sheathed in his body. He fell
on the ground. You know, captain, that I
am an enemy of blood-shedding, and that I nev-
er spilt any except in self-defense; but in
this instance there was no time for consideration.
There were others following the first, and
I was alone. The youth I had liberated
showed signs of regaining power of exertion.
The brave female companions had succeeded
in breaking two bars from a torture-bedstead,
and stood behind me, ready to help. The situa-
tion was altered, yet the dead man, although I
had dispatched him noiselessly, had not expired
without uttering a cry. His companions, however, were
absolutely silent, and effected their escape. By keep-
ing the absolute silence we could hear their steps

at a distance. I repeat, there was no time to
hold councils of war before deciding
our course. To leave by the way we had en-
tered was madness; still what other path re-
mained? We all knew, however, that Roman

catacombs have many outlets—this instance was
not an exception.

"A look at my new companion confirmed me
in my opinion that he was not useless to us, and
without uttering a word, touching his heart with
his hand, he made me understand that I could
rely on him to follow me through all dangers.

"By this time daybreak must be at hand, and,
doubtless, preparations were making in the con-
vent to secure our capture. The likeliest con-
jecture was, that there were armed men placed at
every outlet.

"The addition of the rescued man was very
valuable to us all. He was not only acquainted
with the subterranean path, but at a short dis-
tance he gathered up some torches, and distrib-
uted one to each of us. This was very useful,
because my taper was almost extinguished, and
the lantern which I had taken from the dead pa-
trol, had not sufficient oil to last during the un-
derground journey which was about to commence.
To the right of the spot where the young man
found the torches, he pointed out to me a light,
and said, 'That opening leads to the garden of
the convent, and once passed, we are out of dan-
ger of being intercepted.

"On we went, I really think for two hours, al-
though we were in a subterranean road, cut in
the hard clay, of which you know, captain, our
Roman undersoil is largely composed: and how
many of those catacombs have we not visited to-
gether!

"Young and active, our two companions were
always near us. I frequently asked if they were
tired, or if they required support. 'Oh, no; go
on! We will follow you, if it be to death,' an-
swered both girls.

"There is the light!' finally exclaimed Tito,
for such was the name of the youth, and truly
before us appeared a bright point in the distance.
'By that gate we shall enter the woods of Guido
Castle, whence they dragged me, to conduct me
to a seminary in Rome, the focus of all immo-
rality and villainess. Accursed be the hypocrites!

"Arrived at the end of the subterranean road,
Tito began to clear away some branches of len-
tils which obstructed the gate and went out, look-
ing first in all directions. 'Safe!' he at last ex-
claimed, 'safe, so far—our persecutors have not
arrived!'

"When I got out with my companions, I won-
dered how such a narrow and almost impercep-
tible opening, when covered with branches, could
be the passage to such spacious catacombs.
'Guido Castle!' said I to Tito. 'Not far from
here must be the dwelling of the shepherd poet!'

"Yes,' he replied, 'it is a few miles off, and
I will lead you straight to it; there we can find
a little rest, and food to satisfy our hunger.'

"The sun of March was high above the hori-
zon when we left the underground gloom, yet the
change was not very great, for in the beautiful

forest in which we found ourselves, the trees of centuries gave no admission to the sunshine. The paths formed by the passage of animals were delightfully shady, and we should have enjoyed our walk if we had suffered less from fatigue and hunger. At last, on the edge of the wood, appeared to the longing eyes of our wearied travellers the cottage sought for, and fortunately we discovered our friend on the door-step. He seemed awaiting some one.

"Ah, Marzio!" exclaimed he, when we were near him, "it was not you whom I expected to-day," and he shook hands like old friends.

"I expected some of those Government ruffians, because it was rumored that men of your band were about the neighborhood. And," he added, in a lower voice, drawing me aside, "at a little distance from here is Emilio, with ten companies."

"Instead of the hunters, you receive the game then, Lelio," I said; "but a truce to talking, give us somewhat to eat and drink, for we are famished."

"Come in; you will find all you want—ham, cream, cheese, bread, and real Orvieto. Eat and drink, while I keep a look-out for the Papal hounds; no questions now."

"We ate the timely and abundant meal, and, our first cravings satisfied, I asked Tito for the narrative of his adventures, which he gave in a few words.

"I am," he began, "the son of Roman parents. My father, steward of the immense possessions of Cardinal M—, by the advice of his Eminence, sent me to a Roman seminary at the age of fifteen, to embrace the ecclesiastical career. For two years, contrary to my inclination, I was compelled to continue that detested life. For at first Father Petrucchio, the director of the seminary, showed me a good deal of sympathy, much to the vexation of my companions, who did not fail to be envious of my good fortune. The Father sometimes took me out with him to walk. These promenades with Petrucchio, in themselves somewhat tedious, appeared less so when I accompanied him to the convent of St. Francis, to visit the nuns. There the lady abbess and the nuns, pleased, I suppose, with my external appearance, used to compliment me and load me with attentions. The abbess, all-powerful over the director, obtained, without difficulty, that I should be employed in the religious service of the convent as assistant to the old priest who officiated for the nuns. I was not long in discovering that the abbess had conceived a passion for me, and I became her too docile favorite. For several months things went on thus. Under one pretense or the other, I was hardly ever seen in the seminary. I had the support of the director, so I could do just what I liked, and he was managed by the abbess, who, on that condition, left him certain licenses in her convent. I myself,

inclined to any thing but a seminary, was there stroking boyhood passionately fond of hunting, and thus stout adventure that required boldness; and: "They during my excursions in the neighborhood of the Guido Castle, I had become acquainted with you, and the subterranean passage we have just left, and, finding frequently I have explored with torches its most hidden recesses. Thus, indeed, I found a way which the convent communicating with the convent, and making who are of it to introduce myself there at all hours, and the people by no means always at the invitation of the convent, and in abbess. The history of her jealousy was such that they too long; cunning as I had been, she had been giving failed to discover my partiality for certain young men, hum sisters, and many a time I have found her with her a towering rage as to make me tremble at the examples of. The enormities that I witnessed in that convent gave. Iniquity can not be recounted now. Marzio. Having in the bud, or just unfolded, were there cut off, and find Things happened at which any pious soul would have shudder. I, ashamed of myself, resolved to leave that pestilential place, never to return to it again. But I was doomed to pay the penalty of my magnanimity in so much abomination, for that old priest, who was the promoter of all licentiousness, appeared before me, and have guessed my intention of flying, and, my friend, give me time to accomplish my resolve. So much my day said to me, "Tito, go down to the subterranean passage and bring me some torches, and he for have been asked for some for a midnight procession." I had a presentiment of misfortune. Don V. there flashed across my mind the idea of the distasteful advantage of the opportunity to leave for a long time, den of impurity. No sooner had I reached the bottom of the staircase than I felt myself surrounded by four strong men, and dragged towards the charnel-house which you know of, Marzio, from which I was so miraculously saved by Marcell. They were sworn agents, and therefore not to be trusted. My grief, my promises were not to be taken into account. I was as good as counted among the victims of vice and infamy when you saved me, brave Marzio, and Tito finished by kissing the hand of the bandit.

"Tito's story being ended, I felt a strong desire to hear something of Nanna's experiences, but, comforted and refreshed as we were by the draught of good Orvieto, and yet fatigued by the extraordinary adventures we had gone through, we were all growing heavy-eyed by mutual consent we dropped asleep in our seats. I do not know how long we remained in that sleeping position, but a sharp knock sounding through the dwelling made us start. We were scarcely roused when the shepherd entered and said, 'Do not fear! My son has placed a sentinel on the top of the ruins, from whence whoever approaches will be distinguished. Those who are coming are our own people from your band.'"

And Marzio, as though he had not been in the presence of his captain, but in the Cauc

any thing but a seminary, was stroked his jet-black mustaches, thinking of sionately fond of hunting, and those stout fellows.

"That required boldness; and—" "They were in fact our intrepid comrades," he excursions in the neighborhood was on, "the terror of the wretched priests. I I had become acquainted with you to imagine, captain, what our joy was passage we have just left, and our finding ourselves among those brave hearts, we explored with torches its most secret recesses, were the glad embraces given me by those

Thus, indeed, I found a woman the vulgar think hardened in all cruelties, ing with the convent, and made her who are often in truth the manliest part of duce myself there at all hours to the people—those, namely, who will not bear bad s always at the invitation of the monks and injustices; that part of the people who, e history of her jealousy would they receive something better than the ednning as I had been, she had been given by the priests—that is to say, a over my partiality for certain persons, humanizing, and patriotic training—would many a time I have found here the bravest heroes to Italy, and to the world the same age as to make me tremble at examples of courage and virtue which our fa- ties that I witnessed in that place gave.

not be recounted now. "Mina." "Having thus so wonderfully saved my Nan- just unfolded, were there circumstances, and finding myself once more among my com- ened at which any pious soul might, I had every reason to be satisfied with my ashamed of myself, resolved to do so; yet I must repeat your favorite saying, ial place, never to return to it again. 'Happiness on earth only exists in the omed to pay the penalty of misdeeds!' Your words are true; I soon such abomination, for that old tale that they were so. You remember that ras- of all licentiousness, appeared a priest at San Paolo, who seemed to have be- my intention of flying, and came friendly to us, and on whom we lavished to accomplish my resolve. So much sympathy and kindness? Well, the me, "Tito, go down to the street, and he was in love with my Nanna, and ne- ge and bring me some tokens of his love, and he forgave me for having won her affec- ted for some for a midnight dream.

a presentiment of misfortune. "Don Vantano, with the diabolic cunning across my mind the idea of which distinguishes his fraternity, had succeeded the opportunity to leave for the purpose of ingratiating himself with the family of Nanna, city. No sooner had I read of his poisoning their minds against me. Her staircase than I felt myself surrounded by four brothers—as I learnt from her—helped by four strong men, and dragged down, devised the plot, and, under the guidance barnel-house which you know of, the priest, succeeded in carrying off my darling was so miraculously saved from Marcello's house. Such was the brief story from agents, and therefore from Nanna. Being obliged again to absent myself grief, my promises were broken, and my men and my dear one being in a delicate as counted among the victims of the plot, I resolved to leave her in the charge of my when you saved me, brave as sisters, their affection being strength- nished by kissing the hand of the priest, and cemented by the dangers and trials they had shared. Still, being ever uneasy as to the

My first ended, I felt a strange something of Nanna's experience, and refreshed as we were by the good Orvieto, and yet fatigued by the ordinary adventures we had gone through, while she goes in search of food, always were all growing heavy-eyed, and the hiding-place of her treasure. I felt ment we dropped asleep, and that it would be very difficult for those

who had at first carried off Nanna to effect that object a second time. I was well assisted in guarding her by Tito, who knew those parts thoroughly, and who attached himself to me with much gratitude.

"Still, what height can not the wickedness of a priest reach! Vantano, knowing how hazardous it would be for him to carry off his prey, determined to destroy it! Being near her confinement, the unhappy child, alone with the inexperienced Maria, followed the advice innocently given her by Lelio, to call in a midwife from Guido Castle—a woman who till then had borne a good character for honesty. But who can reckon on the honesty of a woman where bribery and monkery reign! He who does not believe my words, let him but pass a few months in the nest of those hypocrites, sitting in the places that once held a Scipio and a Cincinnatus.

"How many crimes may not a weak woman be induced to commit when she is assured that she is fulfilling God's will, and listening to God's word! God's word!—sacrilege of which a priest alone would be guilty. At every ceremonial the Catholic faithful go to receive God's oracles from the lips of the bride of Christ, the Church. She is no pure bride, but a secret harlot. By one of her ministers poison was administered to my Nanna, and thus was I robbed of wife, child, and every earthly happiness.

"I was arrested, torn from her cold body, myself almost unconscious of life. I learned afterwards that my seizure required, to accomplish it, a number of the Papal mercenaries, and that our brave fellows fought desperately in my defense till, overpowered by reinforcements, and nearly all wounded, they retired in bold order.

"I was stupefied, and called again and again on death, but in vain; the triumph of my captors was made complete, for I was alive and enchained. From the galleys of Civita Vecchia I was, after several months, sent to Rome, and subsequently liberated, after being compelled to take an oath to obey and maintain the authority of the Pope—an oath to serve faithfully an impostor and a despot, to swear to obey him, even if the command were to murder one's father and mother. And I swore—I tell you the whole truth—but I swore also, along with it, war on themselves, and while this life lasts I am their enemy to the bitter end."

PART THE THIRD.

CHAPTER LXIII.

THE CAIROLIS AND THEIR SEVENTY COMPANIONS.

A PEOPLE well-governed and contented do not rebel. Insurrections and revolutions are the weapons of the oppressed and the slave. The inciting causes of such are tyrannies. The apparent exceptions, originating from different circumstances, are, when closely examined, found to be the offspring of moral or material despotisms.

England, Switzerland, and the United States have experienced, and may still experience, insurrections, although these countries are by no means badly governed. Switzerland has had her Sonderbunds, and England her Fenians. These latter are chiefly kept in vigor by the Romish priests, through the moral tyranny exercised by them over the most ignorant of the population in Ireland. The United States have witnessed, in these latter years, a terrible revolution, caused by the material tyranny the rich colonists of the South exercised over their slaves, which they, moreover, desired to extend to the other States of the Union.

Moral or material tyranny is always the cause of revolution. And in Rome who can deny that both moral and material tyranny is exercised? Yes, in Rome exists the twofold revolting despotism of the priests who lay Italy at the feet of the stranger; who sell her for their profit! Theirs is the most depraved of all forms of tyranny.

Picture a dreary, dark, windy, damp night in October. The rain has ceased to fall on the glistening and foaming surface of the Tiber. The banks of the river are muddy and furrowed, for every ditch has become a torrent, and scarcely a vestige of dry and solid ground is perceptible. In several boats behold seventy men, armed with poniards and revolvers, and a few miscellaneous muskets. Their habiliments were far too thin for that cold rainy night. But the Seventy were warmed by the heat of heroism. Rome on this night was to rise in rebellion.

Many of the bravest youths from every Italian province had contrived to enter the city, and our old friends Attilio, Muzio, and Orazio, with their companions, were at their posts, ready to head the Roman rising. In vain did the priesthood endeavor to discover the conspirators, arresting

right and left all upon whom the slightest suspicion fell: their efforts were vain, for Rome was filled with brave men, ready to sacrifice themselves in order to secure her liberation.

The Seventy, impelled by the current of the times, were rapidly advancing to the assistance of their brothers. Under cover of Montebello, Tullio, those valorous youths landed, at the close of midnight, on the 22d of October, 1867, young soldiers.

Enrico Cairolì led his heroic company of friends, and said, "We will rest," he said, "our limbs in the streets of Rome."

No della Gloria, until we receive intelligence of our allies in the city, so that our attack may be made on the enemy simultaneously. Meanwhile, went on their leader, "I feel it my duty to remind you that this enterprise is a dangerous one, and therefore the more worthy of you. However, any of you are overdone, or feel at all disposed to the great task, and do not care to follow us, let them return. We shall not think of the crime in him to do so; and all we say to him is, 'Farewell, till we meet in Rome!'"

"In life and in death we will follow you," answered, as in one voice, those intrepid youths, one of whom turned back.

"The guide who was to conduct us to the city is not to be found, and no one has yet returned to give us any news," said Giovanni Cairolì, who had just come back from an exploration, to his brother.

Dawn began to appear, and they were in the wolf's mouth—that is, near the advances of the Papal troops, and in danger of being attacked at any moment.

"What does it signify?" said Enrico Cairolì in reply to his brother's remark. "We can fight, and we will not return without having accomplished that duty."

At mid-day a messenger arrived from the city, and announced, "The movement on the part of the evening had remained an imperfect one, and the conspirators were waiting for orders to know how to act."

The messenger was sent back to urge immediate internal agitation, and to assure them of the readiness of the Seventy to co-operate.

No answer was returned. At five o'clock of the afternoon, the Seventy being discovered, attacked by two companies of the Papal troops. The valorous Giovanni Cairolì, who, at the head of twenty-four men, formed the vanguard

In a rustic house in the village, was attacked first; and, notwithstanding the inferiority of his numbers, withstood the assault of the enemy. His equally valiant brother Enrico, the commander, seeing him in danger, overcame by force of numbers, charged to the rescue, and drove back the mercenaries, who fled at the sight of these brave and devoted boys.

Being reinforced by other companies, the mercenaries entrenched themselves behind the heights of Mount St. Giuliano, from whence they kept a fearfully destructive fire with their superior arms. The Cairolis, with their intrepid companions, crippled by the inferiority of their fire-arms, many of which would not go off, resolved to change them at the point of the bayonet, and made one of those assaults that so often decide battles. The mercenaries, completely daunted, fled upon the field their wounded and dead. The young soldiers of Liberty lost their heroic chief Cairolì, led his heroic company, and many of them were seriously wounded. Night came, and put an end to that great but gallant strife.

CHAPTER LXIV.

CUCCHI AND HIS COMRADES.

Also in Rome, what were Cucchi and his companions doing, and the Roman and provincial patriots consecrated to freedom and death? Cucchi, of Bergamo, was one of the most excellent of the revolution gave to Italy. Handsome, brave, and wealthy, he belonged to one of the noble families in Lombardy. Guerzoni, Bossi, Manoli, and many others, despising the tortures of the Inquisition, and all other dangers, directed the Roman insurrection, under the command of that intrepid Bergamasco.

The unhappy Roman people received with obedience the directions of those valiant youths, and were to be supplied with arms. Arms in plenty had been sent down to the Volunteers from all parts of Italy; but the Government of Florence, in every form of cunning, took means to prevent them, so that there were very few weapons dispensed to the Romans.

Add to this the treachery prepared for this unhappy people, viz., the tacit promise that a few shots should be fired in the air, and that then the army from the frontier would fly to their assistance. By such false pretenses and under-proceedings at Florence, the people of Rome, as well as their heroic friends, were deceived. Those shots were fired, but no help came from Italy.

The Romans! they fought with rude weapons the streets against an immense number of armed soldiery, who were backed by armed monks, and police. They succeeded in burning and blowing up a Zouave barrack, and

with the knife alone fought desperately against the new-fashioned carbines of the mercenaries.

In Trastevere, our old acquaintances, Attilio, Muzio, Orazio, Silvio, and Gasparo, had re-united with all those remaining of the Three Hundred on whom the police had not laid their hands.* The people having thus found capable leaders did their duty. Some of the old carbines that had done execution in the Roman campaign now re-appeared in the city in the hands of Orazio and his companions, who made them serve as an efficacious auxiliary to the Trasteverini's naked knife.

The city rose in its chains as best it could, and used an armory of despair. Carbineers, Zouaves, dragoons on their patrol, were struck by tiles, kitchen-utensils, and many other objects thrown from the windows by the inhabitants, stabbed by the poniards of the Liberals, and wounded by shots from blunderbuss and firelock. Thus assailed, the troops fled from the Lungara towards St. Angelo's bridge, and passed it, though they were checked by the Pupalini. The bridge was guarded by a battery of artillery, supported by an entire regiment of Zouaves. When the people, intermingled with those whom they were pursuing, crowded on the bridge, the commander of the *clericali* ordered his men to fire, and the six guns of the battery, with the fire of the entire line of infantry, poured out over the bridge, making wholesale slaughter of the people and the mercenaries. What did his Holiness care about the scattered blood of his cut-throats and bought agents? The money of Italy's betrayers was at his service to purchase more. What was of the greatest importance was the destruction of many of his Roman children. Many indeed were the rebels who paid with their lives for their noble gallantry in venturing on that fatal bridge. Many, truly, for in their enthusiasm the people attempted three consecutive times to carry it, and three consecutive times they were repelled by the heavy storms of bullets rained upon them, and the shots from the cannon of the defenders of the priests.

It may well be supposed that, among those who were at the head of the people during this assault of the bridge, our five heroes would be found fighting like lions. After having consumed their ammunition, they had broken their arms upon the skulls of the Papal soldiery, and provided themselves with fresh ones by taking those of the killed. It was they who continued the assault at the head of the people, whom they excited to positive heroism.

It was, however, too hard a task. The first of the courageous leaders to bite the dust was the senior one, the venerable prince of the forest, Gasparo. He fell with the same stoicism which he had displayed during all his existence—with a smile upon his lips, happy to give his life for

* Ten thousand patriots, it is said, were arrested in Rome in this last movement by the paternal Government.

his country's holy cause, and for the cause of humanity. A bursting shell had struck him above the heart, and his glorious death was instantaneous and without pain.

Silvio also fell by the side of Gasparo, both his thighs pierced with musket-balls. Orazio had his left ear carried off by a bullet, while another slightly grazed his right leg. Muzio would have been dispatched also by a shot in the breast, had it not been for a strong English watch (a present from the beautiful Julia), which was smashed to atoms, and so saved his life, leaving the mark of a severe contusion. Attilio had his hip grazed, as well as his left cheek, and received from a flying bullet a notch on his skull, resembling in appearance the mark a rope wears on the edge of a wall.

The butchery of the people was so great and the fallen were so numerous, that after these three consecutive charges the brave insurrectionists were obliged to retreat. Orazio carried Silvio on his back into the first house near the bridge for safety, but when the soldiery returned, the wounded were massacred and cut in pieces. Women, children, and many unarmed and defenseless persons who fell into the hands of these worthy soldiers of the priesthood shared a similar fate.

The good instincts of the working-class are proved in the solemn times of revolution. In such times the noble-minded working-man saves and defends his employer's goods, never robs him; but if he takes arms he spares the lives of defenseless beings, and of those who surrender. He would shudder to kill with the cynicism of the mercenary; he fights like a lion—he who was so patient—one against ten!

In the Lungara there is a large woollen manufactory, which employs many workmen. From that woollen factory many had joined the insurgents, the elder ones remaining to guard the establishment. When these good old artisans saw the people and their fellow-workmen thus followed by the Papal bullies and the mercenaries, they threw open the doors and gave shelter to the fugitives, or at any rate to some of them, and levelled bars, axes, and every iron instrument that would serve as a weapon of offense or defense against the hated foreigners and the gendarmerie.

There arose in consequence an indescribable tumult at the entrance to the factory, where the advantage was, at first, to the honest people, and where not a few of the Papal soldiers had their skulls smashed in, and their blood let out by the blows received. At length the besiegers took up their position in the opposite houses, and the besieged, having barricaded themselves and collected a few more fire-arms, began afresh, with constant change of fortune, a real battle.

Our three surviving friends had entered the factory, and fought there with great determination. The workmen and insurgents, too, en-

couraged by their chiefs, had also come to their own defense. But ammunition was lacking, and detachments of mercenaries were advancing to the succor of their comrades. However, now favored the sons of liberty, although without ammunition, still kept up the defense.

It was 7 P.M. when the fire of the insurgents ceased, and a division of Papal troops commenced the assault. They began by attacking the front door of the factory, which the workmen had barricaded but not closed. Orazio and Muzio, after further strengthening the entrance, armed each man with an axe, and, picking out the youngest and boldest Romans, stationed some of them to the right and some to the left of the door to defend it. Thus prepared for a desperate resistance, determining to sell their lives dearly, the assault was received.

Attilio had undertaken to defend the other entrance, and keep off the second portion of the assailants. Having secured the back doors in the best manner possible with his appliances, he placed a number of workmen at the windows of the upper floor, from whence they were to cast the assailants whatever missiles could be procured. As soon as he had completed these arrangements, he placed himself with his friends at the dangerous post, armed with the sabre of the darme whom he had slain during the day.

The internal appearance of the factory presented at this moment a sad picture. The bodies of courageous citizens killed in its defence had been carried to and deposited in an adjacent corner of its extensive court-yard. In other parts, lying here and there, were the wounded, and some were also stretched in the rooms on the ground-floor. But not a groan was heard from these valorous sons of the people.

An immense table, with a candelabrum in the centre, occupied the middle of an extensive room on the left side of the front entrance of the building, and on that table could be seen various kinds of bandages, slings, cotton-wool, and other things—the best which the house could furnish for the use of the wounded. A large vessel of water was under the table—perhaps the most useful relief of all to the wounded soldiers, to be it to moisten and cool their wounds, or to quench the thirst which would be an ever recurring occasion.

Three women of rare and noble bearing were about in this improvised hospital superintending the wounded, and we recognize in their yet bold mien our three heroines, Clelia, Lucia, and Irene.

The poor abandoned Camilla, ignorant of the loss of her Silvio, and with the traces of her sorrows still lingering on her sweet face, mechanically assisted the three merciful women in their kind attentions to the sufferers. They awaited their friends in the factory with

their chiefs, had also come forward as soon as the battle on the bridge commenced, and they received the wounded when the people, driven back, sought refuge in the succor of their comrades. The men, and entrenched themselves there. The women of the people were on the spot also, sharing the suffering, and carrying them what relief the circumstances permitted.

"Well, Prince of the Campagna," Attilio was heard saying to Orazio, "we have seen our stripes, but the one we are in to-night is to prove the hardest of all. What consoles us is that our Romans seem to remember the times. Look at them, not one turns pale. They are ready to confront death in whatever it may come."

"On the contrary," answered Orazio, "they are in a joke, and are as merry as if they were taking a walk to the Foro to empty a *foglietta*."

"We have still some wine. Let us give a thought of Orvieto all round to these our brave comrades," exclaimed Attilio.

When all had refreshed themselves with a glass of that strengthening cordial, a unanimous and loud cry of "*Viva l'Italia!*" rolled forth like thunder from that dense and resolute crowd of the desperate defenders.

CHAPTER LXV.

THE MONTIGIANIS.

WHILE the conflict in Trastevere was going on, the Montigianis, headed by Cucchi, Guerzoni, Adamoli, and other brave men did not remain with their hands folded. The explosion of the mine under the Zouaves' barracks was arranged as the signal for their movement. The mine exploded, and those noble fellows moved with heroic resolution at the head of all the men that could be assembled. As many of the Zouaves and mercenaries frightened by the explosion as were met running away were disarmed, and killed if they offered resistance. The mine, however, had done little damage, though it made a great uproar. Either the quantity of powder was insufficient, or it was badly placed.

The clerical journals, or those of the Italian Government, which are much the same, have stated that only the band of the Zouaves, composed of Italian musicians, had been blown up, and that the foreigners, specially recommended to the efficacious prayers of his Holiness, had been miraculously saved.

The Italians, it is true, have not the good fortune to be the objects of modern necromancy's charms; but the facts are these: A very few Zouaves were killed, and the others, having been in the barracks and arranged themselves in formations, had opened a sharp fire against the people, with his lieutenants Bossi and Adamoli,

had marched to the barracks, and at their command, and animated by their example, the Roman youths had precipitated themselves furiously upon the foreign mercenaries. It was a hand-to-hand struggle of persons who for the greater part were unarmed, and who struggled against trained soldiers, from whom they endeavored to tear away their weapons. But the mercenaries were many. Gold and the help of Bonaparte had been potent. A great number of French soldiers, under the name of Papal Zouaves, had crowded into Civita Vecchia for a long time previous, in readiness to start for Rome.

The resources that the Jesuits and *reazionari* had sent to the Pope from all parts of the world had also been immense. Added to this, a great number of fanatics, priests, and monks,* disguised in the uniform of the mercenaries, mingled with the Papal troops, exciting them to heroism and to slaughter, promising them as a reward the glory of heaven, as well as plenty of gold on earth, and all they could desire. Alas! poor Roman people! But whom should we reckon under this denomination? When one has excepted all the priestly portion, Pope, cardinals, bishops, priests, and friars congregated there from all parts of the globe, with their women, their servants, their cooks, their coachmen, etc., with the relations of their domestics, the servants of their women, and, finally, a mass of the working-classes dependent on this enormously rich rabble, what is left? Those who remain, and are worthy of the name of "people," as not belonging to the necromancers, are some honest middle-class families, a few boatmen, and a few *lazzaroni*.

In the country, where ignorance is fostered by the priesthood, and has struck still deeper root, the people side with the clergy throughout Italy; but particularly in the Roman campagna, where all the landowners are either priests, or powerful friends of the priesthood.

To return, however. While Cucchi, at the head of his men, and aided by his brave companions, sustained a heroic but unequal combat outside the Zouaves' barracks, Guerzoni and Castellazzi, leading a company of youths, had assaulted the gate of San Paola, disarmed a few guards, and succeeded in passing the court, inside of which was to be found a *dépôt* of arms. The arms were there, truly, but guarded by a strong body of Papal troops and police, with whom our valorous friends had to sustain another extremely unequal combat; and, being finally dispersed, were hotly pursued by the furious Papalini.

* Some were discovered among Garibaldi's Zouave prisoners at Monte Rotondo.

CHAPTER LXVI.

THE OVERTHROW.

THE heroic Carolis and their companions had meanwhile paid, with their blood, for their sublime patriotism and generous constancy to the Roman insurgents.

The morn of the 24th of October was tearful, dark, and dreary, the forerunner of fresh Italian misfortunes, and looked down upon the young and noble countenance of Enrico, "the new Leonidas," upon his brother Giovanni, lying in their blood, with many others belonging to that dauntless brigade. The first died with a smile of scorn upon his lips for that paid horde, who had massacred them, ten against one. Giovanni, all but mortally wounded, was lying near the corpse of his beloved brother, surrounded by other sufferers whose glorious names history will register.

Few were the survivors of the valorous Seventy, and those few left the field of slaughter to unite themselves to their other brethren, who were combating at the same time against the foreign hordes outside the walls of Rome. Guerzoni's undertaking to seize the arms deposited outside the gate of San Paola was conducted with the same intrepidity he had displayed in a hundred combats, but failed, for the plain reason that the Roman youths under his orders, being poorly armed, were compelled to give way before the blows of the mercenaries, and fly.

He and Castellazzi, after many brave endeavors, were dragged off in the scattering of the people, and were forced to conceal themselves whilst they awaited an opportunity to strike for Rome.

Cucchi, Bossi, and Adamoli, at the head of their detachments, performed deeds of great valor. They gained possession of a portion of the Zouaves' barracks, with only their revolvers and knives as weapons. Fights between the Papalists and the mob were frequent, and the latter, for want of other arms, beat the former to pieces with their sticks.

But here, too, they had to give way before superiority of numbers, discipline, and arms. Here, also, the first rays of daylight on the 24th presented to the view of the horror-struck passer-by a heap of corpses, mingled with dying men. In this manner was the tottering throne of the "Vicegerent of Heaven" consolidated—re-established by the butchery of the unhappy Roman people, and this, too, performed for hire by the scum of all nations, supported by the bayonets of Bonaparte's soldiers!

CHAPTER LXVII.

THE FINAL CATASTROPHE.

BUT the details of the fight at the factory must be given. The assault was imminent. "Ready, boys!" exclaimed in one voice Orazio, Attilio,

and Muzio; "Ready!" and the summons scarcely pronounced when the Papalists rushed upon the front door of the manufactory. In the interior all the lights had been extinguished. On this account the Governor's troops, though seen by our side, could not distinguish individually any of the sons of liberty, and the first who attempted to scale the battlements fell back, their skulls split open by the pikes, and axes of Orazio and Muzio, or the sabre of Agostino, as well as by the different instruments of death used by their valorous companions.

Yet, although they repulsed the enemy, the besieged sustained an important loss in that first assault. A shot from a revolver pierced the arm of the gallant and intrepid Orazio, who, despite the wound, had exposed his person at the top of the barricade to the enemy, and fell as he clung to them with his axe.

The "Prince of the Campagna of Rome" like an oak of his own forest, and his strong hand grasped his weapon tightly even in the last moments of his life. "Irene" was his last thought, and the last that escaped from his lips. Ah! but his soul was pierced by that dying voice! for the women, although they took no part in the fight, remained at a short distance only from those whose hearts beat in unison with their own.

Irene first reached him whose beloved had called her, and her two companions followed. As Orazio's body remained upon the barricade where he fell, the noble woman, less of her danger, had directly scaled it, her beautiful forehead was struck at that moment by a ball from a musket; for the mercenaries, enraged at their bad success, were firing through the open door. It may be imagined with what feelings the two surviving friends their beloved ones had those precious bodies carried into the interior. The factory had become a charnel-house, it being useless for the chiefs to admonish their men to keep under cover.

There are moments when death loses its terrors, and when those who would have fled like a single soldier take no heed of a shower of bullets falling in every direction. Such was the case with those poor and courageous workmen. Not counting the large number of troops by whom they were surrounded, nor the multitude in the direction of the door, they stood to the fences without precaution, and allowed themselves to be needlessly wounded. In this way the number of the defenders became lessened, while of the dying and killed was momentarily augmented.

Attilio and Muzio saw at a glance how matters stood, and that there was nothing for them to confront the enemy till death. Yet, and Julia! why should they also die, so beautiful!

"Go thou, Muzio," said Attilio, "and persuade them, while there is yet time, to escape."

An historical fact.

lie, traitors abound. And a traitor threw from one of the upper windows of the factory a written paper, whilst these brave people were retiring, informing the soldiery of the retreat of the defenders.

The attack was no longer deferred, and an ever-increasing crowd of mercenaries and police threw themselves upon the barricade at the door, and rushed in. Only a few defenders remained. Had Attilio and Muzio been more careful of themselves, and taken to flight, they might perhaps have saved their lives. But too lavish of their blood were this pair of noble Romans. They did not fly; they remained to fight desperately for some time against that in-pouring stream of slaves.

Many were the assailants cut down upon the heap of dying and of dead. But heroes, like cowards, have only one life. The assailants were too numerous, and side by side the valorous champions of Roman liberty fell together, and exhaled their last breath.

Dentato, who had assisted in this last struggle, seeing that all hope of a successful resistance was over, favored by the darkness, and his acquaintance with the establishment, gained the washing-house, and thence the subterranean passage, closing the oak door from the outside upon that scene of blood, and barring it as well as he was able.

The hated assassins of the priesthood having no other motives than rapine and slaughter, inundated the factory with the hope of securing plunder and wreaking revenge. They never thought of the oaken back-door by which the surviving defenders of Italian liberty had escaped, until too late. Having discovered by-and-by that the building contained only corpses, they were reminded of the subterranean passage. They searched, inquired, and at length discovered the door leading to it. Some time elapsed before they succeeded in forcing open the obstacles which barred it, as well as in organizing an entry into the darkness, and all this gave the fugitives sufficient opportunity of placing themselves in safety.

In the first week of November, 1867, three females, an old man, and a lad in the bloom of youth, descended at the Leghorn station. At the head of this party stood one of those daughters of England, from whose pure and lofty coun-

tenance, sad though she was, and dressed in mourning, the heart derived new ideas of dignity and happiness of life. Her lady companion was not less beautiful nor less displayed in the lovely lineaments of her different but exquisite feminine delicacy. Southern type, such as Raphael portrayed in *Formarina*. The third woman was also of that type, but sorrow had furrowed her forehead and a look of vacancy had settled upon her anacholy features. The old man, Dentato, Julia would not leave to misery and was occupying himself about the luggage.

Jack, with the vivacity of sixteen years, led his arm to the ladies, to assist them alighted from the railway carriage. He discovered Captain Thompson and his wife, Signora Aurelia, who were awaiting the sailor-lad. Jack alone was able to relate what had passed.

"Oh!" he said, "I have kissed their cheek and a tear rolled down his cheek, cheek of tannia's fair son. He spoke of the dead of Orazio and Irene, who loved him so, and who had been his preservers. They had been removed for burial along with the relics of our noble friends.

The women embraced, weeping on each other's bosoms, but unable to articulate a word. Jack, assisting at this mute scene for some time, showing himself also much affected, Thompson raised his head, and, approaching the mistress, addressed her, cap in hand, saying:

"Madam, the yacht is anchored off the board; your orders; do you desire to board?"

"Yes, Thompson," she replied, "let us board, and set sail immediately, so as to reach Italy; it has become the grave of all that is dear and most beautiful."

Julia sailed for merry England, and to the care of her adopted family, to whom were after a time, Manlio and Silvia. United three brothers joined her in England, they had remained on the island of the Recluse.

Julia vowed she would not return to the happy country until Rome, freed from the despotism, would permit her to raise a national monument to her heart's beloved to his heroic companions.

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APPENDIX.

I.

THE FAMILY OF GENERAL GARIBALDI.

THE family of General Garibaldi was formerly one of the wealthiest in Nice, and was connected with the following curious annual ceremony. In remote times the Saracen soldiery in the service of Turkey invaded Nice. They were already in the town, when a woman rushed from her house and killed the standard-bearer, seized the standard, and rallied the Nizards, who in the end were victorious. In remembrance of this event, La Place Napoléon, called before the French occupation La Place de la Victoire, was, until the year 1860, the annual scene of a very curious custom. A representation of the woman was placed on one side of the town, while fireworks were let off from the other side, opposite, one particular firework being timed so as to reach the hand of the woman. The grandfather of General Garibaldi received from the town of Nice the privilege of being the person to let off this particular firework, and the eldest and eldest brother of the General succeeded to this privilege, which was declared to be hereditary in their family.

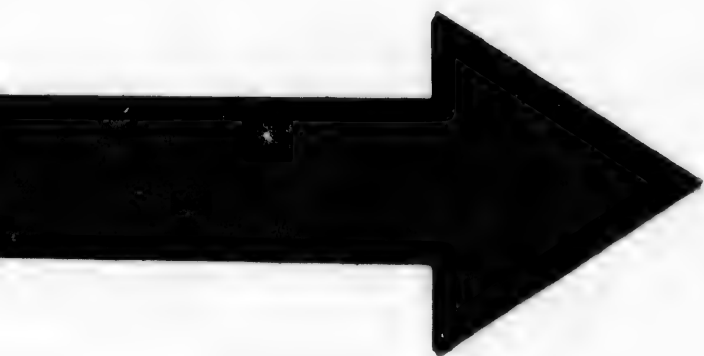
He was born at Nice on the 22d of July, 1807. His father, Dominique Garibaldi, was born at Alassio, about seventy miles from Genoa. His mother was a lady named Rosa Raginndo. He had three brothers, the last of whom died the day after the battle of Biccìa, 1866. The General was destined from his birth for the priesthood, and from the age of three years had a private tutor named Father Giovanni, who resided in the house. According to his own account he did not make any very great progress under this gentleman, and he has conceived the idea that it is better for a tutor to come in for a few hours a day, or for a child to go to school, returning home in the evening, as in this manner the benefit of home influence remains, and the benefit of the mother's love (of which he speaks so much) would be secured, and undue familiarity and result of constant intercourse be avoided. From the instructions of M. Arena—whose house he attended for some hours in the day—he derived great benefit; and whatever fault he may find with his early instruction, the result is that he speaks Italian, the Nizard and Genoese

dialects, the Sicilian and Neapolitan dialects, the Milanese and Turinese—all of them differing from the pure Italian, and from each other, as much as Welsh does from English. He speaks and writes Latin, ancient and modern Greek, French, Spanish, English, and Portuguese, and can decipher newspapers published in the various dialects on the banks of the Danube. He is a good mathematician, and possesses a knowledge of both ancient and modern history, whilst his knowledge of music is considerable.

There have been many "autobiographies" written of the General with which he has very little acquaintance. Many of the stories related of him are not, however, without foundation. It is true that when he was about eight years old, whilst playing on the banks of the Var, he saw an old washerwoman fall into the water, and instantly threw himself into the water, and from his skill in swimming, which he had acquired in infancy, he was enabled to save her life.

At the time of the birth of the General, Nice belonged, as now, to France, and during his childhood the Nizard language was spoken by the servants, and the Genoese by the family. In society and in public French only was spoken. It was the same in the schools, and the General received his education entirely in French; and it was solely in compliance with the entreaties of his elder brother Angelo that he requested M. Arena to teach him Italian; and it is to the instructions of that gentleman that he owes his present facility in both speaking and writing it. The parents of the General were both strict Roman Catholics, and being, as we have before stated, intended for the priesthood, he was educated in every ordinance of the Church of Rome. It was probably the over-severity of this education which gave him his detestation of the priestly career; at any rate, it is certain that he in the most positive terms refused to enter it, and even attempted to run away to Genoa to avoid it. The profession of the law was afterwards proposed, but with ultimately no better success; and finally his parents yielded to his entreaties,





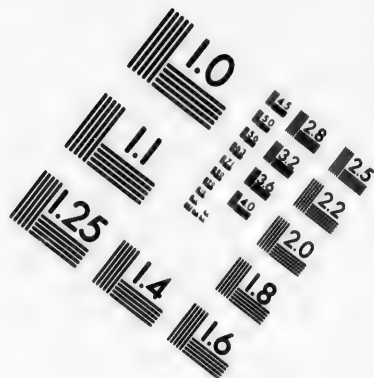
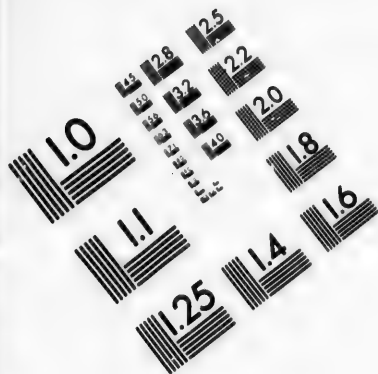
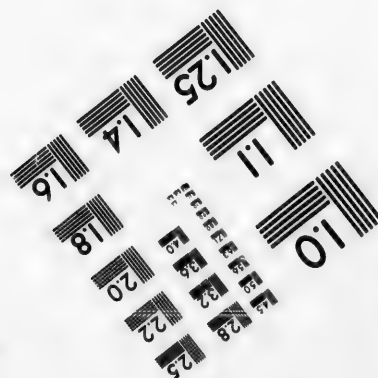
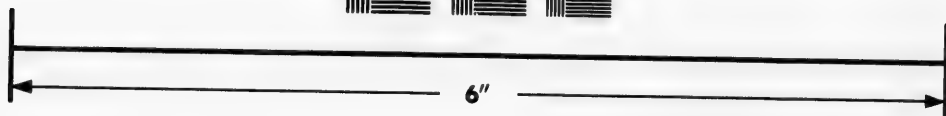
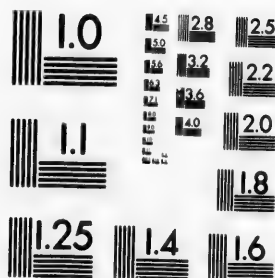


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and permitted him to go to sea, which he did in a brigantine called "La Costanza," the captain being Angelo Pesanti.

The first notice we have in the page of history of the name "Garibaldi" occurs in the annals of the eighth century. According to one of the historians of that time, among the chiefs of Alaric's horde a Garibaldi commanded a "squadra." From this we may infer that the family originally came from the plains of Hungary. The next notice we have of the name occurs in the history of the city of Turin, in the reign of Auberio I. Garibaldi, Duke of Turin, was the chief counsellor of this king. Being a bad, unprincipled, and ambitious man, he conspired against his sovereign, caused his assassination, and seized the regal power. However, the semi-independent princes of Piedmont deposed him, and caused him to be put to death. The next trace we find of this family is among the records of the republic of Genoa. Johannes Garibaldi commanded a fleet of galleys in the wars between the Genoese and Pisans, and greatly distinguished himself in an engagement off the coast of Tuscany. The family after this flourished in Genoa, always taking the popular part, till at last they became so powerful that

they were enrolled among the nobility of the republic, and their name is found in the Golden Book. As evidence of their importance, we still find in Genoa the Piazza, Palazzo, and Strada dei Garibaldi. The descendants of the elder branch are represented now by the Marchese Garibaldi, member of the Sub-Alpine Parliament. The younger branch transferred itself (time uncertain) to the vicinity of Chiavari, where they formed a colony by themselves in one of the valleys of the mountains of the Riviera, where still may be found the Village dei Garibaldi, and remains of the stronghold which they occupied in those times. An old inscription is still seen on the tower, commemorating its building by one of the earlier Garibaldi. Three generations ago one of the cadets settled in Nice, and his lineal descendant is the present General Garibaldi.

Sir Bernard Burke applied to General Garibaldi, through Mr. Chambers, for information respecting his family, with the view of placing it in his work, "The Vicissitudes of Families." "What matter is it," answered the General, "whence I came? Say to Sir Bernard Burke that I represent the people; they are my family."

II.

THE CAMPAIGN OF MENTANA.

BY RICCIOTTI GARIBALDI.

ARRIVING in Florence, I found the committee in a state of confusion on account of so many volunteers coming forward to be enrolled. We had neither arms nor money, and were, therefore, obliged to limit enlistment. I remained three days in Florence, and then went to Terni, and found the place full of volunteers—in all nearly 2000 men. We received information that the fortress occupied by Menotti was to be attacked. I left to join him, and, the men being unarmed, went alone.

He had 1500 men. On the morning of the third day he left N— with a few men, and went to Monte Calvario, leaving me in command of the fort and of the band, which had been reinforced by nearly 1000 men. About eleven at night, on the same day, my outposts were driven in by the Papal troops. Many of our volunteers not having so much as one cartridge per man, I was obliged to abandon the fortress, and take up position to the left, at a distance of two miles, as it was impossible to hold the post against the Papal artillery. Menotti having rejoined us, we started, at one on the following morning, for Porcile, as the enemy were trying to cut us off from the Italian frontier. After twelve hours' march we arrived at Porcile. We rested there for the remainder of

the day and night, when the alarm was given of the approach of the enemy. Being in an unsafe state to receive them, with few arms and no ammunition, my brother determined to recross the frontier. After ten hours' march, we arrived at the convent of Santa Maria, where we set to work to re-form our command.

Whilst these news came that the General was at Terni, whence he sent orders for us to prepare to march on Passo Corese, he joining us on the road. This is a pass leading to the valley of the Tiber. After waiting several days to reform the bands, the General gave the signal to march. We divided into two columns, and took the road to Monte Rotondo, a strong position occupied by the Papal troops. One column marched along the banks of the Tiber, and the other by the road in the hills. At morning both columns arrived in sight of Monte Rotondo, and at once proceeded to the assault. Colonel Frygiati attacked the east gateway with two battalions, whilst Masto attacked the west gateway also with two battalions; but he being wounded at the first assault, the command of the party devolved upon me. After charging twice up to the gateway, which, for want of artillery, we could not take, we were in turn attacked by the enemy, and forced to seek refuge

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a group of houses. We were thus cut off
 from the rest of our corps for the whole day,
 during which time we lost out of 800, 107 men
 and five officers. In the evening we managed to
 communicate with the General; erected barriers
 in the inner street, and fought all day.
 We were thirty-six hours without food. The
 place was too important to be left, or we might
 have cut our way out. The General sent a bat-
 talion as a reinforcement, and by a desperate
 charge we got to the gate, piled there a car-
 load of fascines and a quantity of sulphur, which,
 being set on fire, burnt it down in about an hour
 and a half. At half-past twelve at night—the
 General having come down and taken personal
 command—we charged through the burning gate,
 and took possession of the entrance and adjoining
 houses. The fighting went on until about
 eight in the morning, they defending themselves
 step by step till we had driven them into the
 palace of the Prince of Piombino, a large cas-
 selated building, very strong. We first took
 the court-yard, in which we found their cannon,
 they defending story after story of the building
 until driven to the third floor, when, seeing the
 smoke of a fire which had been lighted on the
 ground-floor to burn them out, they surren-
 dered, and the fight was over.

In the night the greater number of the men
 escaped towards Rome; only 300 in the palace
 were taken prisoners, besides forty-two horses
 and two pieces of cannon, 500 stand of arms,
 and all their materials of war. The fight had
 lasted twenty-four hours—from eight one day to
 eight the next—without a single instant's cessa-
 tion of firing. It cost us between 400 and 500
 men, amongst whom were some of our bravest
 and best officers. This was the first real strug-
 gle under the General.

We had one day's rest; but on the following
 night the enemy returned, and attacked the
 railway station at about a mile distant from Monte
 Rotondo, where, finding a number of our wound-
 ed, they bayoneted them in their beds, one man
 having twenty-seven wounds in his body. The
 General at once sent heavy reinforcements, and
 the enemy was driven back. Three days after
 this we marched to the Zecchenella, a large farm-
 house about a mile distant from the Ponte de la
 Mentana, within about four miles and a half
 from Rome. On our approach the enemy re-
 crossed the bridge, blowing up one of the two
 bridges and mining the other. The Papal
 troops came again on our side of the Tevere-
 one—a river which joins the Tiber a few miles from
 Rome. They extended themselves as sharp-
 shooters all along our line, amusing themselves
 by firing at us until the evening, we scarcely re-
 turning a shot, the General having ordered us
 not to do so—our aim, since we were so few, be-
 ing to draw the enemy into the open country.
 In the night we lighted large fires, to let the
 people in Rome know that we were near; but
 the movement which we expected in the city did
 not take place, and we returned to Monte Ro-
 tondo the next day.

After staying there for several days, the Gen-
 eral resolved to march to Tivoli, which was held
 by a strong body of our volunteers. The col-
 umn, consisting of 4700 infantry, two field guns
 and two smaller guns, and one squadron of cav-
 alry, commenced its march at eleven o'clock.
 When we had gone a mile beyond Mentana the
 vanguard was suddenly attacked, and we had
 to fall back on Mentana, so as to form our bat-
 talions in line of battle. Recovered from our
 first surprise, the General ordered all the troops
 to advance, and we retook the positions we
 had lost, when, just as the Papal troops were
 retreating on the road to Rome, the French
 regiments, which till now had remained hidden
 behind the hills, out-flanked us on the left. Af-
 ter some very heavy fighting, especially in the
 position of the haystacks in the centre, which
 were taken, lost, and retaken, four or five times,
 the General, seeing the uselessness of contending
 against such an overwhelming force, gave the
 order to retreat. We retreated from the field
 of battle, passing under the fire of the Chasse-
 pots, leaving between 400 and 500 men on the
 field, and about the same number of prisoners
 in their hands, and one piece of cannon. Two
 battalions, numbering altogether over 400 men,
 shut themselves up in the old fort of Munturra,
 where, having exhausted all their ammunition,
 they surrendered in the morning. When the
 main body had returned to Monte Rotondo, the
 General gave orders that every thing should be
 ready to re-attack in the night; but on examin-
 ing the state of our army, we found that scarce-
 ly a cartridge remained, and not a single round
 of ammunition for the cannon. Learning
 this, the General gave the order to retreat to
 Passo Corese, where we arrived about one in the
 morning, being again on Italian soil. We
 then proceeded to the disbandment of our
 troops.

At Mentana, where we had retaken all our
 positions, and where we thought the day was
 ours, we saw red-trowered soldiers out-flanking
 us on the left, and we took them for the legion
 of Antibes, but the rapid roll of their firing
 opened our eyes to the fact that we were face
 to face with the French, armed with their new
 weapon, the deadly Chassepot, and from that
 moment we fought merely to save the honor of
 the day. There was no hope of winning the
 battle, though if the ammunition of our guns
 and rifles had not failed, and the General could
 have attacked again in the night, as he intended
 to do, I have no doubt but that we should
 have driven back the Franco-Papal army, for
 they did not dare to take possession of the posi-
 tions which we held during the battle, and of
 the one gun which we left there, till late next
 day. Had they dared it, being so numerically
 superior, they could have cut us off and made
 us all prisoners, as their left wing almost touch-
 ed the road running from Monte Rotondo to
 Passo Corese.

Some idea may be formed of the state and
 appearance of the volunteer army by the fact

that it had no proper arms; the muskets were many of them as old as the first Napoleon.

When Menotti resolved to recross the frontier, he issued an order of the day in which he said, "I can not march, having no shoes; I can not stand still, because I have nothing to cover my men; and I can not fight, because I have no ammunition."

When we started for Monte Rotondo the men had been so long without eating, that in passing along the line with my guides, I actually saw the infantry battalions making themselves soup out of the grass of the field, having nothing else to put into their caldrons.

At the battle of Mentana we had 4700 men all told; opposed to us were 8000 Papal troops and 3000 French. Battle began at half past eleven in the morning; lasted until half past five in the evening; the weather fine. The 300 who surrendered were allowed to recross the frontier. The General was taken prisoner by the Italian Government.

At Mentana the Papal troops thought they had taken me. They took a man like me to Rome, and put him in handsome apartments until the mistake was discovered. When they thought they had me, the Papal officers ordered the prisoner to be shot at once, but the French officers saved him.

In a work entitled "Rome and Mentana," surprise has been expressed that General Garibaldi did not enter Rome after the victory of Monte Rotondo, and before the entry of the French. To that we reply:—We could not, for the Papalini held the Mentana bridge, the only one not blown up near Rome, and we should have been obliged to go round by Tivoli and down the other side of the Teverone, two days' march. We tried to take the Mentana bridge, but on nearing it we found it strongly

fortified and mined, so that after lying at the Zecchenella (three-quarters of a mile from the bridge) for a day and two nights, we retired to Monte Rotondo.

The same work states:—

"The two plateaux on which we had been walking had been held by the Garibaldini, taken by the Pontificals, and retaken by the Garibaldini, at which period the French advanced, when, finding it hopeless, the Garibaldini retreated into Mentana."

This is true; the Papalini were retreating along the road when the French out-flanked them, and threatened our line of retreat. The retreat commenced at nine o'clock in the evening of the battle, as we expected the Papalini to attack and surround Monte Rotondo. If we had stopped they would have made us all prisoners as our ammunition failed.

We entered Monte Rotondo by the gate coming from Passo Corese; the Tivoli gate was stormed also by Frygisi, but not taken till we opened the gate for him from inside. The attack lasted from 8 A.M. till 7 A.M. next day. We set fire to the gate about 12 o'clock at night, and lost about 250 men, dead and wounded. The church of Monte Rotondo suffered a good deal.

The same author writes:—

"It was a large and handsome one, with carved oak seats in the choir, and presented a sad scene of devastation. The holy water stone had been dashed to pieces, the font destroyed, the side chapel, in which the Host was reserved, had its altar all broken by bayonets. The floor had been carved in the point of one, and broken in mock procession, attended, amongst others, by a man in the sacristan's large three-cornered hat stuck round with candles."

It is true our people were so hungry that they ate the holy wafers.

III.

GARIBALDI AND THE ITALIAN GOVERNMENT.

ITALY, as she exists, is a sad country. Where is there to be found a country more favored by nature, with a lovelier sky, a climate more salubrious, productions more varied and excellent, a population more lively or intelligent? Her soldiers, if well-directed, would undoubtedly equal any of the first soldiers in the world; her sailors are second to none. And yet all these advantages, all these favors of Nature, are neutralized by the connivance and co-operation of priests with an extremely bad government.

One finds misery, ignorance, weakness, servility to the stranger, where one should see abundance, knowledge, strength, and haughtiness towards intruders.

An unpopular government, which, instead of organizing a national army that might be placed

at the head of the first armies of the world, contented itself with accumulating many carabinieri, policemen, and custom-house officers, and spending, or rather squandering the money of a nation in immoral "secret expenses." A man that might compete with the most flourishing is reduced to a pitiable condition, from its being placed under the direction of incompetent and dishonest persons. Both army and navy, according to their own officers, are not in a condition to make war, but only serve to repress any national aspirations, and to support the spiritless policy of the Government.

Two abominable acts of treachery have been perpetrated by the Italian Government.

The first act of treachery was ushered in by the arrest of General Garibaldi at Asinara

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Eighteen years had passed away since the Ro-
man people sent to the Quirinal their elected
representatives, who, on the 9th of February,
declared with solemn legality that the temporal
power of the Pope was abolished. The patriots
in public assembly, in the light of day, and from
the height of the Quirinal, unfurled the beauti-
ful, the holy, and beloved banner of the tricolor
of Italy. Who quenched this patriotic fire?
A Bonaparte in secret alliance with the fugitives
of Gaeta. While the balls of the French can-
non fell on the citizens posted at the barricades,
the representatives of the people replied to these
rueful shots by again proclaiming the statute of
the Republic, and confiding the future liberties
of Rome to the charge of Garibaldi.

On September 16th, 1864, was concluded the
pernicious convention of September, which the
Moderates declared would open the gates of
Rome. Its first result was that Turin saw its
streets reddened with blood. Why were the
arms of their brothers turned upon the people
who deserved so well of Italy? Did they wish
to overthrow the dynasty? Did they wish to
overthrow the form of government, or overturn
the Ministers? Did they wish to upset social
order? Did they arm themselves against their
brethren of the army? Oh, no! they did not
arm; they united peacefully, and peaceably cried
for justice. Their cry was, "Rome the capital
of Italy." They did not wish the nation to be-
tray itself; they did not wish the nation to be
dismembered; they did not wish the country any
longer to serve the foreigner. Its protest was,
therefore, against that convention which de-
stroys the plebiscite of Southern Italy. To the
people cry, to the generous protest, the Govern-
ment replied by directing its troops upon the
peaceful citizens; and the Piazza Castello and
the Piazza San Carlo were bathed in blood. Un-
happy Turin! the Moderate party stifled thy
cries in thine own blood, betrayed thy solemn
protests, called upon thee not to disturb the con-
cord of the nation, and to that false concord
sacrificed thee and the nation alike. Widows
and orphans will remember the impunity given
the assassins of their loved ones in the name
"concord." When will these crimes end?
Without Rome, unity is forever menaced. With-
out Rome, we have neither moral nor political
unity. We have no independence, no right
government; but we have anarchy, dilapidation,
revivade to the foreigner, and submission to the
Gests.

The Moderates acknowledge Cavour as their
leader: hear, then, Cavour.

The Italian Parliament, in 1861, when Cavour
was Prime Minister, declared Victor Emanuel
King of Italy, and declared Rome officially
the seat of the new monarchy; and Cavour
placed, in his place as Prime Minister, after
having bestowed upon the question the utmost
liberation, that "the ideas of a nation were
in number, and that to the common Italian
and the idea of Italy was inseparable from that
of Rome. An Italy of which Rome was not the

capital would be no Italy for the Italian people.
For the existence, then, of a national Italian
people, the possession of Rome as a capital was
an essential condition." "The choice of a capital," continued Cavour, "must be determined
by high moral considerations, on which the in-
stinct of each nation must decide for itself.
Rome, gentlemen, unites all the historical, in-
tellectual, and moral qualities which are re-
quired to form the capital of a great nation.
Convinced, deeply convinced as I am of this
truth, I think it my bounden duty to proclaim
it as solemnly as I can before you and before
the country. I think it my duty also to appeal,
under these circumstances, to the patriotism of
all the Italian citizens, and of the representa-
tives of our most illustrious cities, when I beg
of them to cease all discussion on this question,
so that Europe may become aware that the ne-
cessity of having Rome for our capital is recog-
nized and proclaimed by the whole nation."

How the Moderates followed this advice has
been already seen. But statements were cir-
culated in their papers, far and wide, in order
to reconcile the Italian people to a convention,
that the rights of the Roman people would not
be interfered with; and when the French troops
had left, the people of Rome would have full li-
berty to act as they thought proper. It was in
this view that General Garibaldi visited Ovieto
shortly before his arrest, where he was received
with the most unbounded enthusiasm, the entire
city being in festive garb, whilst men, women,
and children joined in according him an enthu-
siastic welcome.

"Our cry must no longer be 'Rome or
death!'" he said; "on the contrary, it is 'Rome
and life!' for international right permits the Ro-
mans to rise, and will allow them to raise them-
selves from the mud into which the priests have
thrown them."

It was at four o'clock on Tuesday morning,
on the 5th of September, that General Garibaldi
was arrested, by order of Ratazzi, in the little
village of Asinalunga. He was sleeping in the
house of Professor Aqualucci, and he was, as
the map will show, far from the Roman frontier.
He had been received with the utmost respect
by the syndic and by the secretary of the mu-
nicipality, and all the usual rejoicings took
place, though it is stated that all the time the
syndic had the order for the General's arrest in
his pocket. General Garibaldi was conveyed to
the fortress of Alexandria. In a day or two he
was informed that he would be entirely restored
to liberty if he would consent to go to Caprera;
he had full liberty to return to the mainland
whenever he thought proper. Depending upon
this ministerial assurance, he returned to Capre-
ra, having previously assured his friends in Ge-
noa that he was in full and perfect liberty. An
Italian fleet was sent to guard Caprera, and on
his attempting to leave the island to go on board
the Rabatini postal steamers, his boat was fired
at. He was taken on board a man-of-war, and
conducted back to Caprera.

Then it was that, on the evening of the 14th of October, 1867, three individuals came down from the farm at Caprera towards Fontanazia; a fourth passed by way of the wooden porch which joins the small iron cottage to the large house, and took the high road to Stagnatia—the latter, by his dark physiognomy and the style of his apparel, appeared to be a Sardinian—the men belonging to the yacht which the munificence and sympathy of the generous English nation had placed at the disposal of the General. The first three men might have been recognized by that famous distinction, the red shirt, had not this garment, in a great measure, been concealed by the outer habiliments of each. They were Barberini and Fruchianti, and the third we need not describe. Barberini, though not strong by nature, had a wiry arm and the heart of a lion; Fruchianti was far more robust.

The sirocco, with its melancholy breath, beat down the poor plants of the island, daughter of the volcanoes and of the sea, and dense black clouds, chased by the impetuous winds, eddied on the summit of Veggialone, and then became mingled with dense vapors, which on higher mountains often form the centre of storms.

The three silent men descended, and on the way, whenever the unequal ground permitted a view of the port, they gazed with watchful eyes on the three ships which rocked gracefully in the Bay of Stagnabella. The yacht, with a small cannon at her bow, and a boat lashed to the poop, formed a strange contrast (completely deserted as she was) with the men-of-war, their decks covered and encumbered with men.

It was six o'clock in the evening, and the sun had set, and the night promised, if not tempest, that disagreeable and oppressive weather which the sirocco generally brings from the burning plains of the desert. The three men having arrived on the Prato, Fruchianti said, "I leave you; I am going to the left to explore the point of Araccio."

The two continued to descend; they passed—opening and shutting them again—the four gates (?) of Fontanazia, and arrived under the dry wall which divides the cultivated part from the deserted shores.

Having reached that wall, the elder man threw off his cloak, changed his white hat for a cap, and after having reconnoitred a time beyond the dry wall, got over it with surprising agility. He now seemed to recall the strength of his past life, and was reinvigorated as if by twenty years. Were not his sons and his brothers fighting against the mercenaries of Papal tyranny? and could he remain quiet, murmuring complaints, or give himself up to the shameful life of the indifferent?

Having crossed the wall, and turned to Barberini, the General said, "Let us sit down and smoke half a cigar," and drawing from his left pocket a little case, a souvenir from the amiable Lady Shaftesbury, he lit one, which he then handed to his companion, a great amateur of such commodities.

Meanwhile the first shadows of darkness began to obscure the atmosphere, but in the east they saw the appearance of a changing color, the first herald of the coming moonlight.

"In three-quarters of an hour," said the General, "the moon will rise above the mountains, and there is no time to lose."

Thereupon the two men took their way to the port, Giovanni was at his post, and, with the aid of Barberini, in a moment the little skiff was in the water, and the General sat on his cloak as low as possible. After launching the little boat into the sea, Giovanni embarked in the larger one, and having assured himself of the progress of the first, he proceeded towards the yacht, merrily singing.

"Halt! who goes there?" twice cried the men-of-war's men, who had become policemen to the Sardinian ruler. But he sang on, and did not seem to care for their cries. Nevertheless, at the third intimation, Giovanni replied, "Going on board!" At this they seemed satisfied.

Meanwhile the little skiff pursued her course coasting Carriano, at the distance of two miles from the shore, partly propelling itself, and partly propelled by a boat-hook used in the American fashion. From Carriano to Barabucchi, and thence to the point of Troviso, near which appeared the form of the faithful Fruchianti.

"Nothing new as far as the rocks of Araccio," said Fruchianti.

"Then I push on," answered the General. And his little boat dashed among the breakers. He gave a glance to the small island, which appeared at a convenient distance, and the little skiff was on the high sea.

Garibaldi, seeing the moonlight increase, nodded on with good will, and with the help of the breeze crossed the Straits of Moneta with surprising velocity.

In the moonlight, at a certain distance, every reef appeared a boat; and as the squadron of Ratazzi, besides so many launches for the ships of war about Caprera, was also augmented by numerous vessels from Maddalena, the sea around the island was crowded with vessels, to prevent one man from fulfilling his duty. Nearing the coast of the little island of Giardinella, not far from Maddalena, the skiff plunged among the broken waters, which is there always, and coasted the shore, already illumined by the moon.

It is a fact that many people on service in every Government affect a great deal of zeal by daylight, and in the presence, or the supposed presence, of the chief. At the arrival of night, however, after a good supper and copious libations to Bacchus—at night, I say, when commanders are sleeping or diverting themselves—zeal and vigilance die in exact proportion to the discipline and the interest which the motive of the watch inspires. Thus, then, one must not ascribe all the merit to him who managed the boat, but more to the sleeping vigilance of those whose duty it was to have kept a better look-out

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that he reached the little island safe and sound, without being molested by one solitary call of "Who goes there?"

Having reached land, there were three paths to take: first, to row close to the land; secondly, to leave the island to the left, and coast along to the west; and thirdly, leaving the island to the right and following the coast, to approach the ford which separates it from Maddalena, where probably Basso and Captain Cunio were waiting. The first plan was adopted.

After having drawn up the boat on the beach, the General proceeded at midday in the direction of the ford, where, on his arrival, he heard cries from those who guarded the strait, and a few shots fired in the distance.

At a short distance from the ford of the island there is a wall covered with creepers, which prevents the escape of the animals that pasture in the island; and at midday he reached a compound. Then also came the ford, and through the wall there was a little passage formed of stones.

The General thought he could distinguish along the wall a file of sailors lying down, and he was so much the more disposed to believe it, as Captain Cunio and Basso had seen seamen arrive on the island in the course of the day. This made him lose about half an hour waiting and reconnoitring, and Captain Cunio and Basso, imagining the shots directed at the boat, had concluded him taken or obliged to recede. Under this persuasion the friends returned from the ford towards Maddalena, and were greatly vexed when, towards 2 p.m., they were informed by the confidential servant of Mrs. Collins that he, the General, had reached her house. In fact, about 10 p.m., Garibaldi ventured to pass the little strait which divides the isle from Maddalena, and effected it without hinderance, but was obliged, to his great inconvenience, to ride a long way down a road flooded with water, which had deluged it. He then came in sight of Mrs. Collins's house, sure of a good reception, but drew near cautiously, apprehending that some one might be on the watch; and finally, in a moment in which the moon was veiled by a dark cloud, he approached the dwelling, and with the end of his Scotch walking-stick struck at the window a few slight blows.

Mrs. Collins who had strong faith in the fortunes of the General, and who was warned of his attempt, expected him, so that at the first sound she advanced to the front door, opened it, and received her old neighbor with friendly greetings. And pleasant he found it to receive shelter after such a wild night; so that the wanderer was once more safe and indeed happy in his friend's house, where a thousand cares and attentions were lavished on him.

After this there was a little difficulty in crossing Sardinia and reaching the main land. While

the Government still supposed Garibaldi a prisoner at Caprera, he had arrived in safety at the Hôtel de Florence!

Not less atrocious was the treachery used towards the volunteers. They were promised that as soon as the first French soldier disembarked the army should march on Rome, and the Government, to put the country off her guard, occupied several points of the Roman territory, and spread a considerable number of troops over the frontier that they might the more easily disarm the volunteers, as well as close up from them every path, so that no supplies or subsidies could reach them from their brothers and the Committee of Help.

Having thus isolated the volunteers and deprived them of succor and supplies—especially the supply of ammunition, of which the Government knew them to be in want—they spread discouragement and demoralization among the young volunteers, and did all they could to betray and destroy them.

Rome being occupied by the French, and part of the Roman territory by the Government troops, the Papal army *en masse* could freely operate against the volunteers. The papal mercenaries, still alarmed by the recent defeats they had sustained, did not dare to confront alone the unarmed soldiers of liberty, and it was therefore determined that the French army should support the Papal troops.

The Government of Florence did not think it necessary to take part in the glory of the battle of Mentana, by adding its troops to those of the French allies; or perhaps it believed, and with reason, that the Italian people would not have quite tolerated such an accumulation of villainy, although the Ministry would certainly have executed it of themselves without any remorse. It contented itself, therefore, with depriving the volunteers of their natural aids, and sowing diffidence and discouragement in the hearts of our youthful and impressive soldiers, and with giving the National Army Contingent orders to slaughter the flower of the Italian nation, their brother Italians.

Well was it for the soldiers of the Pope that they were backed by those of Bonaparte.

The battle of Mentana commenced at 1 p.m. on the 3d of November, between the Papal troops and the volunteers. After two hours' desperate fighting the mercenaries' lines had all fallen back, and our men marched over their corpses in pursuit of the fugitives. But the new line of Imperialists advancing, and finding our youthful volunteers in that disorder incidental under these circumstances to men little disciplined, compelled them to retreat.

In this manner was accomplished two most execrable acts of treachery, to which parallels can not be found in any page of the world's history.

IV.

NOTES.

NOTE 1.

AMONG the cardinals nominated by Sixtus IV. was Raffaele, who, under the direction of his great uncle, Sixtus IV., had acted the principal part in the bloody conspiracy of the Pazzi. In assuming his seat among the fathers of the Christian Church, Giovanni de Medici, afterwards Leo X., found himself associated with one who had assisted in the murder of his uncle, and had attempted the life of his father. But the youth and inexperience of Riario excused the enormity of a crime perpetrated under the sanction of the supreme pontiff.

The eldest member of the college at this time was Rodrigo Borgia, who had enjoyed for upwards of thirty-five years the dignity of the purple, to which he had for a long time past added that of the vice-chancellor to the holy see.

The private life of Rodrigo had been a perpetual disgrace to his ecclesiastical functions. In the *Papal History* by Dr. Beggi (edition 1862, pages 553-556) we are told that this cardinal was at one time sovereign regent of Rome, that he had a ferocious and indomitable ambition, with such a perverse spirit fomented by debauchery, luxury, and riches, that in the contempt of any pretense of virtue, he lived publicly with a barefaced concubine named Rosa Venzozza, by whom he had many children. After his election to the chair of St. Peter, he created his eldest son Duke of Candia. Caesar Borgia was the second son; Lucretia Borgia was of the same stock, and the eldest of several daughters whom he had by other mistresses.

On the death of Innocent VIII., Cardinal Rodrigo Borgia, being the most powerful in authority and wealth, with cunning artifices, and corrupt promises to the Roman barons and the most influential cardinals—such as the Sforzas, the Orsini, the Riari, and others, ascended the papal chair under the title of Alexander VI.

NOTE 2.

A better illustration of the manner in which the Church of Rome applies her patronage of the fine arts to the inculcation of her doctrines and the increase of her power, can hardly be found than among the frescoes of the Campo Santo, Pisa. Here we have represented the most ghastly cartoons of death, judgment, purgatory, and hell; we behold angels and devils fighting for the souls of the departed, snakes devouring, fiends scorching, red-hot hooks tearing their flesh. Those on earth can, so say the priests, rescue their unfortunate relatives from this melancholy position by giving donations to their spiritual fathers, who will then pray for their escape. We

read in the New Testament that the rich enter heaven with difficulty, but it is they, according to the Church of Rome, who enter easily, while the poor are virtually excluded.

NOTE 3.

In foreign discussions on the papal question, it is always assumed as an undisputed fact that the maintenance of the papal court at Rome is, on a material point of view, an immense advantage to the city, whatever it may be in a moral one. Now my own observations have led me to doubt the correctness of this assumption. If the Popes were removed from Rome, or if a lay government were established—the two hypotheses are practically identical—the number of the clergy would undoubtedly be much diminished, a large number of the convents and clerical endowments would be suppressed, and the present generation of priests would be heavy sufferers. This result is inevitable. Under no free government would there be a city of 170,000 inhabitants support 10,000 unproductive persons out of the common fund—for this is substantially the case in Rome at the present day. Every sixteen lay citizens—men, women, and children—support out of their labor a priest between them. The papal question with the Roman priesthood is thus a question of daily bread, and it is surely no want of charity to suppose that the material aspect influences their minds quite as much as the spiritual. It is, however, a Protestant delusion that the priests of Rome live upon the fat of the land. What fat there is certainly theirs. It is one of the mysteries of Rome how the hundreds of priests who swarm about the streets manage to live. The clue to the mystery is to be found inside the churches. In every church—and there are 366 of them—some score or two of masses are said daily at the different altars. The pay for performing a mass varies from sixpence to five shillings. The gilded masses—those paid for by private persons for the souls of their relatives—are naturally reserved for the priests connected with a particular church, while the poor ones are given to any priest who happens to apply for them. The nobility, as a body, are sure to be the supporters of an established order of things; their interests, too, are very much mixed up with those of the papacy. There is not a single noble Roman family that has not one or more of its members among the higher ranks of the priesthood. And in a considerable degree their distinctions, such as they are, are their temporal prospects, are bound up with the popedom. Moreover, in this rank of the social scale the private and personal influence of the priests through the women of the family is very

* See "Victor
marke, pp. 294,
Italian Rebel,"

Testament that the rich enter with difficulty, but it is they, according to Rome, who enter easily, while the poor are excluded.

NOTE 3.

ussions on the papal question, and as an undisputed fact that the papal court at Rome is, in every view, an immense advantage to it, or it may be in a moral one. Observations have led me to doubt this assumption. If the Pope is in Rome, or if a lay government in the two hypotheses are practical, the number of the clergy would be much diminished, a large number of clerical endowments would be sold, and the present generation of heavy sufferers. This result would be no free government would support 10,000 inhabitants support 10,000 of the common fund—essentially the case in Rome at the very sixteen lay citizens—men—support out of their labor. The papal question which is thus a question of duty, is purely no want of charity to support such as the spiritual. It is, however, a delusion that the priests of Rome are of the land. What fact there is. It is one of the mysteries—hundreds of priests who swarm to manage to live. The clue to be found inside the churches—and there are 366 of them—of masses are said daily at the Che pay for performing a mass to five shillings. The government by private persons for the—served—are naturally reserved to be with a particular church. As are given to any priest who for them. The nobility, as the supporters of an establishment; their interests, too, are very those of the papacy. There is a Roman family that has many members among the highest. And in a considerable respects, such as they are, are bound up with the interest, in this rank of the social and personal influence of the women of the family is very

NOTE 4.

Many of our readers may have only an indistinct idea of the causes which led to the siege of Rome in 1849; and to understand it we must turn for a moment to the history of France. The revolution of 1848, which dethroned Louis Philippe and the house of Orleans, and established a republican government in France, was the signal for a general revolutionary movement throughout Europe. The Fifth Article of the new French Constitution stated, "The French Republic respects foreign nationalities. She intends to cause her own to be respected. She will never undertake any sin for the purpose of conquest, and will never employ her arms against the liberty of any people." Prince Louis Napoleon was elected a member of the Chambers. He had fought for the Italian liberty in the year 1831, when the Bolognese revolution broke out. Louis Napoleon had taken an active part in the campaign, and, aided by General Serocognani, defeated the Papal forces in several places. His success was of short duration. He was deprived of his command, and banished from Italy, and only escaped the Austrian soldiers by assuming the disguise of a servant.* When the prince landed in France from England, where he had resided several years, he caused a proclamation to be posted on the walls of Boulogne, from which we extract the following:—

"I have come to respond to the appeal which you have made to my patriotism. The mission which you impose on me is a glorious one, and I shall know how to fulfill it. Full of gratitude for the affection you manifest towards me, I bring you my whole life, my whole soul.

"Brothers and citizens, it is not a pretender whom you receive into your midst. I have not meditated in exile to no purpose. A pretender is a calamity. I shall never be ungrateful, never a malefactor. It is as a sincere and ardent Democratic Reformer that I come before you. I call to witness the mighty shade of the man of the age, as I solemnly make these promises."

"I will be, as I always have been, the child of France.

"In every Frenchman I shall always see a brother."

"The rights of every one shall be my rights.
 "The Democratic Republic shall be the object
 of my worship. I will be its priest.
 "Never—"

Never will I seek to clothe myself in the imperial purple.

"Let my heart be withered within my breast
in the day when I forget what I owe to you and
to France.

"Let my lips be ever closed if I ever pronounce word, a blasphemy, against the Republican sovereignty of the French people."

⁹ See 14 W.L.R. 1011 (1970).

See "Vicissitudes of Families," by Sir Bernard Burke, pp. 294, 295. See also "The Autobiography of an Italian Rebel," by Riccalde, from p. 5.

the propagation, under cover of my name, of doctrines contrary to the democratic principle which ought to direct the government of the Republic.

"Let me be condemned to the pillory on the day when, a criminal and a traitor, I shall dare to lay a sacrilegious hand on the rights of the people—whether by fraud, with its consent, or by force and violence against it."—See *Courier de la Sarthe*.

And on December 2d, 1848, he addressed the following letter to the Editor of the *Constitution*.
nel :—

“ MONSIEUR, — Sachant qu'on a remarqué mon absence au vote pour l'expédition de Civita Vecchia, je crois devoir déclarer, que bien que résolu à appuyer toutes les dispositions propres à garantir la liberté et l'autorité du Souverain Pontife, je n'ai pu néanmoins approuver, par mon vote, une démonstration militaire qui me semblait périlleuse, même pour les intérêts sacrés que l'on veut protéger, et faite pour compromettre la paix européenne.

(Signé)

"L. N. BONAPARTE."

It must also be borne in mind that the Emperor Napoleon, his uncle, had created his own son King of Rome, and had detained the Pope a prisoner in France; when, therefore, Prince Louis Napoleon was elected President of the French Republic, it was universally supposed that he would rejoice at the formation of a sister Republic in the Roman States. The Roman Constituent Assembly elected by universal suffrage voted by one hundred and forty-three against five votes for the perpetual abolition of the temporal government of the Pope.

On the 18th of April, 1849, the Constituent Assembly voted that a manifesto should be addressed to the Governments and Parliaments of England and France. In this document it was stated, "That the Roman people had a right to give themselves the form of government which pleased them; that they had sanctioned the independence and free exercise of the spiritual authority of the Pope; and that they trusted that England and France would not assist in restoring a government irreconcilable by its nature with liberty and civilization, and morally destitute of all authority for many years past, and materially so during the previous five months."

Notwithstanding this, the French Government dispatched a French army to Civita Vecchia, where they landed on the 27th of April, 1849. General Oudinot declared that the flag which he had hoisted was that of peace, order, conciliation, and true liberty, and he invited the Roman people to co-operate in the accomplishment of this patriotic and sacred work. He also declared that the French had landed, not to defend the existing Pontifical Government, but to avert great misfortunes from the country. France, he added, did not arrogate to herself the right to regulate interests which belonged to the Roman people and extended to the whole Christian world. The prefect of the province replied, "Force may do much in this world, but I am averse to believe that republican France will employ its troops to overthrow the rights of a republic formed under the same auspices as her own. I am convinced that when you ascertain the truth you will feel as-

* See "Vicissitudes of Families," by Sir Bernard Burke, pp. 294, 295. See also "The Autobiography of an Italian Rebel," by Riccalde, from p. 5.

sured that in our country the republic is supported by the immense majority of the people."

The Roman Government—which was a triumvirate consisting of Mazzini, Armellini, and Aurelio Saffi—resolved to oppose force by force, and the Assembly did not hesitate. The Triumvirate intrusted to General Garibaldi, who arrived the same evening, the defense of the city of Rome. It is impossible to describe the enthusiasm which took possession of the population at the sight of him. The courage of the people increased with their confidence, and it appeared as if the Assembly had not only decreed defense but victory.

Garibaldi upheld for three months in the future capital of the nation the national flag, against the forces of France, Austria, Naples, and Spain. Twice were the French troops attacked at the point of the bayonet and repulsed far beyond the walls. It was afterwards stated by French writers, that the French soldiers only intended to make a reconnaissance, and had fallen into a snare. This is not true. The French general had resolved upon a battle, the plan of which was found on the body of a French officer killed in the conflict, and transmitted to the Minister of War. It was after this victory that Garibaldi, seeing all the advantages of his situation, wrote to Avizana, Minister of War: "Send me fresh troops, and as I promised to beat the French, and have kept my word, I promise you I will prevent any one of them from regaining their vessels." It was then that Mazzini, placing all his hopes on the French democratic party, of which Ledru-Rollin was the chief, interposed his authority. He refused the fresh troops asked for, and ordered Garibaldi not to make a mortal enemy of France by complete defeat.

On Monday, 7th May, in the French National Assembly there was an animated discussion on the French expedition to Rome. M. Jules Favre having denounced its proceedings as contrary to the intention avowed by ministers, which was to prevent foreign interference at Rome, and as clearly opposed to the wishes of the Roman people; he also stated, on the authority of private letters, that five unsuccessful assaults had been made, that 150 men had been killed and 600 wounded, and he ended by moving the appointment of a committee. M. Barrot, the President of the Council, declared that the object of the expedition was, really, to prevent another power from interfering in the affairs of Rome, and expressed his belief that General Oudinot had not acted contrary to his instructions, though the army might have fallen into a snare. He opposed the committee as unconstitutional, and called upon the Assembly to reject the motion. General Lamoricière believed that General Oudinot might have been deceived as to the wishes of the people at Rome.

Mr. Flocon announced that barricades had been erected at Rome, and that the French residents would fight against the new-comers. After some further discussion, M. Barrot acquiesced in the motion, and the members withdrew to appoint the committee.

The sitting was resumed at nine o'clock, when the report of the committee was presented. It stated that as the idea of the Assembly had been that the expedition sent to Civita Vecchia ought to remain there, unless Austria moved on Rome, or a counter revolution in that city rendered an

advance necessary, the committee considered that more had been done than had been intended, and it therefore proposed a resolution declaring that the National Assembly requested the Government to take measures that the expedition to Rome be no longer turned aside from its real object. M. Drouyn de Lhuys, on the part of the Government, said he must positively refuse to order the troops to return to Civita Vecchia, their presence being required by events at Rome. The minister further declared that the Government fully supported its agent, the general-in-chief, and the more so that the details of the encounter at Rome were wanting. M. Lemard accused the minister of wishing to put down the Roman Republic. After various amendments had been proposed and rejected, the resolution of the committee was carried against ministers by a majority of 328 to 248. The result was received with loud cheers, and cries of "Vive la République," and the Chamber adjourned at a quarter past one o'clock.

Notwithstanding this vote of the French National Assembly, the President of the Republic, Prince Louis Napoleon, addressed a letter to General Oudinot, in which he says: "I have hoped that the inhabitants of Rome would receive with eagerness an army which had arrived there to accomplish a friendly and disinterested mission. This has not been the case; our soldiers have been received as enemies, our military honor is engaged. I shall not suffer it to be soiled. Reinforcements shall not be wanting to you."

The envoy of the Roman Government in Paris addressed the following letter, in the name of the Roman people, to their brothers in France: "A sanguinary combat has taken place between the inhabitants of Rome and the children of France, whom rigorous orders urged against their homes; the sentiment of military honor commanded them to obey their chiefs, the sentiment of patriotism ordered us to defend our liberties and our country. Honor is saved, but at what price! may the terrible responsibility be averted from us, who are united by the bonds of charity. May even the culpable be pardoned; they are punished sufficiently by remorse. Health and fraternity.—L. TARPOLEI, Colonel, Envoy Extraordinary, of the Roman Republic in Paris."

In the next sitting of the French Assembly, the subject of the President's letter to General Oudinot was brought forward by M. Grevy, in reply to whom M. Odillon Barrot stated that though the letter in question was not the act of the Cabinet, he and his colleagues were ready to assume the whole responsibility of it. He declared that the object of the letter was merely to express sympathy with the army, and that it was not intended as the inauguration of a policy contrary to that of the Assembly.

General Changarnier placed the letter of the President of the Republic to General Oudinot on the orders of the day of every regiment in the French service, although M. Odillon Barrot declared in the Assembly that it was not official. Also General Foret refused to obey the orders of the President of the Assembly by sending two battalions to guard it during its sitting; a breach of orders which was brought under the notice of the Assembly by M. Armand Manest, and apologized for by M. Odillon Barrot. On the 9th of May, M. Ledru-Rollin declared the letter of the

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ry, the committee considered the done than had been intended, and posed a resolution declaring the assembly requested the Government to ensure that the expedition to Civita Vecchia, their previous events at Rome. The minister that the Government fully supported, the general-in-chief, and the details of the encounter at Rome. M. Lenard accused the minister of down the Roman Republic. The committee was proposed the constitution of the committee was elected by a majority of 328 to 22. Received with loud cheers, and the Republic," and the Chamber past one o'clock.

ing this vote of the French to the President of the Republic. Napoleon, addressed a letter to the inhabitants of Rome would not have an army which had arrived with a friendly and disinterested not been the case; our soldiers received as enemies, our military I shall not suffer it to be treated as such shall not be wanting;

the Roman Government in Paris following letter, in the name of the President, to their brothers in France. Combat has taken place between Rome and the children of France. Orders urged against the Government of military honor could be their chiefs, the sentiment of honor is saved, but at what a terrible responsibility be assumed by the bonds of charity, pardonable be remore. Health and family, Colonel, Envoy Extraordinary in Republic in Paris."

ing of the French Assembly. President's letter to General Barrot forward by M. Grevy. Odillon Barrot stated the question was not the act of his colleagues were ready to assume responsibility of it. He declared the letter was merely a declaration of the army, and that it was the inauguration of a policy of the Assembly.

Barrot placed the letter of the President to General Oudinot in the hands of every regiment in the army. Though M. Odillon Barrot took the oath that it was not official, he refused to obey the orders of the Assembly by sending them during its sitting; a breach brought under the notice of the Assembly. Armand Maneat, and Odillon Barrot. On the 9th of May, he declared the letter of the

President to General Oudinot to be an insolent defiance of the National Assembly, and a violation of the Constitution.

Ultimately the debate was adjourned on the motion of M. Grevy and M. Favre, in consequence of M. Odillon Barrot having announced that M. Lesseps, the late minister from Paris at Madrid, had been sent by the Government as an envoy to Rome to express to the Roman people the wishes of the Assembly, which showed that the Government did not intend to oppose the Assembly.

The Paris correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle*, noticing the stormy debates in the French Assembly, says: "In the last three days troops have been pouring into Paris, and the number of men now garrisoning the capital is upwards of 100,000."

We will now return to Rome, and to the day of the first victory over the French. The joy which pervaded Rome in the evening and night which followed this first combat may be easily supposed. The whole city was illuminated, and presented the aspect of a national fête. Songs and bands of music were heard in all directions. The next day, the 1st of May, Garibaldi received from the Minister of War authority to attack the French with his legion. He took up a splendid position on a height on the flank of the French army; but at the moment the Italians were about to charge, a French officer arrived and demanded a parley with Garibaldi. He stated that he was sent by General Oudinot to treat for an armistice, and to be assured that the Roman people really accepted the Republican Government, and were determined to defend their rights. As a proof of his good intentions, the French General offered to give up Garibaldi's favorite chaplain, Ugo Bassi, who (having the evening before refused to leave a dying man whose head he was holding on his knees) had been taken prisoner.

The Roman Minister of War ordered Garibaldi to return to Rome, which he did, accompanied by a French officer. The armistice requested by General Oudinot was accorded by the Triumvirs, and the Republican Government granted unconditional liberty to fully 500 French prisoners in their hands. A letter from Garibaldi, afterwards speaking of the bravery displayed by the Roman troops, says: "A quantity of arms, drums, and other matters have remained in our hands. The wounded French, before expiring, expressed their sorrow for having fought against their republican brethren."

The King of Naples, at the head of his army, was now marching upon Rome. Seeing this, Garibaldi whom the armistice left unoccupied, demanded permission to employ his leisure in attacking the King of Naples. This permission was granted, and on the evening of the 4th of May, Garibaldi left the city with his legion, now 2500 strong.

On May 6th, General Garibaldi gained the battle of Palestina, completely defeating the Neapolitans, 7000 strong, and taking their artillery. Shortly after, however, the ambassador of the French Republic, Ferdinand de Lesseps, entered Rome with Michael Accursi, the envoy of the Roman Republic in Paris, and by means of the good offices of the French Ambassador, the armistice, against which General Garibaldi had given a strong opinion, was concluded. The Roman Government resolved to take advantage of this

truce to get rid of the Neapolitan army. At the same time Mazzini first created Colonel Roselli a general, and then named him general-in-chief of the forces. The friends of Garibaldi urged upon him not to accept a secondary position under a man who the day before only had been his inferior. The General, however, was utterly inaccessible to personal considerations where the welfare of his country was concerned, and he therefore accepted, he states himself, even with gratitude, the post of general of division.

On the 16th May the entire army of the Republic, consisting of 10,000 men and twelve pieces of cannon, marched out of the city of Rome by the San Giovanni gate, General Garibaldi being ordered to proceed in advance. He had received information that the Neapolitan army was encamped at Velletri, with 19,000 to 20,000 men and thirty pieces of cannon.

In the end the army of the King of Naples was again entirely defeated by General Garibaldi's division alone. In an early part of the day he sent to the commander-in-chief for reinforcements, and received for answer that soldiers could not be sent, as they had not eaten their soup. He then resolved to do what he could with his own strength, and victory again crowned his efforts. Towards midnight his troops took possession of Velletri itself.

At daybreak the General resumed the pursuit of the Neapolitans; but he received orders to return to Rome, which he re-entered on the 24th of May, amidst an immense multitude, who hailed him with the wildest cries of joy. The utter incapacity of General Roselli is now acknowledged by all; however, in those days, he shared the views of the Roman Government regarding the French.

In the mean time, General Oudinot, having received the reinforcements which he required, disavowed the treaty entered into by the Roman Government and the envoy extraordinary of his master the President of the French Republic. It would have been thought that the dream of a French alliance would now have faded from the ideas of the Roman Government, but they were only half convinced even yet, and they allowed their commander-in-chief, the newly created General Roselli, to indite a letter, from which the following is an extract:—

"GENERAL OUDINOT, DUKE DE REGGIO: CITIZEN.—It is my perfect conviction that the army of the Roman Republic will one day fight side by side with the army of the French Republic to maintain the most sacred rights of peoples. This conviction leads me to make you proposals, which I hope you will accept. It is known to me that a treaty has been signed between the Government and plenipotentiary minister of France, a treaty which has not received your approbation." The letter goes on to request an unlimited armistice, with a notification of fifteen days before the resumption of hostilities, asked in the name of the honor of the army and of the French Republic, and concludes, "I have the honor to request a prompt reply, General, begging you to accept the salutation of fraternity."

"ROSSELLI."

To this the French general replied:—

"GENERAL.—The orders of my Government

are positive. They prescribe to me to enter Rome as soon as possible. * * * I defer the attack of the place until Monday morning at least. Receive, General, the assurance of my high consideration.

"OUDINOT, DUC DE REGGIO,
"General-in-chief of the Corps de l'Armée of
the Méditerranéen."

According to this assurance the attack would not commence till the 4th of June.

"It is true," writes General Garibaldi, "what a French author, Foland, has said in his commentaries upon Polybius, 'A general who goes to sleep on the faith of a treaty awakes a dupe.' I was aroused at three o'clock by the sound of cannon: I found every thing on fire. 'This is what had happened: Our advanced posts were at the Villa Pamphili. At the moment midnight was striking, and we were entering on the day of Sunday, the 3d of June, a French column glided through the darkness towards the Villa Pamphili. 'Who goes there?' cried the sentinel, warned by the sound of footsteps. 'Viva Italia!' cried a voice. The sentinel, thinking he had to do with compatriots, suffered them to approach, and was poisoned. The column rushed into the Villa Pamphili. All they met with were either killed or made prisoners. Some men jumped through the windows into the garden, and, when once in the garden, climbed over the walls. The most forward of them retired behind the convent of St. Pancrazio, shouting 'To arms! to arms!' whilst others ran off in the direction of the Villas Valentini and Corsini. Like the Villa Pamphili, these were carried by surprise, but not without making some resistance.

"When I arrived at the St. Pancrazio gate, the Villa Pamphili, the Villa Corsini, and the Villa Valentini alone remained in our hands. Now the Villa Corsini being taken was an enormous loss to us; for as long as we were masters of that, the French could not draw their parallels. At any price, then, that must be retaken: it was for Rome a question of life or death. The firing between the cannoners of the ramparts, the men of the Vascello, and the French of the Villa Corsini and the Villa Valentini, increased. But it was not a fusillade or a cannonade that was necessary; it was an assault, a terrible but victorious assault, which might restore the Villa Corsini to us. For a moment the Villa Corsini was ours. That moment was short, but it was sublime! The French brought up all their reserve, and fell upon us altogether before I could even repair the disorder inseparable from victory. The fight was renewed more desperately, more bloodily, more fatally than ever. I saw repass before me, repulsed by those irresistible powers of war, fire and steel, those whom I had seen pass on but a minute before, now bearing away their dead.

"There could no longer be any idea of saving Rome. From the moment an army of 40,000 men, having thirty-six pieces of siege cannon, can perform their works of approach, the taking of a city is nothing but a question of time; it must one day or other fall. The only hope it has left is to fall gloriously. As long as one of our pieces of cannon remained on its carriage, it replied to the French fire; but on the evening of the 29th the last was dismounted."

Garibaldi was summoned before the Assembly and this is his history of what happened:—

"Mazzini had already announced to the Assembly the position we now stood in: there remained, he said, but three parts to take—to treat with the French; to defend the city from blockade to barricade; or to leave the city, assembly, triumvirate, and army, carrying away with them the palladium of Roman liberty.

"When I appeared at the door of the chamber all the deputies rose and applauded. I looked about me and upon myself to see what it was that awakened their enthusiasm. I was covered with blood; my clothes were pierced with balls and bayonet thrusts. They cried, 'To the tribune, to the tribune!' and I mounted it. I was interrogated on all sides.

"All defense is henceforth impossible," replied I, "unless we are resolved to make Rome another Saragossa." On the 9th of February I proposed a military dictatorship, that alone was able to place on foot a hundred thousand armed men. The living elements still subsisted; they were to be sought for, and they would have been found in one courageous man. If I had been defended to, the Roman eagle would again have made its eyrie upon the towers of the Capitol and with my brave men—and my brave men know how to die, it is pretty well seen—I might have changed the face of Italy. But there is no remedy for that which is done. Let us view with horror the conflagration of which we no longer are the masters. Let us take with us from Rome of the volunteer army who are willing to follow us. Where we shall be, Rome will be. I pledge myself to nothing; but all that my men can do that I will do; and whilst it takes refuge in our country shall not die.

In the end the following order was issued:—"The Roman Republic, in the name of God and the People. The Roman Constituent Assembly discontinues a defense which has become impossible. It has its post. The Triumvirate are charged with the execution of the present decree."

NOTE 5.

An attempt has recently been made to give to the so-called Moderate party the merit of planning a United Italy. Mr. Stansfield, one of the Lords of the Admiralty, whose recent efforts to reform his department have already earned for him the gratitude of the English people, says: "Italy has already accomplished of her unity so much that no policy save that of an absolute completion of the task is any longer to be dreamed of or suggested, and considering, too, how predominantly the credit and the practical fruits of that success have, in the opinion of the world and in the possession of power, inured to the benefit of the Moderate party, it would seem natural to imagine that they too must have had the unity of their country long in view, and that they can have differed only from the National party as to the policy best adapted to the attainment of a common object; and yet I believe the acceptance of the idea of Italian unity, as an object of practical statesmanship, by the leaders of the Moderate party, must be admitted to be of a very recent date. I will go back to Gioberti, who was the founder of that party. In the Sardinian Chambers on the 10th of February, 1849, on the eve

summoned before the Assembly to see what happened:—
I already announced to the Assembly that we now stood in: there is but three parts to take—to try to defend the city from the army, or to leave the city, assembling, carrying away with them the Roman liberty.

I was at the door of the chamber and applauded. I looked in myself to see what it was that I was doing. I was covered with laurels, I was pierced with balls and I cried, 'To the tribune, and I mounted it. I was interrupted. It is henceforth impossible, Rome is resolved to make Rome a republic. On the 9th of February, a dictatorship, that alone was not a hundred thousand armed elements still subsisted; the for, and they would have been generous man. If I had been an Italian, I would have again been on the towers of the Capitoline men—and my brave men know pretty well seen—I might have been of Italy. But there is no remedy. Let us view with hatred of which we no longer are as we take with us from Rome, and my who are willing to follow me, Rome will be. I pledge myself that all that my men can do, whilst it takes refuge in Rome, is to die.'

Following order was issued:—
The Republic, in the name of God, the Roman Constituent Assembly, in defense which has become independent. The Triumvirate and the execution of the present decrees.

NOTE 5.

Recently been made to give to the party the merit of planning. Mr. Stansfield, one of the English, whose recent efforts to accomplish of her unity have been already earned for her. It is an absolute command that no longer to be dreamed of considering, too, how great and the practical fruits of the opinion of the world and power, injured to the benefit. It would seem natural to have had the unity of view, and that they can have the National party as to the attainment of a common belief the acceptance of the as an object of practical leaders of the Moderates led to be of a very recent to Gioberti, who was the In the Sardinian Chamber, February, 1849, on the eve

of the short campaign which ended in the defeat of Novara, Gioberti said: 'I consider the unity of Italy a chimera; we must be content with its union.' And if you look to the writings, the speeches, the acts of all the leading men of the Moderate party until a very recent period, you will find them all, without exception, not only not propounding or advocating unity, or directed to its accomplishment, but explicitly directed to a different solution. You will find the proof of what I say in Balbo's 'Hopes of Italy,' in Durando's 'Essay on Italian Nationality,' advocating three Italies, north, centre, and south; in Bianchi's 'Utopias,' and in Gualterio's 'Revolutions of Italy.' Minghetti, Ricasoli, Farini each and all have been the advocates of a confederation of princes rather than of a united Italy. Let me come to Cavour. An attempt has recently been made to claim for him the credit of having since the days of his earliest manhood conceived the idea of making himself the minister of a future united Italy. In an article in the July *Quarterly*, by a well-known pen, a letter of Cavour, written about 1829 or 1830, is cited in implied justification of this claim. He had been placed under arrest a short time in the Fort de Bard, on account of political opinions expressed with too much freedom. In a letter to a lady who had written condoling with him on his disgrace, he says:—'I thank you, Madame la Marquise, for the interest which you take in my disgrace; but believe me, for all that, I shall work out my career. I have much ambition—an enormous ambition; and when I become minister I hope to justify it, since already in my dreams I see myself Minister of the Kingdom of Italy.' Now this is, I need not say, a most remarkable letter, and of the greatest interest, as showing the confidence in his own future, at so early an age, of one of the greatest statesmen of our times. But no one acquainted with the modern history of Italy, and familiar with its recognized phraseology, could read in this letter the prophecy of that unity which is now coming to pass. The 'Kingdom of Italy,' is a well-known phrase borrowed from the time of Napoleon, and has always meant, until facts have enlarged its significance, that the kingdom of Northern Italy, whose precedent existed under Napoleon, which was the object of Piedmontese policy in '48 and '49, and one of the explicit terms of the contract of Pombier in '59. It is rather a curious inconsistency in the article in question, that in itself furnishes ample evidence that the unity of Italy was not part of the practical programme of the Moderate party. 'Cavour,' we are told, 'founded in 1847 with his friends, Cesare Balbo, Santa Rosa, Buoncompagni, Castelli, and other men of moderate constitutional views, the *Risorgimento*, of which he became the editor; and the principles of the new periodical were announced to be 'independence of Italy, union between the princes,' and the people's progress in the path of reform, and a league between the Italian States.' Again, after saying that it was Ricasoli and the leaders of the constitutional party who recalled

(in '49) the Grand Ducal family to Tuscany, and that Gioberti proposed the return of the Pope to Rome, the writer goes on to say, "It was an immense advantage to the restored princes to have been thus brought back by the most intelligent and moderate of their subjects. All that the wisest and most influential men in Italy asked, was a federal union of the different states in the Peninsula, upon a liberal and constitutional basis, from which even the House of Austria was not to be excluded."

I must trouble you with one more quotation. At the Conference of Paris in 1855, after the Crimean war, Piedmont was represented by Cavour, who brought before the assembled statesmen the condition of Italy, but unable to enter fully into the Italian question, he addressed two state papers on it to Lord Clarendon. His plan—at any rate, for the temporary settlement of the question—was a confederation of Italian States with constitutional institutions, and a guaranty of complete independence from the direct interference and influence of Austria; and the secularization of the legations with a lay vicar under the suzerainty of the Pope. At that time he would have been even willing to acquiesce in the occupation of Lombardy by Austria, had she bound herself to keep within the limits of the treaty of 1815.

Now you can not, I think, have failed to note the glaring inconsistency of these praises of what is called the moderation of Cavour, with the assumption to him and to his party of the whole credit of Italian unity, and the theory, now too prevalent, that no other party has contributed any thing but follies and excesses, impediments, not aids, to the accomplishment of the great task. I believe such ideas to be as profoundly ungenerous and unjust as they are evidently self-contradictory, and I believe that they will be adjudged by history to be, so far as they are in any degree in good faith, superficial, partial, and utterly incapable of serving as any explanation of the method of the evolution of the great problem of Italian nationality.

Now let another witness be called into court, the late Prime Minister of Italy, Farina, on the authority of the *Turin Times* correspondent, who wrote September 12, 1861: "You have not forgotten that in the Emilia, Farina used, with great bitterness, to complain of the worthlessness of the Moderate party in time of trial and strife."
—From "*Garibaldi and Italian Unity*," by Lieut.-Col. Chambers, 1864.

* Count Cavour wrote from Paris in 1856 to M. Rattazzi the following:—"I have seen Mr. Manin. He is a very good man, but he always talks about the unity of Italy, and such other tomfooleries." Also La Farina, Cavour's agent in Italy in 1860, published in that year the following explanation of his differences with General Garibaldi:—He stated, "I believed, and still believe, that the only salvation for Sicily is the constitutional government of Victor Emanuel." This explanation was published before Garibaldi crossed to the main land; and had Cavour gained his point, and obtained annexation, the kingdom of Naples would now have been under Bourbon rule.

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